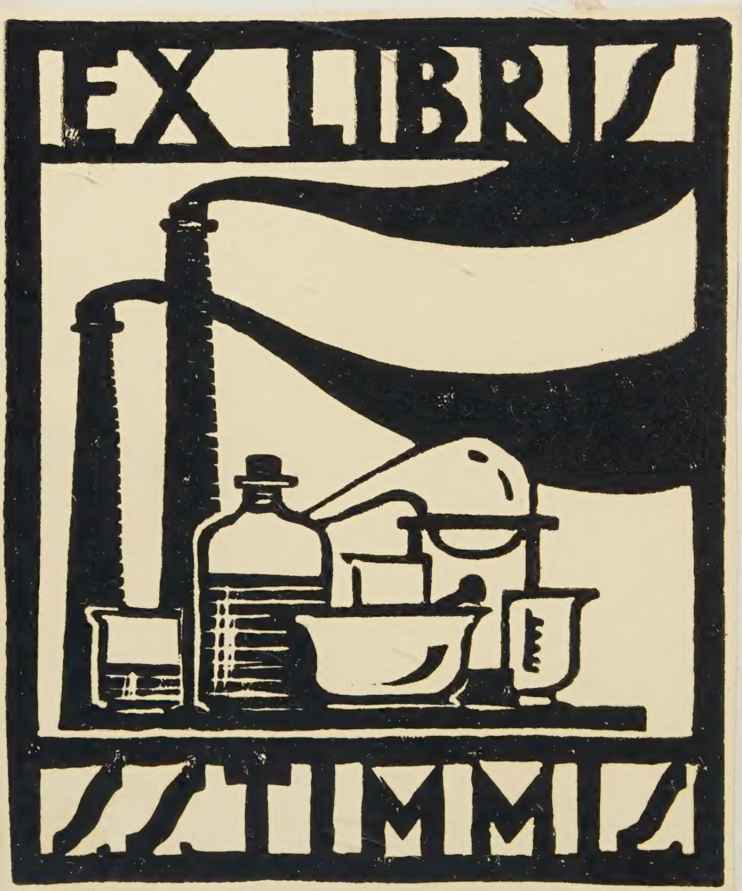
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MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO PUNCH

1843–1854

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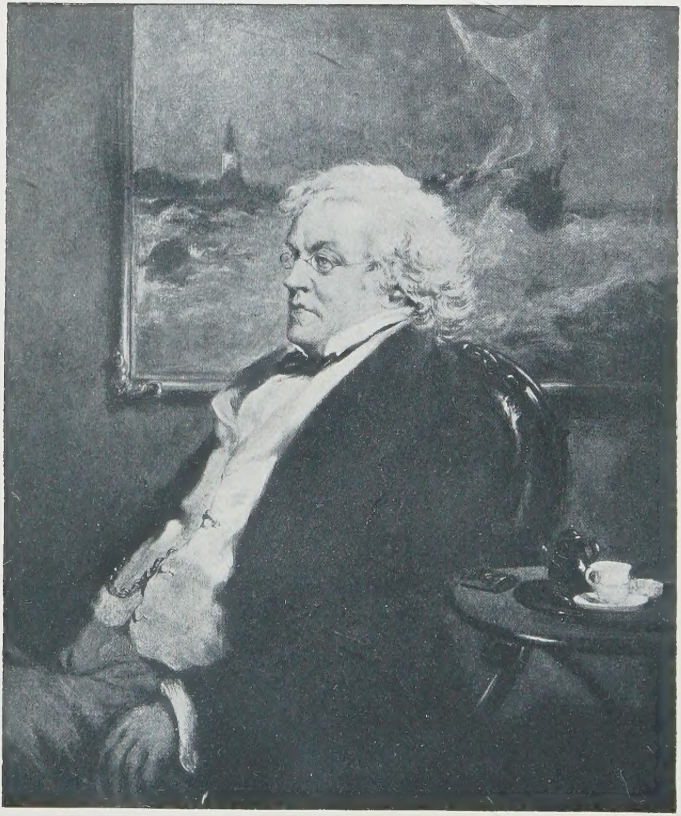

W. M. THACKERAY

From a painting by Sir John Gilbert in the possession of the Garrick Club

Miscellaneous Contributions to Punch

1843–1854

By

William Makepeace Thackeray

Edited, with an Introduction, by
George Saintsbury

With 197 Illustrations

Henry Frowde
Oxford University Press
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[The bibliographical notes enclosed in square brackets after the title of each piece show the first appearance in *Punch* of the story or article, as well as any re-publication in the author's lifetime.]

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INTRODUCTION

MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO PUNCH

The contributions to *Punch* which occupied the latter part of the last volume were all—even 'Jeames', which is the most loosely connected of them—more or less integers, though they might be printed in instalments: and they were therefore classed together. Side by side with them, but running farther, is another series of groups which are now to be given in their chronological order, while a selected crowd of purely individual and occasional articles will follow. The *Book of Snobs*, from its magnitude, is reserved for the next volume. It will be understood that these three volumes—VI, VII, and VIII—run to a certain extent side by side, and present *mainly* the work of 1844–9.

Of the groups which open the present batch the 'Fat Contributor' is the most miscellaneous, in part at least the earliest, and the most representative of moods and manners earlier still. Indeed Thackeray seems to have kept this particular *eidolon* of himself as a sort of safety-valve or safety-mouthpiece for his moods of the more extravagant farce. And while it is exceedingly curious to read the Eastern parts side by side with *Cornhill to Cairo*, which actually deals with the same scenes and incidents, it is more curious still to remember that, at practically the same time, the grim irony of *Barry Lyndon* was forging towards its close, and the delightful light comedy of *Mrs. Perkins's Ball* was being born in the author's mind and taking shape from his fingers. The 'F. C.' begins with a touch of that ill temper, perhaps actually produced by the cause assigned (too many dinners) which we noted in contemporary work such as *Little Travels* : but it soon wears off. The discovery of ‘ Dolores ’ twenty years ago was a joy which has not staled. ‘ Punch at the Pyramids ’, it is true, was probably better to read at its first appearance than forty or sixty years later : yet how many equally good things had 1845 or 1885 to offer ? And the later Brighton papers are among the best of Thackeray’s frequent and grateful fees to ‘ Doctor Brighton ’. In particular the ‘ Brighton Night Entertainment ’ is one of the Thackeray ‘ Particulars ’. Many people have done more or less burlesque summaries of theatrical performances ; it seems somehow to have been irresistible from the earliest days of the modern theatre. Dickens (to come to Thackeray’s own contemporaries) did them nobly : but not quite with the extraordinary *quality* of these others. Nobody in fact could confer this quality unless, like Thackeray, he was suspended between the opposite magnets of romance and satire. But, as has been said, the stout victim of Dolores and his own diaphragm was more frequently attracted to the farcical.

There are some, perhaps many, who would call the *Prize Novels* farce too : but here a good deal depends on definition. The series was originally planned to include Dickens and himself. But Mr. Punch refused to admit Dickens : in which that sage probably did not unwisely, for Dickens was very vulnerable in this way, and, though less fiery than Thackeray, was very much less placable. It would have been amusing, perhaps intensely so ; but we can easily guess what it would have been like, and so it is the less loss. That of himself, good or bad, would at any rate have been a very great curiosity. For Thackeray, at least in narrative, has never been successfully parodied or indeed imitated at all. If anybody could have done it, he could : for these particular ‘ Novels ’ are admittedly by far the best of their often tried kind. It was, however, as Sir

Rowland Hill said to his enemy Yates of another matter, 'rather a dangerous accomplishment,' and it certainly secured him the posthumous enmity of Mr. Disraeli. Lever's good nature was proof against 'Phil Fogarty', though in a sense this might be said to be a more damaging performance than 'Codlingsby'. For this latter, though it might be a little more galling to vanity, did not 'touch the ark' by threatening the sale, while 'Phil Fogarty' certainly reminded the public rather too broadly that Lever's military novels, delightful as they are, do rather run in a mould. For my own part, *dulcia refrigeria* as these are, I should put them below 'George de Barnwell' and 'Crinoline.' The former is 'really too good'—as a famous champagne shipper, now deceased, is said to have observed half mournfully to a customer who was tasting appreciatively, 'The public really ought not to have it.' It is quite astounding how fresh it remains, while most things of the kind wither and stale with the originals that they satirize. And there are few tales half-told for the completion of which I would give more than for that of the history of Jools who sat upon the counter of the Misses Mordeky in company with the choicest sprigs of English nobility, and enjoyed with them 'the flagrant and arheumatic Qby.' My own impression is that here the subject was too great even for the author: that *nobody* could have finished 'Crinoline' to sample.

The other three collections, *Sketches and Travels in London*, *Mr. Brown's Letters* and the *Proser* papers of Dr. Solomon 'Pacifico' (that remarkable *civis Britannicus* having his name borrowed for no obvious reason except that it was much in people's mouths at the time) for the most part discard the wilder trappings of vanity as far as farcical incidents or farcical handling are concerned. Their mouthpieces—'Mr. Spec,' 'Mr. Brown,' 'Dr. Pacifico' himself—are more undisguised disguises of the author than he had ever assumed before: and while the subjects of the first and third are absolutely miscellaneous (there is more unity in the second) all are really modern equivalents of the old Queen Anne essay in the less didactic and more general kind. Their average level is very high: indeed except the *Roundabouts* there is no part of Thackeray's miscellaneous work that shows him better. The Introduction to the Travels takes the liberty of being mainly introductory; 'A Club in an Uproar' is not a masterpiece; and 'A Roundabout Ride' is perhaps as exemplary an example of that 'regular contributor' work of which we have spoken, as could be found. It is not bad; it is not uninteresting; it is even a kind of document for the historian of London manners and topography. But it is quite obvious 'copy'; copy such as any newspaper might be glad enough to get, but which would pretty surely never have come into existence except on the laws of demand and supply. On the other hand 'The Curate's Walk', 'A Dinner in the City', and 'A Night's Pleasure' are wonderful things. They go from strength to strength. I have seen the 'Walk' (it is accepted that Frank Whitestock was William Brookfield) called 'dull'—a verdict which can only be said to illustrate Thackeray's own dictum that 'with us there is no appreciation of art in the abstract'. I suppose it is dull because it deals with little children and missions, and halfpennyworths of fresh bread, and Faith and Hope and Charity and 'that old-fashioned sort of thing'. All I can say is that if there is anything better done from Balzac to Maupassant, or from Dickens to Mr. Kipling, I do not know that thing. The art makes the subject interesting no matter whether it is interesting beforehand or not. And that is the business of Art.

The other two pieces deal with less perilous subjects and call to their aid large accompaniments of Thackeray's most amusing verse. I do not know that they are better: but their attractions have more volume and variety. The speeches and the dismembered snatches of song in the

'Dinner'; the 'Cave of Harmony' and its actual ditties in 'A Night's Pleasure'; the rather libellous but extraordinarily vivid picture of 'Bardolph of Brasenose': these have always been considered capital stories (as old Mrs. Wardle says) and great part of them has the additional and permanent attraction of preserving vanished manners and customs to frame character that never can vanish. Nor should a word of notice be omitted in regard to the curious, late and rather isolated 'Waiting at the Station'. Though isolated as I have called it, it is not in the least out of keeping: and it is one of the most genuine of Thackeray's curious 'soliloquy pieces'. This at any rate is not 'copy'. 'Child's [*sic*] Parties' is full of agreeable Thackerayisms: but it is a pity that he did not live to know the authentic fact of a child declining to have a party *unless* there were champagne.

Mr. Brown's Letters to his Nephew begin to criticize life, if not more steadily, rather more as a whole, and in a more definitely serious fashion. To some extent they take up the subject of 'Club Snobs' from the *Book* of that same, and extend the consideration beyond mere snobbery. In the same way the author returns to other favourite themes of his—dress, dinners, marriage. The whole is a very perfect example of the 'middle' Thackeray—almost if not quite passing into the achieved one. Of clubs, at the time when they had been got into pretty thorough order, and before they had been multiplied and vulgarized, Thackeray is of course *the* historian in the higher sense. Yates, in his desperate efforts at self-excuse, asserted that the author of the *Snob Papers* and *Mr. Brown's Letters* had himself been too personal and had, sometimes by his pen and sometimes by his pencil, identified this member of the 'Garrick' or that of the 'Reform' with his awful examples. There was of course no real parallel between this (had it been the case) and an elaborate and very unfavourable commentatory portrait *by name* of a public character who was also a personal acquaintance. But it may be admitted (all the more readily since he admitted it himself) that Thackeray sometimes sailed a little too near the wind in this respect. He has left amusingly eager apologies on the subject in his letters to Mrs. Brookfield. But in no sense did he commit the unpardonable sin of dragging a person in *by name*, for insult or unfavourable mention, in respect of matters only known or to be known by private acquaintance.

Mr. Brown, too, is a good *persona*. In his character of intelligent fogy (it was a little early for Thackeray to assume it, for he had not yet reached even his own Age of Wisdom) he requires none of the antic dispositions of his predecessors from Yellowplush to Fitz-Boodle: and he can criticize shrewdly and unpedantically, but directly and home. Some of the untoward fashions which he satirizes have passed, and come back again, and passed once more, to come back and pass till the Day of Judgement: for your fashion is your true Flying Dutchman or Wandering Jew, with rigging and build, with words and speech, a little altered from time to time. But the *badauds* who indulged in them have not passed: and will not. On the more general laws of taste which govern his decisions he is sound as always—as sound now, in the days when it would certainly not pay clubs to stand even rudimentary free lunches to their members, as in those when this hospitable habit was customary. Once more, the passing figures, like Silenus and Nudgit, are more alive than the heroes and heroines of most elaborate novels or plays: once more, the 'gormandizing' wisdom is of the highest class. The notice of 'Sir Morgan O'Doherty' (the name one of Maginn's early aliases, and the book an interesting picture of manners bygone even in Thackeray's days) and the dinner at the widow's are among the brightest of Thackeray's minor gems.

There is no very obvious reason why the Essays collected under the title of *The Proser* and assigned to Dr. Solomon

Pacifico should not have been composed by Mr. Brown himself: but Thackeray had got so into the habit of changing his parts that he probably could not help it. And it has almost always been an idea with editors of newspapers that you should not keep up the same series too long. Except the greater Titmarsh—almost

> First made and latest left of [all these] knights,

in fact admittedly Thackeray's alter ego—they did their work and passed. The lesser Titmarsh and the Wagstaffs, Théophile and Lancelot; Gahagan the Invincible; the brace of Plushes that stand behind the Thackerayan chariot; Mr. Snob, Mr. Spec, Mr. Fitz-Boodle, Mr. Brown; shadows they are and shadows they depart, Dr. Solomon himself not quite bringing up the rear, for there were others down to 'Our own Bashi-Bozouk'. Only Titmarsh remained; indeed Titmarsh and Thackeray were by this time inseparable: 'soul might divide from body but not they One from another.' *The Proser* is by no means too prosy and he is very fairly Solomonic: though not always peacemaking. He does not, for instance, seem to have forgiven 'Mrs. Trotter Walker'. This curious paper—the personal quality of which is quite unmistakable, though as usual it must not be exaggerated or tied down too much to detail—is one of the most characteristic instances of that intense *intimacy* which there always was between Thackeray's life and his writings. It is no doubt also an instance of the equally intense and somewhat excessive sensitiveness which, though it need not quite necessarily accompany such intimacy, very generally does. He is quite aware that it is excessive—he always is; it is that actual self-consciousness, and the self-ridicule resulting from it, which attract some people so much to him, and which evidently annoy others so much. I do not believe that men are really annoyed, as they say they are, by his 'drawing the moral' as he actually does here and often elsewhere. That is only a blind to disguise the sting of the *de te fabula*. After all; the 'Moralitas', the *envoi*, the 'conclusion of the matter'—is an excellent old thing and was popular in days which, to put it mildly, were not so very much less wide awake than ours. But it *is* unpleasant, perhaps, to some people to have the weaknesses of which they are conscious rubbed into them by somebody who is quite conscious of them likewise in his own case; who shams no stoicism, but who can laugh at himself and so at others likewise. If he would do it in a way that would make us think 'Oh! I could do that better', it might be a relief, but only the very stupidest can think that. If he would pretend to be superior to it all—that would be a relief, for it would be a sort of invitation to us to share his superiority. There is in fact nothing to do but to pretend that the correction is really too obvious—a pretension which, in the slang that has grown up since his day, is 'really too thin'. It is not wonderful that Thackeray is intolerable to some folk.

Others may find him not much less delectable here than elsewhere. It may be said that his 'Fogy' papers are exaltations of tail-lessness or denunciations of sour grapes: but as the stage comes to all who live long enough, it is not quite superfluous to be prepared for it—or to have it comfortably furnished and agreeably decorated for us. 'On a good-looking young lady' is less in his usual manner, though it contains one of his characteristic name fantasias (Erminia-Victorina-*Boa*-Chinchilla), but is a remarkable example of his pervading spirit. It may be a little too patronizing to his subjects—but he has made that up elsewhere (in the famous anticlimax—'and oh! my dear, what a fool you are!') by excess in the other direction. After all, Elissa and Perissa are more natural than Medina. The 'Interesting French Exile' should be read in connexion with 'Crinoline' on his good-natured side, and with the remarkable review of Michiel's which we printed among the *Foreign Quarterly* doubtfuls on the more serious. And the companion ‘ American Traveller ’ at last ‘ tells his fact ’ to the egregious N. P. Willis, whom either Thackeray himself or Macvey Napier had let off pretty easily in the *Edinburgh*, two or three years earlier. Lastly ‘ The Press and the Public ’ exhibits him in quite a different light. It is probably the last thing ever written on that still vext Bermoothe—the question of signed and unsigned articles. It is the work of a man who had had plentiful experience of both ; and who *at last* could be sure that his name would give solid pecuniary value to any trifle that he chose to write, while for years he had received inadequate pay for a great deal of unsigned work that we more or less know and probably a great deal more that we do not. Yet he declares unhesitatingly against the signing system ; and he supports his opinion by arguments as sound as arguments can well be—arguments thoroughly borne out by the experience of the last thirty or forty years, during which signing has become more and more common. It was one of the latest of his semi-serious contributions to *Punch*, appearing in August, 1850 : and though he certainly sent in a score or so of articles in 1851 and a very few later, it may almost be said to have coincided with his own farewell to unsigned writing.

With regard to the ruck of these *Punch* articles it seemed to me that the best course to pursue was to give all those that have appeared in collections authorized by Thackeray’s representatives as a matter of course, whether I should or should not myself have selected them. There are some, I think, that I should not. I have gone through the mass of the others and added what seemed to me desirable either for intrinsic goodness or for representative character. Numerically the salvaged articles represent but a small proportion : but on the other hand a very large proportion of the rejected are mere scraps and *entrefilets*, sometimes evidently put in to introduce a drawing, sometimes without even that excuse. In one or two cases I have not inserted pieces because I feel absolutely certain that Thackeray himself never would have reprinted them; in not a few because they did not seem to me worth reprinting from any point of view; in many because they were mere 'balaam' as the then still existing word went—padding of various kinds on ephemeral subjects. Nearly all the early bickering with 'Jenkins' to which I have referred above has gone; much of the rather tasteless and overdone *fronde* against the Prince Consort (who in his earlier years certainly sometimes failed in tact but never so much as his assailants in taste) and a very great deal of the angry babel on Irish politics, Papal Aggression, Puseyism and other matters whereon God's great gift of speech was abused about the middle of the nineteenth century. In fairness, and as touching on that attitude to Ireland which concerns parts of his real literary work, I have given two O'Connell articles which illustrate the inconsistency or at least the variation of Thackeray's position. And it seemed to me that it might interest not a few readers to have the 'Bashi-Bozouk' papers, which were about his last contributions and which, by an odd coincidence, 'turned full East' as had *Jawbrahim-Heraudee*, the first, though on a more serious occasion and with more than literary cause.

There is not perhaps a very great deal of the absolutely first class in this part of the collection; we could not, for reasons already exposed, expect that there should be. All of it is second, some third or fourth 'skimming'—in fact, when the bulk and the goodness of the series which have preceded it are considered, it is not a little remarkable that it should be as good as it is. The Paris articles are nearly as good as ever—the touch of the *Pavé de Paris* never failed to revive our author. There is the force which comes from a subject being 'lived and felt' in *The Great Squattleborough Soirée*, though I have always wished that Thackeray had dealt more fully with another grievance of men of letters—the way in which large numbers of persons seem to think that they are establishments at which you 'may inquire within upon everything' without previous acquaintance, substantial pretext, or the degrading preliminary or sequel of an honorarium. *Hobson's Choice* is good 'second-growth' Thackeray; and *The Lion-Huntress of Belgravia* very nearly, if not quite, first: while I myself have always been very fond of *The Sights of London* and *A strange man just discovered in Germany*, and *M. Gobemouche* is all right. The *Ingleez Family* gives a sort of foretaste of *The Newcomes* and *Our Own Bashi-Bozouk* more than an aftertaste of Gahagan. In the series of *Author's Miseries* and similar things the letterpress is merely auxiliary though it is often amusing. But on the whole the selection will doubtless, even more than some things which have come before it, give occasion—not merely to the captious and petulant—to feel a certain relief at the thought that the author is going to settle to things more worthy of him—that the gad-fly of this perpetual demand for trifles is to be taken away.

Yet it may be permitted, in taking leave of at least the mass of these *articles de commande*, to remind the reader that there is another side of the matter: and that the ordinary complaints and lamentings over waste of genius and the like are somewhat hasty. In the first place it is a great question whether to a genius like Thackeray's—intense and individual, but impulsive, *primesautier*, irregular—a very considerable period of experiment is not absolutely necessary. In the second, it must be remembered that the peculiar discipline of miscellaneous journalism brings or should bring with it a certain knowledge of life as well as literature which is of the first importance. The journalist has many temptations, no doubt, and he sometimes succumbs to them: but at least he is kept (if he is not a mere home-worker) from that exclusive contact with books which is dangerous to weak brethren. He may breathe foul air; but even foul air is less deadly than an exhausted receiver.

He may do clumsy work : but his work has at least to stand the rough test of achieving its appointed end whatever that end may be, instead of being put in a museum under a glass case to be admired, to be neglected, but to come into no positive action. For the novelist or dramatist at least such a preparation cannot but be of the greatest value : for the critic it is almost indispensable. Thackeray was not exactly born to be a critic, but we shall find that his criticism greatly improved with practice ; he was not born to be a dramatist at all. But he was born to be a novelist, and in all his long apprenticeship and journeymanship he was perfecting himself for his achievements to come in practice of literature and in experience of life. Now the danger which was coming on in his time and has come on further since was that literature (or rather *literariness*, which is a different thing) should encroach on life and substitute itself therefor. At the present day a great deal of what is called and taken for knowledge of life is quite spurious—the result of ‘ the printed book ’, the citizenship and franchise not of the *civitas Dei* or even *Diaboli*, but of the city of Balzac, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Mr. Meredith, or somebody else. But Thackeray, in these fifteen years or so of preparation, had been pretty steadily and sometimes pretty uncomfortably in outside contact with the actual, while inside he had perfected his own vision and faculty. We may still not meet the completed results of this for a volume or two : but we shall see far less of the minor rubs of the time of fagging.

THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR PAPERS

WANDERINGS OF OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR—TRAVELLING NOTES

I

[August 3, 1844]

[The fattest of our contributors left London very suddenly last week, without giving the least idea of his movements until we received the following communication. We don't know whether he is going to travel, nor do we pledge ourselves in the least to publish another line of the Fat Contributor's correspondence. As far as his tour goes at present, it certainly is, if not novel, at least treated in a novel manner; for the reader will remark that there is not a word about the places visited by our friend, while there is a prodigious deal of information regarding himself. Interesting as our Fat Contributor is, yet it *may* chance that we shall hear enough about him ere many more letters are received from him.]

There were eleven more dinners hustling one another in my invitation book. 'If you eat two more, you are in for an apoplexy, Glauber,' said my medical man. 'But Miss Twaddlings is to be at the Mackwhirters', on Thursday,' I expostulated, 'and you know what money she has.' 'She'll be a widow before she's married,' says Glauber, 'if you don't mind.—Away with you!—Take three grains of blue pill every night, and my draught in the morning—if you don't, I won't answer for the consequences.—You look as white as a sheet—as puffy as a bolster—this season you've grown so inordinately gross and fa——

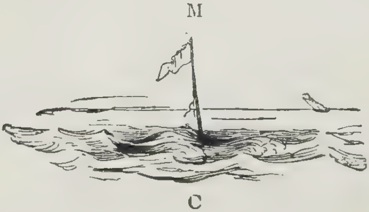
It's a word I can't bear applied to myself. I wrote letters round to decline my dinners; and agreed to go——

But whither? Why not to Brighton? I went on the 18th July. The day before the blow-up. I was out for four hours in a fly on that day. I saw Lord Brougham in a white hat and telescope—I saw the sea lighted up with countless smiles—I saw the chain-pier, and the multitudes swarming on it—I saw the bucks smoking cigars on the terrace of the Albion.

I could not smoke—I was with three ladies in the fly—

they were all fat, and, oh, how hot! The sun beat down upon us ruthlessly. Captain Warner *wouldn't* come. We drove and put back the dinner. Then Miss Bogle said she would like to drive to the Library for the last volume of Grant's *Visit to Paris*.

While we were at Folthorpe's, their messenger came running in—he had been out but one minute that day; he had seen it. We had been out four hours; it was all over! All that we could see when we got back was this—



C is the sea. M a mast sticking up in it.

That was what I had come to Brighton for—to eat prawns for breakfast—to pay five shillings for a warm bath—and not to see the explosion!

I set off for London the next day. One of my dinners was coming off that day—I had resigned it. There would very likely be turtle; and I wasn't there! Flesh and blood couldn't stand it. 'I will go to Dover to-morrow,' I said, 'and take the first packet that goes—that goes anywhere.'

I *am* at Dover. This is written from the Ship Hotel: let me recollect the adventures of the day.

The Dover trains go from two places at once: but my belief is, the cabmen try and perplex you. If it is the turn of the Bricklayers' Arms train, they persuade you to London Bridge, if of the London Bridge, they inveigle you to the Bricklayers' Arms — through that abominable suburb stretching away from Waterloo Bridge, and into the Greater London, which seems as it were run to seed.

I passed a Theatre—these creatures have a theatre it appears—it is called (to judge from a painted placard) the Victoria. It is a brick building, large, and with the windows cracked and stuffed with coats.

At the Bricklayers' Arms, which we reached at length after paying several base turnpikes, and struggling through a noisy, dirty, bustling, dismal city of small houses and queer shops and gin palaces—the policeman comes grinning up to the cab, and says, 'No train from here, sir,—next train from London Bridge—hoften these mistakes. Cab drove away only just this minute. You'll be in time if you go.'

The cabman gallops off, with a grin. The brute! he knew it well enough. He went for an extra fare.

As I do not wish to have a *coup de soleil;* or to be blinded with dust; or to have my nerves shattered by the infernal screaming of the engine as we rush howling through the tunnels: as I wish to sit as soft as I can in this life, and find a board by no means so elastic as a cushion, I take the first-class, of course—I should prefer having some of the third-class people for company, though—I find them generally less vulgar than their betters.

I selected, as may be imagined, an empty carriage: in which I lived pretty comfortably until we got to Reigate, where two persons with free tickets—engineers and Scotchmen—got into the carriage.

Of course one insisted upon sitting down in the very seat opposite me. There were four seats, but he must take that, on purpose to mingle his legs with mine, and make me uncomfortable. I removed to the next seat—the middle one. This was what the wretch wanted. He plumped into my place. He had the two places by the window—the two best in the coach—he leered over my shoulder at his comrade a great, coarse, hideous Scotch smile.

I hate engineers, I hate Scotchmen, I hate brutes with free tickets, who take the places of gentlemen who pay.

On alighting at Dover, and remembering the extravagance of former charges at the Ship, under another proprietor (pray Heavens the morrow's little bill may be a mild one !), I thought of going elsewhere. Touters were about seizing upon the passengers and recommending their hotels—' Now, GENTS, THE GUN ! ' roared one monster. I turned sickening away from him. ' Take me to the Ship,' I faintly gasped.

On proposing for dinner, the waiter says, with an air as if he was inventing something extremely clever, ' Whiting, Sir ? Nice fried sole ? '

Mon Dieu ! what have I done to be pursued in this way by whiting and fried sole ? Is there nothing else in the world ? Ain't I sick of fried sole and whiting—whiting and fried sole ? Having eaten them for long years and years until my soul is weary of them. ' You great ass,' I felt inclined to exclaim, ' I can get whiting and sole in London, give me something new ! ' . . .

Ah for that something new ! I have seen the dry toast come up for my breakfast so many, many times—the same old tough, stiff, leathery, tasteless, choky dry toast, that I can bear it no longer. The other morning (I had been rather feverish all night) it came up and I declare I burst into tears, ' Why do you haunt me,' I said, ' you *demd* old toast ? What have I done that there is no other companion for me but you ? I hate and spurn you—and yet up you come. Day by day, heartless brute, I leave you in the rack, and yet it's not you that suffers torture : ' and I made a passionate speech to that toast full of eloquence, and howled and flung the plateful at the door—just as Mary came in.

She is the maid. She could not understand my feelings. *She* is contented with toast for breakfast, with bread I believe, poor wretch ! So are cows contented with grass. Horses with corn. The fine spirit pants for novelty—and mine is sick of old toast.

' Gents ' are spoken of familiarly even at this hotel.

During dinner a messenger comes to ask if a young 'gent' was dining in the coffee-room?

'No,' says the waiter.

'How is that?' thinks I, 'am I not a young gent myself?' He continues, 'There's two holdish ladies and a *very* young gent in No. 24; *but there's only a* MIDDLE-HAGED *gent in the Coffee-room.*'

Has it come to this, then? Thirty something last birthday, and to be called a middle-aged gent? Away! Away! I can bear this ribaldry no more. Perhaps the sea may console me.

And how? it's only a dim straight line of horizon, with no gaiety or variety in it. A few wretched little vessels are twiddling up and down. A steam-tug or two—yachts more or less—the town is hideous, except for a neat row of houses or two—the cliffs only respectable. The castle looks tolerable. But who, I should like to know, would be such a fool as to climb up to it? Hark! There is a band playing—it is a long mile on, and yet I go to listen to it.

It is a band of wind-instruments of course, a military band, and the wretches listening in their stupid good-humour are giving the players —*beer*. I knew what would happen immediately upon the beer (I'm forbidden it myself). They played so infernally out of tune that they blasted me off the ground—away from the Dover Bucks, and the poor girls in their cheap finery, and the grinning yokels, and the maniacs riding velocipedes.

This is what I saw most worthy of remark all day. This person was standing on the beach, and her garments flapped round about her in the breeze. She stood and looked and looked until somebody came—to her call apparently. Somebody, a male of her species, dressed in corduroys and a frock. Then they paired off quite happy.

That thing had a lover!

Good night, I can say no more. A monster has just told me that a vessel starts at 7 for Ostend : I will take it. I would take one for Jericho if it started at 6.

II

THE SEA

[August 10 and 17, 1844]

I HAD one comfort in quitting Dover. It was to see Towzer, my tailor, of St. James's Street, lounging about the pier in a marine jacket, with a tuft to his chin.

His face, when he saw me in the boat, was one of the most intense agony. I owe Towzer 203*l*.

'Good-bye, Towzer,' I said. 'I shall be back in four years.' And I laughed a demoniac yell of scorn, and tumbled clattering down the brass stairs of the cabin.

An Israelite had already taken the best place, and was preparing to be unwell. I have observed that the 'Mosaic Arabs,' as Coningsby calls them, are always particularly amenable to maritime discomfiture. The Jew's internal commotions were frightful during the passage.

Two Oxford youths, one of whom had been growing a moustache since the commencement of the vacation, began to smoke cigars, and assume particularly piratical airs.

I took the picture of one of them an hour afterwards—stretched lifeless on the deck, in the agonies of sea-sickness.

I will not print that likeness. It is too excellent. If his mamma saw it, she would catch her death of fright, and order her darling Tommy home. I will rather publish the following—

That man is studying Levizac's grammar. He is a

Scotchman. He has not the least sense of modesty. As he gets up phrases out of that stale old grammar of 1803 (he bought cheap on a stall in Glasgow), the wretch looks up, and utters the sentences he has just acquired—serves them up hot in his hideous jargon. '*Parly-voo Fransis?*' says he, or '*Pranny garde de mong tait.*' He thinks he has quite the accent. He never doubts but that he is in a situation to cope with the natives. And *au fait*, he speaks French as well as many Belgians or Germans in those lands whither he is wandering.

Poor Caledonian youth! I have been cramming him with the most dreadful lies all the way. I should have utterly bewildered him, and made him mad with lies, but for this circumstance:—

In the middle of a very big one, which (administered by me) was slipping down his throat as glibly as an oyster, there came up from the cabin a young woman, not very pretty, but kind-looking, and she laid her hand upon the shoulder of that Levizac-reading Scotchman, and smiled, and he said with an air of immense superiority—

'*Wall*, Eliza, are ye batter noo?'

It was his wife! She loved him. She was partial to that snob. She did not mind the strings of his shirt-collar sticking out behind his back.

Gentle Eliza! a man whom you love and whose exposed follies would give you pain, shall never be made the butt of the Fat Contributor.

It will hardly be credited—but, upon my honour, there are four people on deck learning French dialogues as hard as they can. There is the Oxford man who is not sick. A young lady who is to be the spokeswoman of her party of nine. A very pompous man, who swore last night in my hearing that he was a capital hand at French, and the Caledonian student before mentioned.

What a wise race! They learn French phrases to speak to German waiters, who understand English perfectly.

The couriers and gentlemen's servants are much the most *distingué*-looking people in the ship. Lord Muffington was on board, and of course I got into conversation with his Lordship—a noble-looking person. But just when I thought he might be on the point of asking me to Muffington Castle, he got up suddenly, and said, 'Yes, my lord,' to a fellow I never should have suspected of a coronet.

Yet he was the noble earl, and my friend was but his flunkey.

Such is life! and so may its most astute observers be sometimes deceived.

OSTEND, August 6.

While the couriers, commissioners, footmen, gentlemen, ladies'-maids, Scotchman with the shirt-collar, the resuscitated Oxford youth, the family of nine, and the whole ship's passengers are struggling, puffing, stamping, squeezing, bawling, cursing, tumbling over their boxes and one another's shins, losing their keys, screaming to the commissioners, having their treasures unfolded, their wonderful packed boxes unpacked so that it is impossible ever to squeeze the articles back into their receptacles again; while there is such a scene of Babel clatter and confusion around me, ah, let me thank Heaven that I have but a carpet-bag!

Any man going abroad who purchases this number of *Punch* a day previous to his departure, will bless me for ever. Only take a carpet-bag! You can have everything there taste or luxury demands; six shirts, a fresh suit of clothes, as many razors as would shave the beards of a regiment of Turks, and what more does a traveller require? Buy nothing. Get a reading of Murray's *Guide Book* from your neighbour, and be independent and happy.

My acquaintance, the Hon. James Jillyflower, was in the boat with fifteen trunks, as I am a sinner. He was induced to take packages for his friends. This is the beauty of baggage—if you have a bag, you can refuse. On this score I refused twenty-four numbers of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, a teapot, and a ham, which he accepted.

Lady Scramjaw—the packet was opened before my eyes by the custom-house officers at Ostend—gave Jillyflower a parcel of law papers to carry to Italy, 'only deeds, upon her honour,' and deeds they were, but with six pair of gloves inside. All his fifteen trunks were opened in consequence of that six pair of gloves. He is made miserable for those gloves. But what cares Lady Scramjaw? Let all travellers beware, then, and again and again bless me for the hint.

I have no passport. They have arrested me.

I am about to be conducted to the police. I may be put into a dungeon like O'Connell. Tyrants ! lead on !

. . . . . .

I was not led to prison, as might have been expected. I was only conducted to a corner of the room, where was an official with large mustachios and a conical cap. Eyeing me with lowering brows, the following dialogue took place between me and this myrmidon of tyrants :—

Man in the Cap—'Monsieur, votre passeport.'

Fat Contributor—'Monsieur, je n'en ai pas.'

Man in the Cap—'Alors, Monsieur, vous pourrez passer à votre hôtel.'

Fat Contributor—'Bonjour, Monsieur' (*ici le Gros Rédacteur tire un profond coup de chapeau*).

Man in the Cap—'Monsieur, je vous salue.'

We separated. I want to know how long Britons are to be subjected to such grinding oppression ?

We went then to our hotel—the Hôtel des Bains. We were so foolish as to order champagne for dinner. It is the worst champagne I ever drank in my life : worse than champagne at Vauxhall—worse than used to be supplied by a wine-merchant at the University—worse even than the bordeaux provided in the Hôtel des Bains. Good Heavens ! is it for this I am come abroad ?

Is it for this ? To drink bad wine—to eat fried soles as tough as my shoe—to have my nerves agitated about a passport—and, by way of a second course, to be served with flabby raw mutton-chops ? Away ! I can get these in Chancery Lane. Is there not such a place as Greenwich in the world ; and am I come two hundred miles for such an iniquitous dinner as this ?

I thought of going back again. Why did I come away ? If there had been a gig at the door that instant to carry me to my native country, I would have jumped in. But there is no hope. Look out of the window, miserable man, and see you are a stranger in a foreign land. There is an alehouse opposite, with 'HIER VERKOOPT MAN TRANKEN' over the porch. A woman is standing before me—a woman in wooden shoes. She had a Belgic child at her neck, another at her side in little wooden shoekins.

To them approached their father—a mariner—he kisses his wife, he kisses his children, and what does he do next ? Why he wipes the nose of the eldest child, and then the fond father wipes the nose of the youngest child. You see his attitude—his portrait. You cannot see his child's face because 'tis hidden in the folds of the paternal handkerchief.

Fancy its expression of gratitude, ye kind souls who read this. I am a fat man, but somehow that touch of nature pleased me. It went to the heart through the nose. Ah! happy children, *sua si bona nôrint;* if they did but know their luck! They have a kind father to tend them now, and defend their delicate faces from the storms of life. I am alone in the world—sad and lonely. I have nobody to blow *my* nose. There are others yet more wretched, who must steal the handkerchief with which they perform the operation.

I could bear that feeling of loneliness no longer. Away!

let us hasten on the dyke to enjoy the pleasures of the place. All Ostend is there, sitting before the Restaurant, and sipping ices as the sun descends into the western wave.

Look at his round disk as it sinks into the blushing waters!—look, too, at that fat woman bathing—as round as the sun. She wears a brown dressing-gown—two bathers give her each a hand—she advances backwards towards the coming wave, and as it reaches her—plop! she sits down in it.

She emerges, puffing, wheezing, and shaking herself. She retires, creeping up the steps of the bathing-machine.

She is succeeded by other stout nymphs, disporting in the waves. For hours and hours the Ostenders look on at this enchanting sight.

The Ostend oyster is famous in Paris, and the joy of the gormandizer. Our good-natured neighbours would not enjoy them, perhaps, did they know of what country these oysters are natives.

At Ostend they are called *English Oysters*. Yes; they are born upon the shores of Albion. They are brought to Belgium young, and educated there. Poor molluscous exiles! they never see their country again.

We rose at four, to be ready for the train. A ruffianly boots (by what base name they denominate the wretch in this country I know not) was pacing the corridors at half-past two.

Why the deuce *will* we get up so confoundedly early on a journey? Why do we persist in making ourselves miserable?—depriving our souls of sleep, scuffling through our blessed meals, that we may be early on the road?

Is not the sight of a good comfortable breakfast more lovely than any landscape in any country ? And what turn in the prospect is so charming as the turn in a clean, snug bed, and another snooze of half an hour ?

This alone is worth a guinea of any man's money. If you are going to travel, never lose your natural rest for *anything*. The prospect that you want to see will be there next day. You can't see an object fairly unless you have had your natural sleep. A woman in curl-papers, a man unshorn, are not fit to examine a landscape. An empty stomach makes blank eyes. If you would enjoy exterior objects well, dear friend, let your inner man be comfortable.

Above all, young traveller, take my advice and never, *never*, be such a fool as to go up a mountain, a tower, or a steeple. I have tried it. Men still ascend eminences to this day, and, descending, say they have been delighted. But it is a lie. They have been miserable the whole day. Keep you down : and have breakfast while the asinine hunters after the picturesque go braying up the hill.

It is a broiling day. Some arduous fellow-countrymen, now that we have arrived, think of mounting the tower of

ANTWERP.

Let you and me rather remain in the cool Cathedral, and look at the pictures there, painted by the gentleman whom Lady Londonderry calls Reuben.

We examined these works of art at our leisure. We thought to ourselves what a privilege it is to be allowed to look at the works of Reuben (or any other painter) after the nobility have gazed on them ! 'What did the Noble Marquis think about Reuben ?' we mentally inquired—it would be a comfort to know his opinion : and that of the respected aristocracy in general.

So thought some people at the *table d'hôte*, near whom we have been sitting. Poor innocents ! How little they knew that the fat gentleman opposite was the contributor of—ha ! ha ! My mind fills with a savage exultation every now and then, as, hearing a piece of folly, I say inwardly—'Ha, my fine fellow ! you are down.' The poor wretch goes pottering on with his dinner : he little knows he will be in *Punch* that day fortnight.

There is something fierce, mighty, savage, inquisitorial, demoniac, in the possession of that power ! But we wield the dreadful weapon justly. It would be death in the hands of the inexperienced to entrust the thunderbolts of *Punch*.

There they sit, poor, simple lambs! all browsing away at their victuals; frisking in their innocent, silly way—making puns, some of them—quite unconscious of their fate.

One man quoted a joke from *Punch*. It was one of my own. Poor wretch! And to think that you, too, must submit to the knife!

Come, gentle victim! Let me plunge it into you.

But my paper is out. I will reserve the slaughter for the next letter.

III

[November 30, 1844]

[The relations, friends, and creditors of the singular and erratic being who, under the title of the Fat Contributor (he is, by the way, the thinnest mortal that ever was seen), wrote some letters in August last in this periodical, have been alarmed by the sudden cessation of his correspondence; and the public, as we have reason to know from the innumerable letters we have received, has participated in this anxiety.

Yesterday, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Tagus*, we received a packet of letters in the strange handwriting of our eccentric friend; they are without date, as might be expected from the author's usual irregularity, but the first three letters appear to have been written at sea, between Southampton and Gibraltar, the last from the latter-named place. The letters contain some novel descriptions of the countries which our friend visited, some neat and apposite moral sentiments, and some animated descriptions of maritime life; we therefore hasten to lay them before the public.

He requests us to pay his laundress in Lincoln's Inn 'a small forgotten account.' As we have not the honour of that lady's acquaintance, and as no doubt she reads this Miscellany (in company with every lady of the land), we beg her to apply at our Office, where her claim, upon authentication, shall be settled.]

AVING been at Brussels for three whole days (during which time, I calculate, I ate no less than fifty-four dishes at that admirable *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel de Suède), time began to hang heavily upon me. Although I am fat, I am one of the most active men in the universe—in fact, I roll like a ball—and possess a love of locomotion which would do credit to the leanest of travellers, George Borrow, Captain Clapperton, or Mungo Park. I therefore pursued a rapid course to Paris, and thence to Havre.

As Havre is the dullest place on earth, I quitted it the next day by the *Ariadne* steamer—the weather was balm, real balm. A myriad of twinkling stars glittered down on the deck which bore the Fat Contributor to his native shores—the crescent moon shone in a sky of the most elegant azure, and myriads of dimples decked the smiling countenance of the peaceful main. I was so excited I would not turn into bed, but paced the quarter-deck all night, singing my favourite sea songs—all the pieces out of all the operas which I had ever heard, and many more tunes which I invented on the spot, but have forgotten long since.

I never passed a more delicious night. I lay down happily to rest, folded in my cloak—the eternal stars above me, and beneath me a horse-hair mattress, which the steward brought from below. When I rose like a giant refreshed at morn, Wight was passed; the two churches of Southampton lay on my right hand; we were close to the pier.

'What is yonder steamer?' I asked of the steward, pointing to a handsome, slim, black craft that lay in the harbour, a flag of blue, red, white, and yellow on one mast; a blue peter (signal of departure) at another.

'That,' said the steward, 'is the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's ship, *Lady Mary Wood*. She leaves port to-day for Gibraltar, touching on her way at Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon and Cadiz.'

I quitted the *Ariadne*—Jason did the same in Lemprière's Dictionary, and she consoled herself with drinking, it is said—I quitted the ship, and went to the inn, with the most tremendous thoughts heaving, panting, boiling, in my bosom!

'Lisbon!' I said, as I cut into a cold round of beef for breakfast (if I have been in foreign parts for a week, I always take cold beef and ale for breakfast), 'Lisbon!' I exclaimed, 'the fleuve der Tage! the orange-groves of Cintra! the vast towers of Mafra, Belem, the Gallegos, and the Palace of Necessidades! Can I see all these in a week? Have I courage enough to go and see them?' I took another cut at the beef.

'What!' continued I (my mouth full of muffin), 'is it possible that I, sitting here as I am, may without the least trouble, and at a trifling expense, transport myself to Cadiz, shining o'er the dark blue sea, to the land of the sombrero and the seguidilla—of the puchera, the muchacha, and the Abanico? If I employ my time well, I may see a bull-fight, an *auto-da-fé*, or at least a revolution. I may look at the dark eyes of the Andalusian maid flashing under the dark meshes of her veil; and listen to Almaviva's guitar, as it tinkles beneath the balcony of Rosina?—What time does the *Mary Wood* go, waiter?' I cried.

The slave replied she went at half-past three.

'And does she make Gibraltar?' I continued. 'Say, John, will she land me at Gibel el Altar? opposite the coasts of Afric, whence whilom swarmed the galleys of the Moor, and landed on the European shores the dusky squadrons of the Moslemah? Do you mean to say, Thomas, that if I took my passage in yon boat, a few days would transport me to the scene renowned in British story—the fortress seized by Rooke, and guarded by Eliott? Shall I be able to see the smoking ruins of Tangiers, which the savage bully of Gaul burned down in braggadocio pride?'

'Would you like anything for dinner before you go?'

William here rather sulkily interrupted me; 'I can't be a listening to you all day—there's the bell of 24 ringing like mad.'

My repast was by this time concluded—the last slice of boiled beef made up my mind completely. I went forth to the busy town—I sought a ready-made linen warehouse—and in the twinkling of an eye I purchased all that was necessary for a two months' voyage.

From that moment I let my mustachios grow. At a quarter-past three, a mariner of a stout but weather-beaten appearance, with a quantity of new carpet-bags and portmanteaus, containing twenty-four new shirts (six terrifically striped), two dozen ditto stockings—in brief, everything necessary for travel—tripped lightly up the ladder of the *Lady Mary Wood.*

OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR

I made a bow as I have seen T. P. Cooke do it on the stage. 'Avast there, my hearty,' I said, 'can you tell me which is the skipper of this here craft, and can a seaman get a stowage in her?'

'I am the captain,' said the gentleman, rather surprised.

'Tip us your daddle then, my old sea-dog, and give us change for this here Henry Hase.'

'Twas a bank note for 100*l.* and the number was 33769.

IV

THE SHIP AT SEA—DOLORES!

[December 7, 1844]

The first thing that a narrow-minded individual does on shipboard is to make his own berth comfortable at the expense of his neighbours. The next is to criticize the passengers round about him.

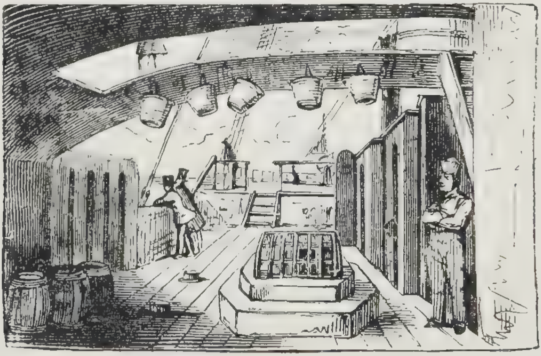
Do you remark, when Britons meet, with what a scowl they salute each other, as much as to say, 'Bless your eyes, what the angel do you do here?' *Young* travellers, that is to say, adopt this fascinating mode of introduction—I am old in voyaging —I go up with a bland smile to one and every passenger. I originate some clever observation about the fineness of the weather—if there are ladies, I manage to make some side appeal to *them*, which is sure of a tender appreciation: above all, if there are old ladies, fat ladies, very dropsical, very sea-sick, or ugly ladies, I pay them some delicate attention—I go up and insinuate a pillow under their poor feet. In the intervals of sickness I whisper, 'A leetle hot sherry and water!' All these little kindnesses act upon their delicate hearts, and I know that they say to themselves, 'How exceedingly polite and well-bred that stout young man is.'

'It's a pity he's so fat,' says one.

'Yes, but then he's so active,' ejaculates another.

And thus you, my dear and ingenuous youth who read this, and whom I recommend to lay to heart every single word of it—I am adored by all my fellow passengers. When they go ashore they feel a pang at parting with their amiable companion. I am only surprised that I have not been voted several pieces of plate upon these occasions—perhaps, dear youth, if you follow my example you may be more lucky.

Acting upon this benevolent plan, I shall not begin satirically to describe the social passengers that tread with me the deck of the *Lady Mary Wood.* I shall not, like that haughty and supercilious wretch with the yellow whiskers, yonder, cut short the gentle efforts at good fellowship which human beings around me may make—or grumble at the dinner, or the head-wind, or the narrowness of the berths, or the jarring of the engines—but shall make light of all these—nay, by ingenuity, turn them to a facetious and moral purpose. Here, for instance, is a picture of the ship, taken under circumstances of great difficulty—over the engine-room—the funnel snorting, the ship's sides throbbing, as if in a fit of ague.



There! I flatter myself that is a masterpiece of perspective. If the Royal Academy would exhibit, or Mr. Moon would publish a large five-guinea plate of the 'Main-deck of a Steamer,' how the public would admire and purchase! With a little imagination, you may fancy yourself on shipboard. Before you is the iron grating, up to which you see peeping every minute the pumping head of the engine; on the right is the galley, where the cook prepares the victuals that we eat or not, as weather permits, near which stands a living likeness of Mr. Jones, the third engineer; to the left and running along the side of the paddle-boxes are all sorts of mysterious little houses painted green, from which mates, mops, cabin-boys, black engineers, and oily cook's-assistants emerge; above is the deck between the two paddle-boxes, on which the captain walks in his white trousers and telescope (you may catch a glimpse of the former), and from which in bad weather he, speaking-trumpet in hand, rides the whirlwind and directs the storm. Those are the buckets in case of fire; see how they are dancing about! because they have nothing else to do—I trust they will always remain idle. A ship on fire is a conveyance by which I have no mind to travel.

Farther away, by the quarter-deck ladder, you see accurate portraits of Messrs. MacWhirter and MacMurdo, of Oporto and St. Mary's, wine-merchants; and far, far away, on the quarter-deck, close by the dark helmsman, with the binnacle shining before his steadfast eyes, and the English flag streaming behind him (it is a confounded head-wind)—you see—O my wildly beating, my too susceptible heart!—you see DOLORES!

I write her name with a sort of despair. I think it is four hours ago since I wrote that word on the paper. They were at dinner, but (for a particular reason) I cared not to eat, and sat at my desk apart. The dinner went away, either down the throats of the eager passengers, or to the black caboose whence it came—dessert passed—the sun set—tea came—the moon rose—she is now high in heaven, and the steward is laying the supper things, and all this while I have been thinking of Dolores, Dolores, Dolores!

She is a little far off in the picture; but by the aid of a microscope, my dear sir, you may see every lineament of her delicious countenance—every fold of the drapery which adorns her fair form, and falls down to the loveliest foot in the world! Did you ever see anything like that ankle?—those thin, open-worked stockings make my heart thump in an indescribable rapture. I would drink her health out of that shoe; but I swear it would not hold more than a liqueur glass of wine. Before she left us—ah me! that I should have to write the words *left us*—I tried to make her likeness; but the abominable brute of a steam-engine shook so, that—would you believe it?—this is all I could make of the loveliest face in the world!

I look even at that with a melancholy pleasure. It is not very like her, certainly; but it was drawn from her—it is not the rose, but it has been near it. Her complexion is a sort of gold colour—her eyes of a melting, deep, unfathomably deep, brown—and as for her hair, the varnish of my best boots for evening parties is nothing compared to it for blackness and polish.

She used to sit on the quarter-deck of sunny afternoons, and smoke paper cigars—oh, if you could have seen how sweetly she smiled and how prettily she puffed out the smoke! I have got a bit of one of them which has been at her sweet lips. I shall get a gold box to keep it in, some day when I am in cash. There she sat smoking, and the young rogues of the ship used to come crowding round her. MacWhirter was sorry she didn't stop at Oporto, MacMurdo was glad because she was going to Cadiz—I warrant he was—my heart was burst asunder with a twang and a snap, and she carried away half of it in the Malta boat, which bore her away from me for ever.

Dolores was not like your common mincing English girls—she had always a repartee and a joke upon her red lips which made every one around her laugh—some of these jokes I would repeat were it not a breach of confidence; and had they not been uttered in the Spanish language, of which I don't understand a word. So I used to sit quite silent and look at her full in the face for hours and hours, and offer her my homage that way.

DOLORES—A SKETCH TAKEN IN ROUGH WEATHER.

You should have seen how Dolores ate too! Our table was served four times a day—at breakfast, with such delicacies as beefsteaks, bubble-and-squeak, fried ham and eggs, hashed goose, twice-laid, &c.,—of all which trifles little Dolores would have her share—the same at dinner when she was well: and—when beneath the influence of angry Neptune the poor soul was stretched in the berth of sickness, the stewards would nevertheless bear away plates upon plates of victuals to the dear suffering girl; and it would be 'Irish stew for a lady, if you please, sir'—'Rabbit and onions for the ladies' cabin'—'Duck, if you please, and plenty of stuffing, for the Spanish lady.' And such is our blind partiality when the heart is concerned, that I admired that conduct in my Dolores which I should have detested in other people. For instance, if I had seen Miss Jones or Miss Smith making peculiar play with her knife, or pulling out a toothpick after dinner, what would have been my feelings?

But I only saw perfection in Dolores.

V

FROM MY LOG-BOOK AT SEA

[December 14, 1844]

ARE at sea—yonder is Finisterre.

The only tempest I have to describe during the voyage is that raging in my own stormy interior. It is most provokingly uncomfortably fine weather. As we pass Ushant there is not a cloud on the sky, there scarcely seems a ripple on the water—and yet—oh, yet! it is not a calm *within*. Passion and sea-sickness are raging there tumultuously.

Why is it I cannot eat my victuals? Why is it that when Steward brought to my couch a plateful of Sea-Pie (I called wildly for it, having read of the dish in maritime novels), why is it that the onions of which that delectable condiment seems to be mainly composed, caused a convulsive shudder to pass from my nose through my whole agonized frame, obliging me to sink back gasping in the crib, and to forgo all food for many, many hours?

I think it must be my love for Dolores that causes this desperate disinclination for food, and yet I have been in love many times before, and I don't recollect ever having lost my desire for my regular four meals a day. I believe I must be very far gone this time.

I ask Frank, the steward, how is the Señora ? She suffers, the dear, dear soul ! She is in the ladies' cabin—she has just had a plate of roast pork carried in to her.

She always chooses the dishes with onions—she comes from the sunny South, where both onions and garlic are plentifully used—and yet somehow, in the depression of my spirits—I wish, I wish she hadn't a partiality for that particular vegetable.

It is the next day. I have lost almost all count of time ; and only know how to trace it faintly, by remembering the champagne days—Thursday and Sunday.

I am abominably hungry. And yet when I tried at breakfast !—O horror !—I was obliged to plunge back to the little cabin again, and have not been heard of since. Since then I have been lying on my back, sadly munching biscuit and looking at the glimmer of the sun through the deadlight overhead.

I *was* on the sofa, enjoying (if a wretch so miserable can be said to enjoy anything) the fresh sea-breeze which came through the open port-hole, and played upon my dewy brow. But a confounded great wave came flouncing in at the orifice, blinded me, wet me through, wet all my linen in the carpet-bag, rusted all my razors, made water-buckets of my boots, and played the deuce with a tin of sweet biscuits which have formed my only solace.

Ha, ha ! What do I want with boots and razors ? I could not put on a boot now if you were to give me a thousand guineas. I could not shave if my life depended on it. I think I could cut my head off—but the razors are rusty and would not cut clean. O Dolores, Dolores !

The hunger grows worse and worse. It seems to me an age since butchers' meat passed these lips : and, to add to my misery, I can hear every word the callous wretches are saying in the cabin ; the clatter of the plates, the popping of the soda-water corks—or, can it be champagne day, and I a miserable groveller on my mattress ? The following is the conversation :—

Captain. Mr. Jones, may I have the honour of a glass of wine ? Frank, some champagne to Mr. Jones.

Colonel Condy (of the Spanish Service). That's a mighty delicate ham, Mr. Carver; may I thrubble ye for another slice?

Mr. MacMurdo (of St. Mary's, sherry-merchant). Where does the Providore get this sherry? If he would send to my cellars in St. Mary's, I would put him in a couple of butts of wine that shouldn't cost him half the money he pays for this.

Mr. MacWhirter (of Oporto). The sherry's good enough for sherry, which is never worth the drinking; but the port is abominable. Why doesn't he come to our house for it?

Captain. There is nothing like leather, gentlemen.—More champagne, Frank.—Mr. Bung, try the macaroni.—Mr. Perkins, this plum-pudding is capital.

Steward. Some pudding for Mrs. Bigbody in the cabin, and another slice of duck for the Señora.

And so goes on the horrid talk. They are eating—*she* is eating; they laugh, they jest. Mr. Smith jocularly inquires, How is the fat gentleman that was so gay on board the first day? Meaning *me*, of course; and I am lying supine in my berth, without even strength enough to pull the rascal's nose. I detest Smith.

Friday.—Vigo; its bay; beauty of its environs.—Nelson.

Things look more briskly; the swell has gone down. We are upon deck again. We have breakfasted. We have made up for the time lost in abstinence during the two former days. Dolores is on deck; and when the spring sun is out, where should the butterfly be but on the wing? Dolores is the sun, I am the remainder of the simile.

It is astonishing how a few hours' calm can make one forget the long hours of weary bad weather. I can't fancy I have been ill at all, but for those melancholy observations scrawled feebly down in pencil in my journal yesterday. I am in clean shining white ducks, my blue shirt-collars falling elegantly over a yellow bandanna. My moustachios have come on wonderfully; they are a little red or so. But the Spanish, they say, like fair faces. I would do anything for Dolores but smoke with her; *that* I confess I dare not attempt.

It appears it was THE BAY OF BISCAY that made me so ill. We were in Vigo yesterday (a plague take it! I have missed what is said to be one of the most beautiful bays in the world); but I was ill, and getting a little sleep; and when it is known as a fact that a Nelson was always ill on first going to sea, need a Fat Contributor be ashamed of a manly and natural weakness ?

Saturday.—Description of Oporto.

We were off the bar at an exceedingly early hour—so early that, although a gun fired and waked me out of a sound sleep, I did not rise to examine the town.

It is three miles inland, and therefore cannot be seen. It is famous for the generous wine which bears the name of port, and is drunk by some after dinner ; by other, and I think wiser persons, simply after cheese.

As about ten times as much of this liquor is drunk in England as is made in Portugal, it is needless to institute any statistical inquiries into the growth and consumption of the wine.

Oporto was besieged by Don Miguel, the rightful king, who, although he had Marshal Bourmont and justice on his side, was defeated by Don Pedro and British Valour. Thus may our arms ever triumph ! These are the only facts I was enabled to gather regarding Oporto.

New Passengers.—On coming on deck, I was made aware that we had touched land by the presence on the boat of at least a hundred passengers, who had not before appeared among us. They had come from Vigo, and it appears were no more disposed to rouse at the morning gun than I was ;

for they lay asleep on the fore-deck for the most part, in the very attitudes here depicted by me.

They were Gallegos going to Lisbon for service; and I wished that a better hand than mine—viz., one of those immortal pencils which decorate the columns of our dear *Punch*—had been there to take cognizance of these strange children of the South—in their scarfs and their tufted hats, with their brown faces shining as they lay under the sun.

Nor were these the only new passengers; with them came on board a half-dozen of Hungarian cloth-sellers, of one of whom here is the accurate portrait as he lay upon two barrels, and slept the sleep of innocence *sub Jove.*

Here is the same individual, but ah, how changed! He is

suffering from the pangs of sea-sickness, and I have no doubt yearning for fatherland, or land of some sort. But I am interrupted. Hark! 'tis the bell for lunch!

[Though our fat friend's log has been in the present instance a little tedious, the observant reader may nevertheless draw from it a complete and agreeable notion of the rise, progress, and conclusion of the malady of sea-sickness. He is exhausted; he is melancholy; he is desperate; he rejects his victuals; he grows hungry, but dares not eat; he mends; his spirits rise; all his faculties are restored to him: and he eats with redoubled vigour. This fine diagnosis of the maritime complaint, we pronounce from experience, may be perfectly relied upon.]

'PUNCH' IN THE EAST

FROM OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR

I

[January 11, 1845]

On board the P. & O. Company's ship
Burrumpooter, off Alexandria.

Fat Contributor, indeed! I lay down my pen, and smiling in bitter scorn as I write the sarcastic title—I remember it was that which I assumed when my peregrinations began.—It is now an absurd misnomer.

I forget whence I wrote to you last. We were but three weeks from England, I think—off Cadiz, or Malta, perhaps—I was full of my recollections of Dolores—full in other ways, too. I have travelled in the East since then. I have seen the gardens of Bujukdere and the kiosks of the Seraglio: I have seen the sun sinking behind Morea's hills, and rising over the red waves of the Nile. I have travelled like Benjamin D'Israeli, Ulysses, Monckton Milnes, and the eminent sages of all times. I am not the fat being I was (and proudly styled myself), when I left my dear, dear Pall Mall. You recollect my Nugee dress-coat, with the brass buttons and Canary silk lining, that the Author of the *Spirit of the Age* used to envy? I never confessed it—but I was in agonies when I wore that coat. I was girthed in (inwardly) so tight that I thought every day after the third entrée apoplexy would ensue—and had my name and address written most legibly in the breast flap, so that I might be carried home in case I was found speechless in the street on my return from dinner. A smiling face often hides an aching heart ; I promise you mine did in that coat, and not my heart only, but other regions. There is a skeleton in every house—and mine—no—I wasn't exactly a skeleton in that garment, but suffered secret torments in it, to which, as I take it, those of the Inquisition were trifles.

I put it on t'other day to dine with Bucksheesh Pasha at Grand Cairo—I could have buttoned the breast over to the two buttons behind. My dear Sir—I looked like a perfect Guy. I am wasted away—a fading flower—I don't weigh above sixteen and a half now. Eastern Travel has done it—and all my fat friends may read this and consider it. It is something at least to know. Byron (one of *us*) took vinegar and starved himself to get down the disagreeable plenitude. Vinegar ?—nonsense !—try Eastern travel. I am bound to say, however, that it don't answer in all cases. Waddilove, for instance, with whom I have been making the journey, has bulged out in the sun like a pumpkin, and at dinner you see his coat and waistcoat buttons spirt violently off his garments—no longer able to bear the confinement there. One of them hit Colonel Sourcillon plump on the nose, on which the Frenchman——. But to return to my own case. A man always speaks most naturally and truly of that which occurs to himself.

I attribute the diminution in my size not to my want of appetite, which has been uniformly good. Pale ale is to be found universally throughout Turkey, Syria, Greece, and Egypt, and after a couple of foaming bottles of Bass, a man could eat a crocodile (we had some at Bucksheesh Pasha's fattened in the tanks of his country villa of El Muddee, on the Nile, but tough—very fishy and tough)—the appetite, I say, I have found to be generally good in these regions—and attribute the corporeal diminution solely TO WANT OF SLEEP.

I give you my word of honour as a gentleman *that for seven weeks I have never slept a single wink.* It is my belief that nobody does in the East. You get to do without it perfectly. It may be said of these countries, they are so hospitable, you are never alone. You have always friends to come and pass the night with you, and keep you alive with their cheerful innocent gambols. At Constantinople, at Athens, Malta, Cairo, Gibraltar, it is all the same. Your watchful friends persist in paying you attention. The frisky and agile flea, the slow but steady-purposed bug—the fairy mosquito, with his mellow-sounding horn, rush to welcome the stranger to their shores—and never leave him during his stay. At first, and before you are used to the manners of the country, the attention is rather annoying. Here, for instance, is my miniature.—You will see that one of my eyes was shut up temporarily, and I drew the picture by the sole light of the other.

F.C. ON GOING TO BED
AT GIBRALTAR.

F.C. ON GETTING UP
THE NEXT MORNING.

Man is a creature of habit. I did not at first like giving up my sleep. I had been used to it in England. I occasionally repined as my friends persisted in calling my attention to them, grew sulky and peevish, wished myself in bed in London—nay, in the worst bed in the most frequented old, mouldy, musty, wooden-galleried coach inn in Aldgate or Holborn. I recollect a night at the Bull, in poor dear old Mrs. Nelson's time—well, well, it is nothing to the East. What a country would this be for Tiffin, and what a noble field for his labours !

Though I am used to it now, I can't say but it is probable that when I get back to England I shall return to my old habits. Here, on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's magnificent steamship *Burrumpooter*, I thought of trying whether I could sleep any more. I had got the sweetest little cabin in the world ; the berths rather small and tight for a man of still considerable proportions—but everything as neat, sweet, fresh and elegant as the most fastidious amateur of the nightcap might desire. I hugged the idea of having the little palace all to myself. I placed a neat white nightgown and my favourite pink silk cap, on the top berth ready. The sea was as clear as glass—the breeze came cool and refreshing through the port-hole—the towers of Alexandria faded away as our ship sailed westward. My Egyptian friends were left behind. It would soon be sunset. I longed for that calm hour, and meanwhile went to enjoy myself at dinner with a hundred and forty passengers from Suez, who laughed and joked, drank champagne and the exhilarating Hodgson, and brought the latest news from Dumdum [or] Futtyghur.

I happened to sit next at table to the French gentleman before mentioned, Colonel Sourcillon, in the service of the Rajah of Lahore, returning to Europe on leave of absence. The Colonel is six feet high—of a grim and yellow physiognomy, with a red ribbon at his button-hole, of course, and large black moustachios, curling up to his eyes—to one eye, that is—the other was put out in mortal combat, which has likewise left a furious purple gash down one cheek, a respectable but terrible sight.

'Vous regardez ma cicatrice,' said the Colonel, perceiving that I eyed him with interest. 'Je l'ai reçue en Espagne, Monsieur, à la bataille de Vittoria, que nous avons gagnée sur vous. J'ai tué de ma main le grrredin de Feldmaréchal Anglais qui m'a donné cette noble blessure. Elle n'est pas la seule, Monsieur. Je possède encore soixante-quatorze cicatrices sur le corps. Mais j'ai fait sonner partout le grrrand nom de la Frrance. Vous êtes militaire, Monsieur ? Non ?—Passez-moi le poivre-rouge, s'il vous plaît.'

The Colonel emptied the cayenne pepper cruet over his fish, and directed his conversation entirely to me. He told me that ours was a perfidious nation, that he esteemed some individuals, but detested the country, which he hoped to see *écrrrasé un jour.* He said I spoke French with remarkable purity ; that on board all our steamers there was an infamous conspiracy to insult every person bearing the name of Frenchman ; that he would call out the Captain directly they came ashore ; that he could not even get a cabin ; had I one ? On my affirmative reply, he said I was a person of such amiable manners, and so unlike my countrymen, that he would share my cabin with me—and instantly shouted to the steward to put his trunks into number 202.

What could I do ? When I went on deck to smoke a cigar, the Colonel retired, pretending a *petite santé*, suffering a horrible *mal de mer*, and dreadful shooting pains in thirty-seven of his wounds. What, I say, could I do ? I had not the cabin to myself. He had a right to sleep there—at any rate, I had the best berth, and if he did not snore, my rest would not be disturbed.

But ah ! my dear friends—when I thought I would go down and sleep—the first sleep after seven weeks—fancy what I saw—he was asleep in my berth.

His sword, gun, and pistol-cases blocked up the other sleeping-place ; his bags, trunks, pipes, cloaks, and portmanteaus, every corner of the little room.

'QUI VA LÀ ?' roared the monster, with a terrific oath, as I entered the cabin. 'Ah ! c'est vous, Monsieur : pourquoi diable faites-vous tant de bruit ? J'ai une petite santé ; laissez-moi dormir en paix.'

I went upon deck. I shan't sleep till I get back to England again. I paid my passage all the way home : but I stopped, and am in quarantine at Malta. I couldn't make the voyage with that Frenchman. I have no money ; send me some, and relieve the miseries of him who was once

THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

II

ON THE PROSPECTS OF 'PUNCH' IN THE EAST

[January 18, 1845]

To the Editor of 'Punch' (Confidential).

My dear Sir,

In my last letter (which was intended for the public eye), I was too much affected by the recollection of what I may be permitted to call the

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS,

to allow me for the moment to commit to paper that useful information, in the imparting of which your Journal—*our* Journal—the world's Journal—yields to none, and which the British public will naturally expect from all who contribute to your columns. I address myself therefore privately to you, so that you may deal with the facts I may communicate as you shall think best for the general welfare.

What I wish to point out especially to your notice is, the astonishing progress of *Punch* in the East. Moving according to your orders in strict incognito, it has been a source of wonder and delight to me to hear how often the name of the noble Miscellany was in the mouths of British men. At Gibraltar its jokes passed among the midshipmen, merchants, Jews, &c., assembled at the hotel table (and quite unconscious how sweetly their words sounded on the ear of a silent guest at the board), as current, aye, much more current, than the coin of the realm. At Malta, the first greeting between Captain Tagus and some other Captain in anchor-buttons, who came to hail him when we entered harbour, related to *Punch*. 'What's the news ?' exclaimed the other Captain. 'Here's *Punch*,' was the immediate reply of Tagus, handing it out—and the other Captain's face was suffused with instant smiles as his enraptured eye glanced over some of the beauteous designs of Leech. At Athens, Mr. Smith, second-cousin of the respected Vice-Consul, who came to our inn, said to me mysteriously, 'I'm told we've got *Punch* on board.' I took him aside, and pointed him out (in confidence) Mr. Waddilove, the stupidest man of all our party, as the author in question.

Somewhat to my annoyance (for I was compelled to maintain my privacy), Mr. W. was asked to a splendid dinner in consequence—a dinner which ought by rights to have fallen to my share. It was a consolation to me, however, to think, as I ate my solitary repast at one of the dearest and worst inns I ever entered, that though *I* might be overlooked, *Punch* was respected in the land of Socrates and Pericles.

At the Piraeus we took on board four young gentlemen from Oxford, who had been visiting the scenes consecrated to them by the delightful associations of the Little-go ; and as they paced the deck and looked at the lambent stars that twinkled on the bay once thronged with the galleys of Themistocles,—what, sir, do you think was the song they chanted in chorus ? Was it a lay of burning Sappho ? Was it a thrilling ode of Alcaeus ? No ; it was—

> Had I an ass averse to speed,
> Deem ye I'd strike him ? No, indeed, &c.

which you had immortalized, I recollect, in your Vol. VI ! (Donkeys, it must be premised, are most numerous and flourishing in Attica, commonly bestridden by the modern Greeks, and no doubt extensively popular among the ancients—unless human nature has very much changed since their time.) Thus we find that *Punch* is respected at Oxford as well as in Athens, and I trust at Cambridge, likewise.

As we sailed through the blue Bosphorus at midnight, the health of *Punch* was enthusiastically drunk in the delicious beverage which shares his respectable name ; and the ghosts of Hero and Leander must have been startled at hearing songs appropriate to the toast, and very different from those with which I have no doubt they amused each other in times so affectingly described in Lemprière's delightful Dictionary. I did not see the Golden Horn at Constantinople, nor hear it blown, probably on account of the fog; but this I can declare, that *Punch* was on the table at Miestre's Hotel, Pera, the spirited proprietor of which little knew that one of its humblest contributors ate his pilaff. Pilaff, by the way, is very good: kabobs are also excellent; my friend, Mechmet Effendi, who keeps the kabob-shop, close by the Rope Bazaar in Constantinople, sells as good as any in town. At the Armenian shops, too, you get a sort of raisin wine at two piastres a bottle, over which a man can spend an agreeable half-hour. I did not hear what the Sultan Abdul Medjid thinks of *Punch*, but of wine he is said to be uncommonly fond.

ALBANIAN ON HIS CHARGER

At Alexandria there lay the picture of the dear and venerable old face, on the table of the British hotel; and the 140 passengers from Burrumtollah, Chowringhee, &c. (now on their way to England per *Burrumpooter*), rushed upon it—it was the July number, with my paper, which you may remember made such a sensation—even more eagerly than on pale ale. I made cautious inquiries amongst them (never breaking the incognito) regarding the influence of *Punch* in our vast Indian territories. They say that from Cape Comorin to the Sutlege, and from the Sutlege to the borders of Thibet, nothing is talked of but *Punch*. Dost Mahommed never misses a single number; and the Tharawaddie knows the figure of Lord Brougham and his Scotch trousers, as well as that of his favourite vizier. *Punch*, my informant states, has rendered his lordship so popular throughout our Eastern possessions that, were he to be sent out to India as Governor, the whole army and people would shout with joyful recognition. I throw out this for the consideration of Government at home.

I asked Bucksheesh Pasha (with whom I had the honour of dining at Cairo) what his august Master thought of *Punch*. And AT THE PYRAMIDS—but of these in another letter. You have here enough to show you how kingly the diadem, boundless the sway, of *Punch* is in the East. By it we are enabled to counterbalance the influence of the French in Egypt; by it we are enabled to spread civilization over the vast Indian Continent, to soothe the irritated feelings of the Sikhs, and keep the Burmese in good humour. By means of *Punch*, it has been our privilege to expose the designs of Russia more effectually than Urquhart ever did, and to this Sir Stratford Canning can testify. A proud and noble post is that which you, Sir, hold over the Intellect of the World; a tremendous power you exercise! May you ever wield it wisely and gently as now! 'Subjectis parcere superbos debellare,' be your motto! I forget whether I mentioned in my last that I was without funds in quarantine at Fort Manuel, Malta, and shall anxiously expect the favour of a communication from you—*Poste Restante*—at that town.

With assurances of the highest consideration,
Believe me to be, Sir,
Your most faithful Servant and Correspondent,
The F— CONTRIBUTOR.

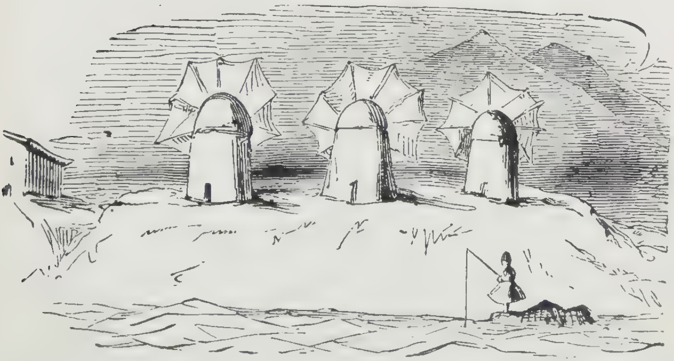
PS.—We touched at Smyrna, where I purchased a *real Smyrna sponge*, which trifle I hope your lady will accept for her toilet; some *real Turkey rhubarb* for your dear children; and a friend going to Syria has promised to procure for me *some real Jerusalem artichokes*, which I hope to see flourishing in your garden at ——.

[This letter was addressed 'strictly private and confidential' to us: but at a moment when all men's minds are turned towards the East, and every information regarding 'the cradle of civilization' is anxiously looked for, we have deemed it our duty to submit our Correspondent's letter to *the public*. The news which it contains are so important and startling—our correspondent's views of Eastern affairs so novel and remarkable—that they *must* make an impression in Europe. We beg the *Observer*, the *Times*, &c., to have the goodness to acknowledge their authority, if they avail themselves of our facts. And for *us*, it cannot but be a matter of pride and gratification to think—on the testimony of a correspondent who has never deceived us yet—that our efforts for the good of mankind are appreciated by such vast and various portions of the human race, and that our sphere of usefulness is so prodigiously on the increase. Were it not that dinner has been announced (and consequently is getting cold) we would add more. For the present, let us content ourselves by stating that the intelligence conveyed to us is most welcome as it is most surprising, the occasion of heartfelt joy, and we hope of deep future meditation.]

III

ATHENS

[January 25, 1845]



The above is a picture of some beautiful windmills near Athens, not I believe depicted by any other artist, and which I dare say some people will admire because they are Athenian windmills. The world is made so.

I was not a brilliant boy at school—the only prize I ever remember to have got was in a kind of lottery in which I was obliged to subscribe with seventeen other competitors—and of which the prize was a flogging. That I won. But I don't think I carried off any other. Possibly from laziness, or if you please from incapacity, but I certainly was rather inclined to be of the side of the dunces—Sir Walter Scott, it will be recollected, was of the same species. Many young plants sprouted up round about both of us, I dare say, with astonishing rapidity—but they have gone to seed ere this, or were never worth the cultivation. Great genius is of slower growth.

I always had my doubts about the classics. When I saw a brute of a schoolmaster, whose mind was as coarse-grained as any ploughboy's in Christendom ; whose manners were those of the most insufferable of Heaven's creatures, the English snob trying to turn gentleman ; whose lips, when they were not mouthing Greek or grammar, were yelling out the most brutal abuse of poor little cowering gentlemen standing before him : when I saw this kind of man (and the instructors of our youth are selected very frequently indeed out of this favoured class) and heard him roar out praises, and pump himself up into enthusiasm for, certain Greek poetry,—I say I had my doubts about the genuineness of the article. A man may well thump you or call you names because you won't learn—but I never could take to the proffered delicacy ; the fingers that offered it were so dirty. Fancy the brutality of a man who began a Greek grammar with ' τύπτω, I thrash ! ' We were all made to begin it in that way.

When then I came to Athens, and saw that it was a humbug, I hailed the fact with a sort of gloomy joy. I stood in the Royal Square and cursed the country which has made thousands of little boys miserable. They have blue stripes on the new Greek flag ; I thought bitterly of my own. I wished that my schoolmaster had been in the place, that we might have fought there for the right ; and that I might have immolated him as a sacrifice to the manes of little boys flogged into premature Hades, or pining away and sickening under the destiny of that infernal Greek grammar. I have often thought that those little cherubs who are carved on tombstones and are represented as possessing a head and wings only, are designed to console little children—usher- and beadle-belaboured—and say 'There is no flogging where we are.' From their conformation, it is impossible. Woe to the man who has harshly treated one of them!

Of the ancient buildings in this beggarly town it is not my business to speak. Between ourselves it must be acknowledged that there was some merit in the heathens who constructed them. But of the Temple of Jupiter, of which some columns still remain, I declare with confidence that not one of them is taller than our own glorious Monument on Fish Street Hill, which I heartily wish to see again, whereas upon the columns of Jupiter I never more desire to set eyes. On the Acropolis and its temples and towers I shall also touch briefly. The frieze of the Parthenon is well known in England, the famous *chevaux de frieze* being carried off by Lord Elgin, and now in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The Erechtheum is another building, which I suppose has taken its name from the genteel club in London at a corner of St. James's Square. It is likewise called the Temple of Minerva Polias—a capital name for a club in London certainly; fancy gentlemen writing on their cards: 'Mr. Jones, Temple-of-Minerva-Polias Club.'—Our country is surely the most classical of islands.

As for the architecture of that temple, if it be not entirely stolen from St. Pancras Church, New Road, or vice versa, I am a Dutchman. 'The Tower of the Winds' may be seen any day at Edinburgh—and the Lantern of Demosthenes is at this very minute perched on the top of the church in Regent Street, within a hundred yards of the lantern of Mr. Drummond. Only in London you have them all in much better preservation—the noses of the New Road Caryatides are not broken as those of their sisters here. The temple of the Scotch winds I am pleased to say I have never seen, but I have no doubt it is worthy of the Modern Athens—and as for the Choragic temple of Lysicrates, erroneously called Demosthenes' Lantern—from Waterloo Place you can see it well: whereas here it is a ruin in the midst of a huddle of dirty huts, whence you try in vain to get a good view of it.

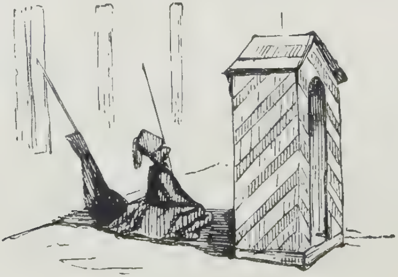
When I say of the temple of Theseus (quoting Murray's

Guide-book) that ‘ it is a peripteral hexastyle with a pronaos, a posticum and two columns between the antae,’ the commonest capacity may perfectly imagine the place. Fancy it upon an irregular ground of copper-coloured herbage, with black goats feeding on it, and the sound of perpetual donkeys braying round about. Fancy to the south-east the purple rocks and towers of the Acropolis meeting the eye—to the south-east the hilly islands and the blue Aegean. Fancy the cobalt sky above, and the temple itself (built of Pentelic marble) of the exact colour and mouldiness of a ripe Stilton cheese, and you have the view before you as well as if you had been there.

As for the modern buildings—here is a beautiful design of the Royal Palace,

built in the style of High-Dutch-Greek, and resembling Newgate whitewashed and standing on a sort of mangy desert.

The King’s German guards (Σπιτζβουβοι) have left him perforce ; he is now attended by petticoated Albanians, and I saw one of the palace sentries, as the sun was shining



on his sentry-box, wisely couched *behind* it.

The Chambers were about to sit when we arrived. The Deputies were thronging to the capital. One of them had come as a third-class passenger of an English steamer, took a first-class place, and threatened to blow out the brains of the steward who remonstrated with him on the irregularity. It is quite needless to say that he kept his place—and as the honourable deputy could not read, of course he could not be expected to understand the regulations imposed by the avaricious proprietors of the boat in question. Happy is the country to have such makers of laws, and to enjoy the liberty consequent upon the representative system !

Besides Otho's palace in the great square, there is another house and an hotel ; a fountain is going to be erected, and roads even are to be made. At present the King drives up and down over the mangy plain before mentioned, and the grand officers of state go up to the palace on donkeys.

As for the Hôtel Royal—the Folkestone Hotel might take a lesson from it—they charge five shillings sterling (the coin of the country is the gamma, lambda, and delta, which I never could calculate) for a bed in a double-bedded room ; and our poor young friend Scratchley, with whom I was travelling, was compelled to leave his and sit for safety on a chair on a table in the middle of the room.

As for me—but I will not relate my own paltry sufferings. The post goes out in half an hour, and I had thought ere its departure to have described to you Constantinople and my interview with the Sultan there—his splendid offers—the Princess Badroulbadour, the order of the Nisham, the Pashalic with three tails—and my firm but indignant rejection. I had thought to describe Cairo—interview with Mehemet Ali—proposals of that Prince—splendid feast at the house of my dear friend Bucksheesh Pasha, dancing-girls and magicians after dinner, and their extraordinary disclosures ! But I should fill volumes at this rate ; and I can't, like Mr. James, write a volume between breakfast and luncheon.

I have only time rapidly to jot down my great ADVENTURE AT THE PYRAMIDS—and *Punch's* enthronization there.

IV

'PUNCH' AT THE PYRAMIDS

[February 1, 1845]

The 19th day of October, 1844 (the seventh day of the month Hudjmudj, and the 1229th year of the Mohammedan Hegira, corresponding with the 16,769th anniversary of the 48th incarnation of Veeshnoo), is a day that ought hereafter to be considered eternally famous in the climes of the East and West. I forget what was the day of General Bonaparte's battle of the Pyramids; I think it was in the month Quintidi of the year Nivôse of the French Republic, and he told his soldiers that forty centuries looked down upon them from the summit of those buildings—a statement which I very much doubt. But I say THE 19TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1844, is the most important era in the modern world's history. It unites the modern with the ancient civilization; it couples the brethren of Watt and Cobden with the dusky family of Pharaoh and Sesostris; it fuses Herodotus with Thomas Babington Macaulay; it intertwines the piston of the blond Anglo-Saxon steam-engine with the Needle of the Abyssinian Cleopatra; it weds the tunnel of the subaqueous Brunel with the mystic edifice of Cheops. Strange play of wayward fancy! Ascending the Pyramid, I could not but think of Waterloo Bridge in my dear native London—a building as vast and as magnificent, as beautiful, as useless, and as lonely. Forty centuries have not as yet passed over the latter structure, 'tis true; scarcely an equal number of hackney-coaches have crossed it. But I doubt whether the individuals who contributed to raise it are likely to receive a better dividend for their capital than the swarthy shareholders in the Pyramid speculation, whose dust has long since been trampled over by countless generations of their sons.

If I use in the above sentence the longest words I can find, it is because the occasion is great and demands the finest phrases the dictionary can supply; it is because I have not read Tom Macaulay in vain; it is because I wish to show I am a dab in history, as the above dates will testify; it is because I have seen the Reverend Mr. Milman preach in a black gown at St. Margaret's, whereas at the Coronation he wore a gold cope. The 19th of October was *Punch's Coronation ;* I officiated at the august ceremony. To be brief—as illiterate readers may not understand a syllable of the above piece of ornamental eloquence —ON THE 19TH OF OCTOBER, 1844, I PASTED THE GREAT PLACARD OF 'PUNCH' ON THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS. I did it. The Fat Contributor did it. If I die, it could not be undone. If I perish, I have not lived in vain.

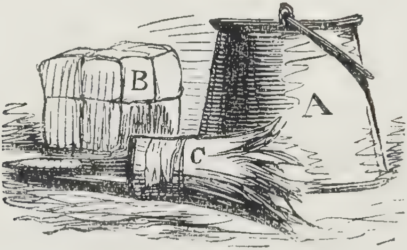
If the forty centuries *are* on the summit of the Pyramids, as Bonaparte remarks, all I can say is, *I* did not see them. But *Punch* has really been there ; this I swear. One placard I pasted on the first landing-place (who knows how long Arab rapacity will respect the sacred hieroglyphic ?). One I placed under a great stone on the summit ; one I waved in the air, as my Arabs raised a mighty cheer round the peaceful victorious banner ; and I flung it towards the sky, which the Pyramid almost touches, and left it to its fate, to mount into the azure vault and take its place among the constellations ; to light on the eternal Desert, and mingle with its golden sands ; or to flutter and drop into the purple waters of the neighbouring Nile, to swell its fructifying inundations, and mingle with the rich vivifying influence which shoots into the tall palm-trees on its banks, and generates the waving corn.

I wonder were there any signs or omens in London when that event occurred ? Did an earthquake take place ? Did Stocks or the Barometer preternaturally rise or fall ? It matters little. Let it suffice that the thing has been done, and forms an event in History by the side of those other facts to which these prodigious monuments bear testimony. Now to narrate briefly the circumstances of the day.

On Thursday, October 17, I caused my dragoman to purchase in the Frank Bazaar at Grand Cairo the following articles, which will be placed in the Museum on my return.

A is a tin pot holding about a pint, and to contain B, a packet of flour (which of course is not visible, as it is tied up in brown paper), and C, a pig-skin brush of the sort commonly used in Europe—the whole costing about 5 piastres, or one shilling sterling. They were all the implements needful for this tremendous undertaking.

Horses of the Mosaic Arab breed, I mean those animals called Jerusalem ponies by some in England, by others denominated donkeys, are the common means of transport employed by the subjects of Mehemet Ali. My excellent friend Bucksheesh Pasha would have mounted me either on his favourite horse, or his best dromedary. But I declined those proffers—if I fall, I like better to fall from a short distance than a high one.—I have tried tumbling in both ways, and recommend the latter as by far the pleasantest and safest. I chose the Mosaic Arab then—one for the dragoman, one for the requisites of refreshment, and two for myself—not that I proposed to ride two at once, but a person of a certain dimension had best have a couple of animals in case of accident.



I left Cairo on the afternoon of October 18, never hinting to a single person the mighty purpose of my journey. The waters were out, and we had to cross them thrice—twice in track-boats, once on the shoulders of abominable Arabs, who take a pleasure in slipping and in making believe to plunge you in the stream. When in the midst of it, the brutes stop and demand money of you—you are alarmed, the savages may drop you if you do not give—you promise that you will do so. The half-naked ruffians who conduct you up the Pyramid, when they have got you panting to the most steep, dangerous, and lonely stone, make the same demand, pointing downwards while they beg, as if they would fling you in that direction on refusal. As soon as you have breath, you promise more money—it is the best way—you are a fool if you give it when you come down.

The journey I find briefly set down in my pocket-book as thus :—Cairo Gardens—Mosquitoes—Women dressed in blue—Children dressed in nothing—Old Cairo—Nile, dirty water, ferry-boat—Town—Palm-trees, ferry-boat, canal, palm-trees, town—Rice-fields—Maize-fields—Fellows on dromedaries—Donkey down—Over his head—Pick up pieces—More palm-trees—More rice-fields—Watercourses—Howling Arabs—Donkey tumbles down again—Inundations—Herons or cranes—Broken bridges—Sands—Pyramids.—If a man cannot make a landscape out of *that* he has no imagination. Let him paint the skies very blue—the sands very yellow—the plains very flat and green—the dromedaries and palm-trees very tall—the women very brown, some with veils, some with nose-rings, some tattooed, and none with stays—and the picture is complete. You may shut your eyes and fancy yourself there. It is the pleasantest way, *entre nous.*

V

‘PUNCH’ AT THE PYRAMIDS (Concluded)

[February 8, 1845]

It is all very well to talk of sleeping in the tombs; *that* question has been settled in a former paper, where I have stated my belief that people do not sleep at all in Egypt. I thought to have had some tremendous visions under the shadow of those enormous Pyramids reposing under the stars. Pharaoh or Cleopatra, I thought, might appear to me in a dream. But how could they, as I didn’t go to sleep? I hoped for high thoughts, and secret communings with the Spirit of Poesy—I hoped to have let off a sonnet at least, as gentlemen do on visiting the spot—but how could I hunt for rhymes, being occupied all night in hunting for something else? If this remonstrance will deter a single person from going to the Pyramids, my purpose is fully answered.

But *my* case was different. I had a duty to perform—I had to introduce *Punch* to Cheops—I had vowed to leave his card at the gates of History—I had a mission, in a word. I roused at sunrise the snoring dragoman from his lair. I summoned the four Arabs who had engaged to assist me in the ascent, and in the undertaking. We lighted a fire of camel’s dung at the North-East corner of the Pyramid, just as the god of day rose over Cairo! The embers began to glow, water was put into the tin pot before mentioned,—the pot was put on the fire—’twas a glorious—a thrilling moment!

At 46 minutes past 6, A.M., (by one of Dollond’s chronometers) *the water began to boil.*

At 47 minutes the flour was put gradually into the water—it was stirred with the butt-end of the brush brought for the purpose, and Schmaklek Beg, an Arab, peeping over the pot too curiously, I poked the brush into his mouth at 11 minutes before 7, A.M.

At 7, THE PASTE WAS MADE—doubting whether it was thick enough, Schmaklek tried it with his finger. It was pronounced to be satisfactory.

At 11 minutes past 7, I turned round in a majestic attitude to the four Arabs, and said, ‘Let us mount.’

I suggest this scene, this moment, this attitude, to the Committee of the Fine Arts as a proper subject for the Houses of Parliament—*Punch* pointing to the Pyramids, and introducing civilization to Egypt—I merely throw it out as a suggestion. What a grand thing the Messieurs Foggo would make of it!

Having given the signal—the Sheikh of the Arabs seized my right arm, and his brother the left. Two volunteer Arabs pushed me (quite unnecessarily) behind. The other two preceded—one with a water-bottle for refreshment; the other with the posters—the pot—the paint-brush and the paste. Away we went—away!

I was blown at the third step. They are exceedingly lofty; about 5 feet high each, I should think—but the ardent spirit will break his heart to win the goal—besides I could not go back if I would. The two Arabs dragged me forward by the arms—the volunteers pushed me up from behind. It was in vain I remonstrated with the latter, kicking violently as occasion offered—they still went on pushing. We arrived at the first landing-place.

I drew out the poster—how it fluttered in the breeze!—With a trembling hand I popped the brush into the paste-pot, and smeared the back of the placard, then I pasted up the standard of our glorious leader—at 19 minutes past 7, by the clock of the great minaret at Cairo, which was clearly visible through my refracting telescope. My heart throbbed when the deed was done. My eyes filled with tears—I am not at liberty to state here all the emotions of triumph and joy which rose in my bosom—so exquisitely overpowering were they. There was *Punch*—familiar old *Punch*—his back to the desert, his beaming face turned towards the Nile.

'Bless him!' I exclaimed, embracing him; and almost choking, gave the signal to the Arabs to move on.

These savage creatures are only too ready to obey an order of this nature. They spin a man along, be his size never so considerable. They rattled up to the second landing so swiftly that I thought I should be broken-winded for ever. But they gave us little time to halt. Yallah! Again we mount!—'tis the last and most arduous ascent—the limbs quiver, the pulses beat, the eyes shoot out of the head, the brain reels, the knees tremble and totter, and you are on the summit! I don't know how many hundred thousand feet it is above the level of the sea, but I wonder after that tremendous exercise that I am not a roarer to my dying hour.

When consciousness and lungs regained their play, another copy of the placard was placed under a stone—a third was launched into air in the manner before described, and we gave three immense cheers for *Punch*, which astonished the undiscovered mummies that lie darkling in tomb-chambers, and must have disturbed the broken-nosed old Sphinx who has been couched for thousands of years in the desert hard by. This done, we made our descent from the Pyramids.

And if, my dear Sir, you ask me whether it is worth a man's while to mount up those enormous stones, I will say in confidence that thousands of people went to see the Bottle Conjurer, and that we hear of gentlemen becoming Freemasons every day.

MEDITATIONS ON SOLITUDE

BY OUR STOUT COMMISSIONER

[September 13, 1845]

OUR drawing-room at the Regent is a desert. You can't get a rubber of whist in the evening, for the card-players are all gone. Puffins is the only man left in the smoking-room, and he is such a bore that solitude is pleasant compared to his frightful conversation. All the house-carpets are up, and the place infested with abominable scourers, gilders, and whitewashers. The house-steward is out of town: the French cook has got leave of absence, and I believe the hall-porter is gone to the moors. It is September in a word, and I am alone and deserted.

All the familiar places where you get dinner during the season are shut up. They are painting Hobanob's house. Carver's shutters are closed in Portland Place, and the parlour blinds are pinned up with newspapers. I wonder whether the Bogles like frying at Naples as well as their cool pleasant house in Hyde Park Terrace? What capital '34 claret that was of Bogle's; that last batch from Carbonel's, I mean. Dear Emily Bogle! I thought there was a tear in her eye as I led her down to the carriage at Lady Kicksey's, and said farewell. I wish to Heaven Bogle would come back. Not so much about Emily; but his cook makes the best white-soup in England.

Why the deuce did not Sir John Kicksey ask me down to Kicksey Acres? I gave him hints enough. I told him I could not go abroad this autumn—that I thought of going to shoot in his neighbourhood at old Hawcock's. I told the old brute as much three times, and he always turned the conversation. Does he fancy there is anything serious between me and Eliza? Psha! I can't marry twelve thousand pound. The girl *was* rather sweet on me, I confess. But her mother is bent upon marrying her to a title; and the way in which she is manœuvring poor little Tufto, makes all London laugh.

Out of the six red-jacketed villains who used to hold your horse opposite the palace in St. James's Street (the claret at the guards' mess has been remarkably good this year, and I warrant you there's no stint), only two are left. I asked where the head of the gang was—the squinting one. He is gone abroad, upon my conscience! To Baden-Baden, or the Pyrenees, no doubt.

The number of men growing moustachios during the last two weeks of August was quite facetious. Snuffy upper lips met you everywhere. I met Swinney, the artist—snuffy upper lip; his hair is of a light hue, and the incipient whisker looked like a smear of Welsh High-dried. He was going up the Rhine, he told me, and blushed as I sneeringly pointed to the ornament beginning to decorate his jolly face. I met Quackle, the barrister—snuffy upper lip. He has made nine or ten thousand in the committees this year, and is off for three weeks' pleasuring. I warrant *he* didn't blush when I alluded to the black stubble sprouting under his beak of a nose. Quackle blush, indeed! I went into Bulter and Vogel's, my tailors', in Clifford Street—snuffy upper lip again; not Bulter's, who is a family man, and has his villa at Roehampton; but Vogel's moustache bids fair to be as long as that of Timour the Tartar. He has a right to the whiskers, however, being a tailor, and a Count of the empire.

But the best of the moustachios that I have heard of is that of old Wapshot, our tutor at Oxford, who was detected in Belgium, whiskered, in a green-frogged coat, and calling himself Colonel Waldemar.

If our people are invading the Continent in great force, on the other hand, the influx of Frenchmen hitherwards is prodigious. I never saw so many of the little smug, self-satisfied, high-heeled, narrow-ribbed, be-stayed, be-whiskered, be-curling-ironed, undersized generation. They are jabbering about every corner of Leicester Square and Regent Street; and you see the little rickety creatures peering in at the empty club-house doors, or chaffering with cabmen for their fares.

I saw two of them standing on Richmond Hill the other day, and *patronizing* it. '*C'est joli*,' says one; '*C'est pas mal*,' says the other; as if, now they had given *their* opinion, the view might pass muster. And then one of the little dwarfs curled his waxed moustache, and leered at Mrs. Blobby's handsome nursery-maid, who was passing with about eleven of B.'s youngest children.

It can't be helped. Do what you will, you *can't* respect Frenchmen. It's well of us to talk of equality and amity. But we can't keep up the farce of equality with them at all. And my opinion is that the reason why they hate us, and will hate us, and ought to hate us for ever, is the consciousness of this truth on one side or the other. It is not only in history and in battles, but we are domineering over them in every table d'hôte in Europe at this moment. We go into their own houses, and bully them there. We can't be brought to believe that a Frenchman is equal to an Englishman. Is there any man in England who thinks so in his heart? If so, let him send his name to the publishers.

This huge desert of a London is abominable. Everybody is gone! Everybody. It's heart-breaking to pass from house to house, and think glasses are covered, the carpets are up, the jolly Turkey-rug gone from under the hospitable mahogany 'neath which your legs have reposed so often, and the only inhabitant of the mansion a snuffy charwoman. How to pass your evenings? In theatres—to see clumsy translations from the French—to see vulgarized multiplications of Mrs. Caudle. The passion for the Stage is like the love of gooseberry-fool—strongest in youth. The only thing in the dramatic art which has survived early youth in my love, is Widdicombe, and he is *always* new. But you cannot do Widdicombe more than six times in a season.

. . . . . .

I could not leave town or its neighbourhood, being (between ourselves) chairman of the Diddlesex Junction;

and *exceedingly anxious* about the Great Pedlington line (with a branch to Muffborough and Stagg's End). And the above observations were written in the deepest despondency, as I sat at dessert, alone, in the enormous coffee-room of the Regent Club: when suddenly, the bright idea rose to my mind,—if London is empty, why not go to the watering-places? Have you ever been at Bagnigge Wells, you who know Baden so well? Have you who have beheld the Pyramids (*ille ego qui quondam*, &c.), ever glanced at Rosherville Gardens? Tivoli is a very nice place; but what do you say, my lad, to Tunbridge? You who have seen the caverns of Posilipo, say, have you beheld the Swiss Cottage and Grotto, Shoreham, near Brighton? Go out, and be a Commissioner for *Punch* at the watering-places of this great kingdom.—And my soul was refreshed at the thought, and I knew the first moment of happiness I have enjoyed (for the Diddlesex Junctions are somehow low in the market) since the end of the term.

BEULAH SPA

BY 'PUNCH'S' COMMISSIONER

[September 27, 1845]

The nearest Wells, except those of Sadler or Bagnigge (which are too near to Pentonville and Islington to require description for Londoners), are, I believe, those comparatively modern Spas of Beulah, situated among the pleasant hills of Norwood, and to be reached by a person inhabiting the western end of the metropolis with not too much exertion.

Determined to examine these Wells, and averse to solitary travel, I put myself in communication with my young friend, Lieutenant Rawbold, of the 75th Lancers—selecting that young fellow, not on account of his conversational powers, which are small; but rather because he possesses an exceedingly well-regulated cab and horse, or, as he says (in his clever facetious way), 'the most hactionest hoss and the most himpidintest tiger in the village of Lunding.' In this vehicle we made our way to the Spa in question.

The purlieus of London are not to be described. The mind sickens in recalling the odious particulars of the immediate neighbourhood of the bridges. The hucksters and Jew furniture-shops, the enormous tawdry gin-palaces, and those awful little by-lanes, of two-storied tenements, where patent mangles are to let—where Miss Miffin, milliner, lives on the first-floor (her trade being symbolized by a staring pasteboard dummy in a cap of fly-blown silver paper)—where the street is encumbered by oyster-shells and black puddles, and little children playing in them. All these we passed : likewise grim-looking Methodist chapels, and schools, churches, and asylums innumerable. But the road has possibly been travelled by my indulgent readers.

I perceived that the persons at the turnpikes were facetiously inclined. A species of jokes passed between them and Augustus Frederic, Rawbold's groom, who was clinging on behind like a spread-eagle.

You emerge from the horrid road at length on a greenish spot, which I am led to believe is called Kennington Common ; and henceforward the route becomes far more agreeable. Placid villas of cockneys adorn each side of the road—stockbrokers, sugar-bakers—that sort of people. We saw cruelty-vans (I mean those odious double-barrelled gigs, so injurious to horse-flesh) lined with stout females with ringlets, bustles, and variegated parasols. The leading stout female of the party drove the carriage (jerking and bumping the reins most ludicrously, and giving the fat horse the queerest little cuts with the whip) ; a fat boy, resplendent in buttons, commonly occupied the rumble, with many children : in some cases I remarked that disguised footboys, habited in a half-coachman's dress, drove the vehicle. I presume that Augustus Frederic, our Spread-Eagle, must have made signals of various kinds to these persons from behind ; for I perceived various expressions of indignation or wonder in the persons' countenances as we passed their singular equipages.

In this cockney villa district I observed that the country was almost tenanted by women. All the people walking were women, except young stockbrokers in the arms of nursery-maids ; or occasional pages following young ladies ; or the doctor's boy ringing at some willa gate ; or the blue-clad butcherling arriving with the fillet of veal. The men are absent in enormous, smoking London—'tis only with sunset that they come back to their families and the fillet of veal.

The willas give each other the hand all the way up Camden Hill, Denmark Hill, &c. ; one acacia leans over to another in his neighbour's wall ; Dobbs's bell-pull runs cheek by jowl with Hobbs's ; one willa is just like another ; and there is no intermission in the comfortable chain. But by the time you reach Norwood, an actual country is to be viewed by glimpses—a country so beautiful that I have seen nothing more charming—no, not in France, nor in Spain, nor in Italy, nor in the novels of Mr. James.

I had pictured to myself a watering-place like Ems or Wiesbaden, frequented by a number of agreeable ladies and gentlemen ; woods, waterfalls, picnics, donkey excursions, and waltzing on the grass with lovely young ladies ; a little enlivenment of *roulette* in the evenings ; a *battue*, perhaps, in the covers when the pheasant-shooting came ; and about a thousand people meeting every morning at the Spa—the majority of them, of course, handsome women. In fact, I had stated such to be the case to my young friend Rawbold, as we drove down.

We entered a lodge in the Swiss style ; and here a gentleman demanded a shilling from us before we were free of the Spa. 'Is there a great deal of company staying at the Spa?' says I. 'Tol lol,' says he, and motioned us into the gardens.

They are beautiful. The prettiest lawns, the prettiest flowers, rocks, grottos, bridges, shrubberies, hermitages, kiosks, and what not ; and charming bowers, wherein a man might repose by the lady of his heart, and, methinks, be supremely happy. But the company we saw were,—

Three trumpeters dressed in green, blowing *Suoni la tromba* out of a canvas arbour—a most melancholy *obbligato* ;

A snuffy little old gentleman, with two grandsons—one a Bluecoat boy. His yellow stockings glittered like buttercups on the sunshiny grass ;

A professional gipsy in a dark walk ;

And two pretty servant-maids carrying a small basket, and on the look-out for their Masters and Missuses, who were straying in some part of this Elysium.

When the trumpeters had done, a poor old wizened, grinning, good-natured Italian, dressed up with a hat and peacock's feathers—very like the monkey that accompanies the barrel-organ—came up and began warbling, in rather a sweet feeble voice, the most *seedy* old songs.

There was something ludicrously sad in that honest creature's face. He didn't mind being laughed at, but joined himself quite good-humouredly in the jocularity. At night, he says, he takes off those gimcracks, and walks the streets like another Christian. To have seen Harlequin in the daylight is something. Rawbold, and even Augustus Frederic, who had put up the cab by this time and joined us, gave him moneys—not for singing, but for looking so unutterably and pathetically comical. Do likewise, O benevolent reader, if thou recognizest the Troubadour of Beulah. Then we strayed through shrubberies and rose-gardens until we came to an archery-ground. Targets were set up, just, for all the world, as in *Ivanhoe*—and a fellow in Lincoln green came forward and invited us to the Butts. I challenged Rawbold to a contest, and shot—with what success you here behold. Rawbold hit no better; and the odious fellow in Lincoln green sneered all the while. 'It isn't the *harrows* that's bad,' said he sardonically, laughing at our complaints—'*they're* good enough to shoot with.'

'Can you shoot with them?' says Rawbold, piqued.

'I should think I could,' replied Lincoln Green—and, rather to his discomfiture, we called upon him to do so. He levelled his arrow; he bent and twiddled with his bow previous to stringing it; he lifted up to the sight-mark and brought it down; he put himself into an attitude so prodigiously correct that we thought the bull's-eye might as well shut up at once, for he was sure to hit it. We looked at one another, as much as to say, 'What a tremendous Sagittarius of a fellow this Lincoln Green one is!' At last, whizz! the arrow went.

It *missed*. The old humbug could no more shoot than *we* could. He took twelve shots at the target, and didn't hit once. 'There are many Lincoln Green ones in the world,' I said (apostrophizing young Augustus Frederic); 'fellows who pretend to do everything, and whom everybody believes because they brag so. Take warning by yon *pseudo*-toxophilite, and be modest in all your dealings, my little man.'

And so we left the archery-ground, with the most undisguised contempt. No new company had arrived at the Spa during our brief absence. The little old man was still sunning and snuffing himself on his bench. The Bluecoat boy and his companion were still clambering over rustic archways. The two servant-maids had found Master and Missus, and were spreading out a cloth in an arbour.

We thought they might be going to dine—but not so. They produced from the basket a loaf, hot—though, no doubt, stale; some butter in an almost melting state; some perspiring shrimps—and a screw of tea. I suppose they took the Spa water for tea. The band began to blow when this banquet was served—the poor minstrel came up, leering and grinning with his guitar, ready to perform for them—they and we were the only guests of the place—the solitude was intense. We left them there, of a gorgeous summer afternoon, drinking tea and eating shrimps in the sunshine. . . .

BRIGHTON

BY 'PUNCH'S' COMMISSIONER

[October 11, 1845]

As there are some consumptive travellers, who, by dodging about to Italy, to Malta, to Madeira, manage to cheat the winter, and for whose lungs a perpetual warmth is necessary ; so there are people to whom, in like manner, London is a necessity of existence, and who follow it all the year round. Such individuals, when London goes out of town, follow it to Brighton, which is, at this season, London *plus* prawns for breakfast and the sea air. Blessings on the sea air, which gives you an appetite to eat them !

You may get a decent bedroom and sitting-room here for a guinea a day. Our friends the Botibols have three rooms, and a bedstead disguised like a chest of drawers in the drawing-room, for which they pay something less than a hundred pounds a month. I could not understand last night why the old gentleman, who usually goes to bed early, kept yawning and fidgeting in the drawing-room after tea ; until, with some hesitation, he made the confession that the apartment in question was his bedroom, and revealed the mystery of the artful chest of drawers. Botibol's house in Bedford Square is as spacious as an Italian palace : the second-floor front, in which the worthy man sleeps, would accommodate a regiment, and here they squeeze him into a *chiffonnière !* How Mrs. B. and the four delightful girls can be stowed away in the back room, I tremble to think : what bachelor has a right to ask ? But the air of the sea makes up for the closeness of the lodgings. I have just seen them on the Cliff—mother and daughters were all blooming like crimson double dahlias!

You meet everybody on that Cliff. For a small charge

you may hire the very fly here represented; with the very horse, and the very postilion, in a pink striped chintz jacket—which may have been the cover of an arm-chair once—and straight whity-brown hair, and little wash-leather inexpressibles, the cheapest little caricature of a postboy eyes have ever lighted on. I seldom used to select his carriage, for the horse and vehicle looked feeble, and unequal to bearing a person of weight; but, last Sunday

I saw an Israelitish family of distinction ensconced in the poor little carriage—the ladies with the most flaming polkas, and flounces all the way up; the gent in velvet waistcoat, with pins in his breast big enough once to have surmounted the door of his native pawnbroker's shop, and a complement of hook-nosed children, magnificent in attire. Their number and magnificence did not break the carriage down: the little postilion bumped up and down as usual, as the old horse went his usual pace. How they spread out, and basked, and shone, and were happy in the sun there—those honest people! The Mosaic Arabs abound here; and they rejoice and are idle with a grave and solemn pleasure, as becomes their Eastern origin.

If you don't mind the expense, hire a ground-floor window on the Cliff, and examine the stream of human nature which passes by. That stream is a league in length; it pours from Brunswick Terrace to Kemp Town, and then tumbles back again; and so rolls, and as it rolls perpetually, keeps rolling on from three o'clock till dinner-time.

Ha! what a crowd of well-known London faces you behold here—only the sallow countenances look pink now, and devoid of care. I have seen this very day, at least—

Forty-nine Railroad directors, who would have been at Baden-Baden but for the lines in progress; and who, though breathing the fresh air, are within an hour and a half of the City.

Thirteen barristers, of more or less repute, including the Solicitor-General himself, whose open and jovial countenance beamed with benevolence upon the cheerful scene.

A Hebrew dentist driving a curricle.

At least twelve well-known actors or actresses. It went to my heart to see the most fashionable of them driving about in a little four-wheeled pony-chaise, the like of which might be hired for five shillings.

Then you have tight-laced dragoons, trotting up and down with solemn, handsome, stupid faces, and huge yellow moustachios. Myriads of flies, laden with happy cockneys; pathetic invalid chairs trail along, looking too much like coffins already, in which poor people are brought out to catch a glimpse of the sun. Grand equipages are scarce; I saw Lady Wilhelmina Wiggins's lovely nose and auburn ringlets peeping out of a cab, hired at half a crown an hour, between her ladyship and her sister, the Princess Oysterowski.

. . . . . .

The old gentleman who began to take lessons when we were here three years ago, at the Tepid Swimming Bath, with the conical top, I am given to understand is still there, and may be seen in the water from nine till five.

A BRIGHTON NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

BY 'PUNCH'S' COMMISSIONER

[October 18, 1845]

I HAVE always had a taste for the second-rate in life. Second-rate poetry, for instance, is an uncommon deal pleasanter to my fancy than your great thundering first-rate epic poems. Your Miltons and Dantes are magnificent,—but a bore: whereas an ode of Horace, or a song of Tommy Moore, is always fresh, sparkling, and welcome. Second-rate claret, again, is notoriously better than first-rate wine: you get the former genuine, whereas the latter is a loaded and artificial composition that cloys the palate and bothers the reason.

Second-rate beauty in women is likewise, I maintain, more agreeable than first-rate charms. Your first-rate Beauty is grand, severe, awful—a faultless, frigid angel of five feet nine—superb to behold at Church, or in the Park, or at a Drawing-room—but ah! how inferior to a sweet little second-rate creature, with smiling eyes, and a little second-rate *nez retroussé*, with which you fall in love in a minute.

Second-rate novels I also assert to be superior to the best works of fiction. They give you no trouble to read, excite no painful emotions—you go through them with a gentle, languid, agreeable interest. Mr. James's romances are perfect in this way. The *ne plus ultra* of indolence may be enjoyed during their perusal.

For the same reason, I like second-rate theatrical entertainments—a good little company in a provincial town, acting good old stupid stock comedies and farces ; where nobody comes to the theatre, and you may lie at ease in the pit, and get a sort of intimacy with each actor and actress, and know every bar of the music that the three or four fiddlers of the little orchestra play throughout the season.

The Brighton Theatre would be admirable but for one thing—Mr. Hooper, the Manager, will persist in having Stars down from London—blazing Macreadys, resplendent Miss Cushmans, fiery Wallacks, and the like. On these occasions it is very possible that the house may be filled and the Manager's purpose answered ; but where does all your comfort go then ? You can't loll over four benches in the pit—you are squeezed and hustled in an inconvenient crowd there—you are fatigued by the perpetual struggles of the apple-and-ginger-beer boy, who *will* pass down your row—and for what do you undergo this labour ? To see Hamlet and Lady Macbeth, forsooth ! as if everybody had not seen them a thousand times. No, on such star nights ‘ The Commissioner ’ prefers a walk on the Cliff to the charms of the Brighton Theatre. I can have first-rate tragedy in London : in the country give me good old country fare—the good old comedies and farces—the dear good old melodramas.

We had one the other day in perfection. We were, I think, about four of us in the pit ; the ginger-beer boy might wander about quite at his ease. There was a respectable family in a private box, and some pleasant fellows in the gallery ; and we saw, with leisure and delectation, that famous old melodrama, *The Warlock of the Glen*.

In a pasteboard cottage, on the banks of the Atlantic Ocean, there lived once a fisherman, who had a little canvas boat, in which it is a wonder he was never swamped, for the boat was not above three feet long ; and I was astonished at his dwelling in the cottage, too ; for, though a two-storied one, it was not above five feet high ; and I am sure the fisherman was six feet without his shoes.

As he was standing at the door of his cot, looking at some young persons of the neighbourhood who were dancing a reel, a scream was heard, as issuing from the neighbouring forest, and a lady with dishevelled hair, and a beautiful infant in her hand, rushed in. What meant that scream ? We were longing to know, but the gallery insisted on the reel over again, and the poor injured lady had to wait until the dance was done before she could explain her unfortunate case.

It was briefly this: she was no other than Adela, Countess of Glencairn ; the boy in her hand was Glencairn's only child : three years since her gallant husband had fallen in fight, or, worse still, by the hand of the assassin.

He had left a brother, Clanronald. What was the conduct of that surviving relative ? Was it fraternal towards the widowed Adela ? Was it avuncular to the orphan boy ? Ah, no ! For three years he had locked her up in his castle, under pretence that she was mad, pursuing her all the while with his odious addresses. But she loathed his suit ; and, refusing to become Mrs. (or Lady) Clanronald, took this opportunity to escape and fling herself on the protection of the loyal vassals of her lord.

She had hardly told her pathetic tale when voices were heard without. Cries of 'Follow ! follow !' resounded through the wildwood ; the gentlemen and ladies engaged in the reel fled, and the Countess and her child, stepping into the skiff, disappeared down a slote, to the rage and disappointment of Clanronald, who now arrived—a savage-looking nobleman indeed ! and followed by two ruffians, of most ferocious aspect, and having in their girdles a pair of those little notched dumpy swords, with round iron hilts to guard the knuckles, by which I knew that a combat would probably take place ere long. And the result proved that I was right.

Flying along the wild margent of the sea, in the next act, the poor Adela was pursued by Clanronald ; but though she jumped into the waves to avoid him, the unhappy lady was rescued from the briny element, and carried back to her prison; Clanronald swearing a dreadful oath that she should marry him that very day.

He meanwhile gave orders to his two ruffians, Murdoch and Hamish, to pursue the little boy into the wood, and there—there *murder* him.

But there is always a power in melodramas that watches over innocence; and these two wretched ones were protected by THE WARLOCK OF THE GLEN.

All through their misfortunes, this mysterious being watched them with a tender interest. When the two ruffians were about to murder the child, he and the fisherman rescued him—their battle-swords (after a brief combat of four) sank powerless before his wizard staff, and they fled in terror.

Haste we to the Castle of Glencairn. What ceremony is about to take place? What has assembled those two noblemen, and those three ladies in calico trains? A marriage! But what a union! The lady Adela is dragged to the chapel door by the truculent Clanronald. 'Lady,' he says, 'you are mine. Resistance is unavailing. Submit with good grace. Henceforth, what power on earth can separate you from me?'

'MINE CAN,' cries the Warlock of the Glen, rushing in. 'Tyrant and assassin of thy brother! know that Glencairn—Glencairn, thy brother and lord, whom thy bravos were commissioned to slay—know that, for three years, a solemn vow (sworn to the villain that spared his life, and expired yesterday) bound him never to reveal his existence—know that he is near at hand; and repent, while yet there is time.'

The lady Adela's emotion may be guessed when she heard this news; but Clanronald received it with contemptuous scepticism. ‘And where *is* this dead man come alive?’ laughed he.

‘He is HERE,’ shouted the Warlock of the Glen: and to fling away his staff—to dash off his sham beard and black gown—to appear in a red dress, with tights and yellow boots, as became Glencairn’s earl—was the work of a moment. The Countess recognized him with a scream of joy. Clanronald retired, led off by two soldiers; and the joy of the Earl and Countess was completed by the arrival of their only son (a clever little girl of the Hebrew persuasion) in the arms of the fisherman.

The curtain fell on this happy scene. The fiddlers had ere this disappeared. The ginger-beer boy went home to a virtuous family, that was probably looking out for him. The respectable family in the boxes went off in a fly. The little audience spread abroad, and were lost in the labyrinths of the city. The lamps of the Theatre Royal were extinguished: and all—all was still.

MEDITATIONS OVER BRIGHTON

BY ‘PUNCH’S’ COMMISSIONER

(*From the Devil’s Dyke*)

[October 25, 1845]

WHEN the exultant and long-eared animal described in the fable revelled madly in the frog-pond, dashing about his tail and hoof among the unfortunate inhabitants of that piece of water, it is stated that the frogs remonstrated, exclaiming, ‘Why, O donkey, do you come kicking about in our habitation? It may be good fun to you to lash out, and plunge, and kick in this absurd manner, but it is death to us:' on which the good-natured quadruped agreed to discontinue his gambols; and left the frogs to bury their dead and rest henceforth undisturbed in their pool.

The inhabitants of Brighton are the frogs—and I dare say they will agree as to the applicability of the rest of the simile. It might be good fun to *me* to 'mark their manners, and their ways survey;' but could it be altogether agreeable to them? I am sorry to confess it has not proved so, having received at least three hundred letters of pathetic remonstrance, furious complaint, angry swagger, and threatening omens, entreating me to leave the Brightonians alone. The lodging-house keepers are up in arms. Mrs. Screw says *she* never let her lodgings at a guinea a day, and invites me to occupy her drawing- and bed-room for five guineas a week. Mr. Squeezer swears that a guinea a day is an atrocious calumny: he would turn his wife, his children, and his bed-ridden mother-in-law out of doors if he could get such a sum for the rooms they occupy—(but this, I suspect, is a pretext of Squeezer's to get rid of his mother-in-law, in which project I wish him luck). Mrs. Slop hopes she may never again cut a slice out of a lodger's joint (the cannibal!) if she won't be ready at the most crowdidest of seasons to let her first-floor for six pounds; and, finally, Mr. Skiver writes:—'Sir,—Your ill-advised publication has passed like a whirlwind over the lodging-houses of Brighton. You have rendered our families desolate, and prematurely closed our season. As you have destroyed the lodging-houses, couldn't you, now, walk into the boarding-houses, and say a kind word to ruin the hotels?'

And is it so? Is the power of the Commissioner's eye so fatal that it withers the object on which it falls? Is the condition of his life so dreadful that he destroys all whom he comes near? Have I made a postboy wretched—five thousand lodging-house-keepers furious—twenty thousand Jews unhappy? If so, and I really possess a power so terrible, I had best come out in the tragic line.

I went, pursuant to orders, to the Swiss Cottage, at Shoreham, where the first object that struck my eye was the following scene, in the green lake there, which I am credibly informed is made of pea-soup: two honest girls were rowing about their friend on this enchanting water. There was a cloudless sky overhead—rich treats were advertised for the six frequenters of the gardens; a variety of entertainments was announced in the Hall of Amusement.—Mr. and Mrs. Aminadab (here, too, the Hebrews have penetrated) were advertised as about to sing some of their most favourite comic songs and——

But *no*, I will *not* describe the place. What, should my fatal glance bring a curse upon it? The pea-soup lake would dry up—leaving its bed a vacant tureen—the leaves would drop from the scorched trees—the pretty flowers would wither and fade—the rockets would not rise at night, nor the rebel wheels go round—the money-taker at the door would grow mouldy and die in his moss-grown and deserted cell.—Aminadab would lose his engagement. Why should these things be, and this ruin occur? James! pack the portmanteau and tell the landlord to bring the bill; order horses immediately—this day I will quit Brighton.

Other appalling facts have come to notice: all showing more or less the excitement created by my publication.

The officers of the 150th Hussars, accused of looking handsome, solemn, and stupid, have had a meeting in the mess room, where the two final epithets have been rescinded in a string of resolutions.

But it is the poor yellow-breeched postilion who has most suffered. When the picture of him came out, crowds flocked to see him. He was mobbed all the way down the Cliff; wherever he drove his little phaeton, people laughed, and pointed with the finger and said, 'That is he.' The poor child was thus made the subject of public laughter by my interference—and what has been the consequence? In order to disguise him as much as possible, *his master has bought him a hat.*

The children of Israel are in a fury too. They do not like to ride in flies, since my masterly representation of them a fortnight since. They are giving up their houses daily. You read in the Brighton papers, among the departures, '—— Nebuzaradan, Esq., and family for London;' or, 'Solomon Ramothgilead, Esq., has quitted his mansion in Marine Crescent; circumstances having induced him to shorten his stay among us;' and so on. The people emigrate by hundreds; they can't bear to be made the object of remark in the public walks and drives—and they are flying from a city of which they might have made a new Jerusalem.

BRIGHTON IN 1847

BY THE F. C.

[October 23 and 30, 1847]

I

HAVE the kindness, my dear Pugsby, to dispatch me a line when they have done painting the smoking-room at the Megatherium, that I may come back to town. After suffering as we have all the year, not so much from the bad ventilation of the room, as from the suffocating dullness of Wheezer, Snoozer, and Whiffler, who frequent it, I had hoped for quiet by the seashore here, and that our three abominable acquaintances had quitted England.

I had scarcely been ten minutes in the place, my ever dear Pugsby, when I met old Snoozer walking with young De Bosky, of the Tatters-and-Starvation Club, on the opposite side of our square, and ogling the girls on the Cliff, the old wretch, as if he had not a wife and half a dozen daughters of his own in Pocklington Square. He hooked on to my arm as if he had been the Old Man of the Sea, and I found myself introduced to young De Bosky, a man whom I have carefully avoided as an odious and disreputable tiger, the tuft on whose chin has been always particularly disagreeable to me, and who is besides a Captain, or Commodore, or some such thing in the Bundelcund Cavalry. The clink and glitter of his spurs is perfectly abominable: he is screwed so tight in his waistband that I wish it could render him speechless (for when he *does* speak he is so stupid that he sends you to sleep while actually walking with him); and as for his chest, which he bulges out against the shoulders of all the passers-by, I am sure that he carries a part of his wardrobe in it, and that he is wadded with stockings and linen as if he were a walking carpet-bag.

This fellow saluted two-thirds of the carriages which passed, with a knowing nod, and a military swagger so arrogant, that I feel continually the greatest desire to throttle him.

Well, Sir, before we had got from the Tepid Swimming Bath to Mutton's the pastrycook's, whom should we meet but Wheezer, to be sure. Wheezer, driving up and down the Cliff at half a crown an hour, with his hideous family, Mrs. Wheezer, the Miss Wheezers in fur tippets and drawn bonnets with spring flowers in them, a huddle and squeeze of little Wheezers sprawling and struggling on the back seat of the carriage, and that horrible boy whom Wheezer brings to the Club sometimes, actually seated on the box of the fly, and ready to drive, if the coachman should be intoxicated or inclined to relinquish his duty.

Wheezer sprang out of the vehicle with a cordiality that made me shudder. 'Hullo, my boy!' said he, seizing my trembling hand. 'What! *you* here? Hang me if the whole Club isn't here. I'm at 56, Horse Marine Parade. Where are you lodging? We're out for a holiday, and will make a jolly time of it.'

The benighted, the conceited old wretch! He would not let go my hand until I told him where I resided—at Mrs. Muggeridge's in Black Lion Street, where I have a tolerable view of the sea, if I risk the loss of my equilibrium and the breakage of my back, by stretching three-quarters of my body out of my drawing-room window.

As he stopped to speak to me, his carriage of course stopped likewise, forcing all the vehicles in front and behind him, to halt or to precipitate themselves over the railings on to the shingles and the sea. The cabs, the flies, the shandrydans, the sedan-chairs with the poor old invalids inside ; the old maids', the dowagers' chariots, out of which you see countenances scarcely less deathlike; the stupendous cabs, out of which the whiskered heroes of the gallant Onety-oneth look down on us people on foot ; the hacks mounted by young ladies from the equestrian schools, by whose sides the riding-masters canter confidentially—everybody stopped. There was a perfect strangury in the street ; and I should have liked not only to throttle De Bosky, but to massacre Wheezer too.

The wretched though unconscious being insisted on nailing me for dinner before he would leave me ; and I heard him say (that is, by the expression of his countenance, and the glances which his wife and children cast at me, I *knew* he said), 'That is the young and dashing Folkstone Canterbury, the celebrated contributor to *Punch*.'

The crowd, Sir, on the Cliff was perfectly frightful. It is my belief nobody goes abroad any more. Everybody is at Brighton. I met three hundred at least of our acquaintances in the course of a quarter of an hour, and before we could reach Brunswick Square I met dandies, City men, Members of Parliament. I met my tailor walking with his wife, with a geranium blooming in his wretched button-hole, as if money wasn't tight in the City, and everybody had paid him everything everybody owed him. I turned and sickened at the sight of that man. 'Snoozer,' said I, 'I will go on the Pier.'

I went, and to find what ?—Whiffler, by all that is unmerciful !—Whiffler, whom we see every day, in the same chair, at the Megatherium. Whiffler, whom not to see is to make all the good fellows at the Club happy. I have seen him every day, and many times a day since. At the moment of our first rencontre I was so *saisi*, so utterly overcome by rage and despair, that I would have flung myself into the azure waves sparkling calmly around me, but for the chains of the Pier.

I did not take that aqueous suicidal plunge—I resolved to live, and why, my dear Pusgby ? Who do you think approached us ? Were you not at one of his parties last season ? I have polked in his saloons. I have nestled under the mahogany of his dining-room, at least one hundred and twenty thousand times. It was Mr. Goldmore, the East India Director, with Mrs. G. on his arm, and—oh, Heavens !—Florence and Violet Goldmore, with pink parasols, walking behind their parents !

'What ! *you* here ? ' said the good and hospitable man, holding out his hand, and giving a slap on the boards (or deck I may say) with his bamboo, 'hang it, every one's here. Come and dine at seven. Brunswick Square.'

I looked in Violet's eyes. Florence is rather an old bird, and wears spectacles, so that looking in *her* eyes is out of the question. I looked in Violet's eyes, and said I'd come with the greatest pleasure.

'As for you, De Bosky '—(I forget whether I mentioned that the whiskered Bundelcund buck had come with me on to the Pier, whither Snoozer would not follow us, declining to pay the twopence)—'as for *you*, De Bosky, you may come, or not, as you like.'

'Won't I ? ' said he, grinning, with a dandified Bundelcund nod, and wagging his odious head.

I could have wrenched it off and flung it in the ocean. But I restrained my propensity, and we agreed that, for the sake of economy, we would go to Mr. Goldmore's in the same fly.

II

THE very first spoonful of the clear soup at the Director's told me that my excellent friend Paradol (the *chef* who came to Mr. Goldmore, Portland Place, when Guttlebury House was shut up by the lamented levanting of the noble Earl) was established among the furnaces below. A clear, brown soup—none of your filthy, spiced, English hell-broths, but light, brisk, and delicate—always sets me off for the evening: it invigorates and enlivens me, my dear Pugsby: I give you my honour it does—and when I am in a *good* humour, I am, I flatter myself—what shall I say?—well, *not disagreeable.*

On this day, Sir, I was delightful. Although that booby De Bosky conducted Miss Violet Goldmore downstairs, yet the wretch, absorbed in his victuals, and naturally of an unutterable dullness, did not make a single remark during dinner, whereas I literally blazed with wit. Sir, I even made one of the footmen laugh—a perilous joke for the poor fellow, who, I dare say, will be turned off in consequence. I talked sentiment to Florence (women in spectacles are almost always sentimental); cookery to Sir Harcourt Gulph, who particularly asked my address, and I have no doubt intends to invite me to his dinners in town; military affairs with Major Bangles of the Onety-oneth Hussars, who was with the regiment at Aliwal and Ferozeshah, and drives about a prodigious cab at Brighton, with a captured Sikh behind, disguised as a tiger; to Mrs. Goldmore I abused Lady Toddle-Rowdy's new carriages and absurd appearance (she is seventy-four, if she is a day, and she wears a white muslin frock and frilled trousers, with a wig curling down her old back, and I do believe puts on a pinafore, and has a little knife and fork and silver mug at home, so girlish is she): I say, in a word—and I believe without fear of contradiction—that I delighted everybody.

'Delightful man!' said Mrs. Bangles to my excellent friend, Mrs. Goldmore.

'Extraordinary creature; so odd, isn't he?' replied that admirable woman.

'What a flow of spirits he has!' cried the charming Violet.

'And yet sorrows repose under that smiling mask, and those outbreaks of laughter perhaps conceal the groans of smouldering passion and the shrieks of withering despair,' sighed Florence. 'It is always so; the wretched *seem* to be most joyous. If I didn't think that man miserable, I couldn't be happy,' she added, and lapsed into silence. Little Mrs. Diggs told me every word of the conversation, when I came up the first of the gentlemen to tea.

'Clever fellow that,' said (as I am given to understand) Sir Harcourt Gulph. 'I liked that notion of his about *Croquignoles à la pouffarde:* I will speak to Moufflon to try it.'

'I really shall mention in the Bank parlour to-morrow,' the Director remarked, 'what he said about the present crisis, and his project for a cast-iron currency: that man is by no means the trifler he pretends to be.'

'Where did he serve?' asked Bangles. 'If he can manœuvre an army as well as he talks about it, demmy, he ought to be Commander-in-Chief. Did you hear, Captain de Bosky, what he said about pontooning the echelons, and operating with our reserve upon the right bank of the river at Ferozeshah? Gad, Sir, if that manœuvre had been performed, not a man of the Sikh army would have escaped:' —in which case of course Major Bangles would have lost the black tiger behind his cab; but De Bosky did not make this remark. The great stupid hulking wretch remarked nothing; he gorged himself with meat and wine, and when quite replete with claret, strutted up to the drawing-room, to show his chest and his white waistcoat there.

I was pouring into Violet's ear (to the discomfiture of Florence, who was knocking about the tea-things madly) some of those delightful nothings with which a well-bred man in society entertains a female. I spoke to her about the last balls in London—about Fanny Finch's elopement with Tom Parrot, who had nothing but his place in the

Foreign Office—about the people who were at Brighton—about Mr. Midge's delightful sermon at church last Sunday—about the last fashions, and the next—*que sais-je ?*—when that brute De Bosky swaggered up.

'Ah, hum, haw,' said he, 'were you out *raiding* to-day, Miss Goldmaw ?'

Determined to crush this odious and impertinent blunderer, who had no more wit than the horses he bestrides, I resolved to meet him on his own ground, and to beat him even on the subject of horses.

I am sorry to say, my dear Pugsby, I did not confine myself strictly to truth ; but I described how I had passed three months in the Desert with an Arab tribe : how I had a mare, during that period, descended from Boorawk, the mare of the Prophet, which I afterwards sold for 50,000 piastres to Mahomet Ali ; and how, being at Trebizond, smoking with the sanguinary Pasha of that place, I had bitted, saddled, and broke to carry a lady, a grey Turkoman horse of his, which had killed fourteen of his grooms, and bit off the nose of his Kislar Aga.

'Do join us in our ride to-morrow,' cried Violet ; 'the downs are delightful.'

'Fairest lady, to hear is to obey,' answered I, with a triumphant glance at De Bosky. I had done *his* business, at any rate.

Well, Sir, I came at two o'clock, mounted on one of Jiggot's hacks—an animal that I know, and that goes as easy as a sedan-chair—and found the party assembling before the Director's house, in the King's Parade. There was young Goldmore—the lovely Violet, in a habit that showed her form to admiration, and a perfectly ravishing Spanish tuft in her riding-hat, with a little gold whip and a little pair of gauntlets—*à croquer*, in a word. Major Bangles and lady were also of the party ; in fact, we were 'a gallant company of cavaliers,' as James says in his novels ; and with my heels well down, and one of my elbows stuck out, I looked, Sir, like the Marquis of Anglesea. I had the honour of holding Violet's little foot in my hand, as she jumped into her saddle. She sprang into it like a fairy.

Last of all, the stupid De Bosky came up. He came up moaning and groaning. 'I have had a kick in the back from a horse in the livery-stables,' says he ; 'I can't hold this horse ; will you ride him, Canterbury ?' His horse was a black, wicked-looking beast as ever I saw, with bloodshot eyes and a demoniacal expression.

What could I do, after the stories about Boorawk and the Pasha of Trezibond ? Sir, I was obliged to get off my sedan-chair, and mount the Captain's Purgatory, as I call him—a disgusting brute, and worthy of his master.

Well, Sir, off we set—Purgatory jumping from this side of the road to t'other, shying at Miss Pogson, who passed in her carriage (as well he might at so hideous a phenomenon)—plunging at an apple-woman and stall—going so wild at a baker's cart that I thought he would have jumped into the hall-door where the man was delivering a pie for dinner—and flinging his head backwards so as to endanger my own nose every moment. It was all I could do to keep him in. I tugged at both bridles till I tore his jaws into a fury, I suppose.

Just as we were passing under the viaduct, whirr came the streaming train with a bang, and a shriek, and a whizz.

The brute would hold in no longer: he ran away with me.

I stuck my feet tight down in the stirrups, and thought of my mother with inexpressible agony. I clutched hold of all the reins and a great deal of the mane of the brute. I saw trees, milestones, houses, villages, pass away from me—away, away, away—away by the cornfields—away by the wolds—away by the eternal hills—away by the woods and precipices—the woods, the rocks, the villages flashed by me. O Pugsby! how I longed for the Megatherium during that ride!

It lasted, as it seemed to me, about nine hours, during which I went over, as I should think, about 540 miles of ground. I didn't come off—my hat did, a new Lincoln and Bennett, but I didn't—and at length the infuriate brute paused in his mad career, with an instinctive respect for the law, at a turnpike gate. I little knew the blessing of a turnpike until then.

In a minute Bangles came up, bursting with laughter. 'You can't manage that horse, I think,' said the Major, with his infernal good nature. 'Shall I ride him? Mine is a quiet beast.'

I was off Purgatory's back in a minute, and as I mounted on Bangles's hackney, felt as if I was getting into bed, so easy, so soft, so downy he seemed to me.

He said, though I never can believe it, that we had only come about a mile and a half; and at this moment the two ladies and De Bosky rode up.

'Is that the way you broke the Pasha of Trebizond's horse?' Violet said. I gave a laugh; but it was one of despair. I should have liked to plunge a dagger in De Bosky's side.

I shall come to town directly, I think. This Brighton is a miserable cockney place.

AN EASTERN ADVENTURE OF THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR

[*Punch's Pocket Book,* 1847]

When our friend, the Fat Contributor, arrived from the East, he was the object of a good deal of curiosity, especially among the younger artists and writers connected with the facetious little periodical called *Punch ;* and his collection of Oriental curiosities, his beard (which, though originally red, he wore dyed of a rich purple), his pipes, narghiles, yataghans and papooshes made him a personage of no small importance. The crimson-satin dressing-gown and red tarboosh, arrayed in which he used to lie on a sofa and smoke a long pipe all day, caused the greatest sensation in the neighbourhood of the New Cut, Lambeth, where the Contributor lived ; nor can a finer sight be imagined than ourfat friend in this magnificent costume,ogling and smiling, and kissing his hand to the six young ladies at Miss Runt's, the straw-bonnet makers over the way. Frank Delamere, the actor at the Victoria Theatre (his real name is Snoggin, by the way), got an old cotton robe covered with faded spangles, and used to attempt the same manœuvres out of his window ; but he was voted an impostor, and our friend Bluebeard, as we used to call him from the peculiar dye of his whiskers, was the Lion of Lambeth for 1845.

His stories about the East and his personal adventures were so outrageous that we all laughed at the fellow's gasconading, with the exception of young Speck, the artist, a credulous little creature, who swallowed all these legends with the most extraordinary good faith, smoked his long pipes, although tobacco disagreed wofully with his poor little chest, and absolutely began to grow *his* beard and moustachios forsooth ; just as if he had a beard to grow. Such are the foolish vanities indulged in by weak minds.

Over the Contributor's mantel-piece was an immense silver-mounted yataghan, of Damascus steel, in an embroidered filigree-case, with texts from the Koran engraved upon the hilt. Of this weapon the owner was excessively proud ; he read off the sentences of the handle with perfect ease (though he might have been reading gibberish for anything we knew to the contrary), and Speck came back from supping with him one night in a state of great consternation. 'What do you think he told me?' Mr. Speck said. 'We had a ham for supper' (*we ad an am for supper*, S. pronounces it), 'and the knife being blunt, the Contributor took down his yataghan, and carved with it. He sliced off the meat as if he'd been bred to Woxall,' Speck continued; 'and as I took my last slice, "Speck, my boy," says he, "what do you think I used that knife for last?"—"Well, mayap to cut beef with," Speck said. "Beef? ha! ha! When I drew that knife last it was to cut off the head of Soliman Effendi!"

'I eard this,' Speck said, 'I laid down my knife and fork, and thought I should have fainted. I pressed him for further particulars; which he not only refused, but his countenance assumed an expression of intense agony, and he said circumstances had passed connected with that tragedy which he never, never could relate; and he made me solemnly promise never to reveal a single word even of that half-confidence which he had made.'

Speck of course called upon every one of the Contributors to *Punch* the next day, and told them this terrific story, on which we rallied our fat friend remorselessly the next time we met.

Some fifteen days afterwards Messrs. Bradbury & Evans were greatly surprised by receiving a letter with the Alexandria postmark, and containing the following extraordinary document:—

Cairo, the fourth day of the month Nishan, year 1234
of the Hegira. September 25, 1844.

Three months after sight, please to pay the sum of one thousand tomauns on account of

Your obedient Servant,
THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

Messrs. Bradbury & Evans,
Whitefriars, London.

This extraordinary draft was crossed to the house of Ossum Hoosein and Company, Alexandria; and a note scrawled in pencil at the back of it, said, '*For Heaven's sake pay it: my life depends on it.—F. C.*'

As the Contributor was back among us—as the draft came by the post, and was presented by nobody—of course Messrs. B. & E. did not pay the thousand tomauns, but sent over a printer's devil to the New Cut, requesting the Contributor to call in Whitefriars, and explain the meaning of this strange transaction.

He called. And now indeed we *did* begin to stare. 'Gentlemen,' said he, blushing and seeming very much agitated, 'that paper was extracted from me by an Egyptian Bey, at the risk of my life. An unfortunate affair, which I can't particularize, put me into his power, and I only escaped by—*by killing him.* Don't ask me any more.' Every one of our gents was amazed at this mystery, and our Contributor rose so much in importance that he instantly demanded an increase of his salary. He gave the law to our Society about all matters of fashion, about duelling, horseflesh, &c. 'That's a nice nag,' he would say, while swaggering in the Park with us; 'but you should see what horses I rode at the Etmeidan at Constantinople.' 'What do *you* know about the East?' he would exclaim, if any of us talked about our Eastern victories; and in fact became a perfect bully and nuisance to the Society.

One day, in Rotten Row, two very smart, though rather yellow-faced gentlemen, moustached and with a military look, came riding up, and seeing our fat friend, hailed him with loud voices and the utmost cordiality.

The Contributor sprang over the railings to salute them, and shaking hands with the pair turned round with a beaming face towards us, as much as to say, 'There, my boys, do *you* know any such swells as these, mounted on thoroughbred horses, who will shake hands with you in the full Park?'

'My friends, Bob Farcy and Frank Glanders, of the Bengal Cavalry,' said he afterwards, tapping his boot with an easy air; 'devilish good fellow, Bob; made that brilliant charge at Ferozeshah; met him in the East;'—and he swelled and swaggered about more pompously than ever.

That very day some of us had made a little conspiracy to dine at Greenwich, and we were just sitting down to dinner at the Trafalgar, when who should enter the coffee-room but the Contributor's Park friends? They singled him out in a moment. His countenance fell. 'Can you and these gentlemen make room for us, Poddy, my boy?' they said.

The tables were everywhere quite full; and besides, these military gentlemen very likely were anxious to make the acquaintance of persons, I may say, *not* altogether disagreeable or unknown.

We congratulated these officers upon their achievements in the East, and they received our compliments with a great deal of manliness and modesty. The whole party speedily became very talkative and intimate. All the room was enlivened by our sallies, until, to tell the truth, we ordered in so many cool cups and tankards and bottles of claret, that at last we had the apartment to ourselves, and sat in great contentment looking out at the river and the shipping, and the moon rising as the sun sank away.

And now a history was revealed about our Fat Contributor, which was so terrible and instructive that we cannot do better than record it here.

It must be premised that the individual in question had in the early stage of the dinner been particularly loud and brilliant; that his loudness increased with the courses of the banquet; that somehow during the dessert he insisted upon making a speech, remarkable for its energetic incoherency; that then he proposed, without the least desire upon anybody else's part, to sing a song—a very sentimental one—which finished abruptly in a most melancholy falsetto; that he sat down affected to tears by something unknown, and was now sound asleep in his chair.

'Has he told you his adventures in the East?' Captain Glanders said, 'and his famous night in the harem?'

'La!' exclaimed Speck.

'In the harem of Osman Effendi. We used to call him the Harem Scarum: a joke which, though old, we thought was pretty fair for a professional man.' 'Do tell it us,' we all exclaimed, and a snore from the poor Contributor seemed to encourage the Captain to go on.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'Farcy here, and I, had the pleasure of making your friend's acquaintance on board the *Burrumpooter* steamer, which we found at Gibraltar on our way to our regiment in India. Your fat little friend got the name of Poddy, I don't know how; we found him christened when we came on board, and he was at that time in a great state of despondency, having just parted with a lady at Cadiz with whom he was violently smitten.'

'Dolores!' we all exclaimed in chorus.

'The very same. Well, I am inclined to think that Poddy's heart was as fickle as it was inflammable; for during the course of our voyage to Alexandria he was in love with more than one person. He proposed to Miss Nokes, who was going to Bombay to be married to Livermore of the Civil Service; had grown uncommonly sweet upon Colonel Hustler's daughter before we left Malta, and was ready to throw himself into the river when she refused him on the Nile. Tom Hustler, a young lad fresh from Addiscombe, was always the chief of the jokes against him, in which, indeed, every one of the passengers joined.

'When we arrived at Cairo I had the pleasure of accompanying your friend to the Pyramids, and saw him stick up the placard of *Punch* there, which I have no doubt may still be seen there; but all the way on the journey he was particularly anxious and reserved. At last he broke out to me in confidence:—

'"Captain Glanders," said he, "do you know the language of flowers?" and of course, from my long residence in the East, I am acquainted with that elegant mode of orthography.

'"Look here," says he, taking a bunch out of his bosom and thrusting it into my hand; "what do you think of *that?*"

'"Hallo! this *is* a declaration indeed. A polyanthus, eternal constancy; a rhododendron, my heart pines for you; a magnolia, I am imprisoned by a wall; a withered rose, I pine for my bulbul; two tulips—upon my word you're a lucky fellow!"

'"The finest eyes you ever saw in *the world!*" Poddy exclaimed. "The most extraordinary circumstance! I was riding yesterday through the Frank Bazaar with young Hustler, when Soliman Effendi's harem passed—fourteen of them, mounted on donkeys, all covered over with hoods like cab-heads, and black masks concealing everything but their eyes—but oh, such eyes! Four hideous black slaves accompanied the procession, which was going to the Bath opposite the Mosque of Sultan Hassan; and, seeing me gazing rather too eagerly, one brute rode up and actually handled his whip, when my servant Paolo dragged me away. The dear disguised creature rode on in the procession, throwing me back a glance—*one* glance of those delicious orbs.

'"Last night Paolo came to me with an air of mystery, and thrust that bouquet into my hand. 'One old woman,' he said, 'bring me this—you see Egyptian lady—She love you—Soliman Effendi's daughter. Don't you go: he cut you head off.' I was at a loss for the mystery. I showed the flowers to Farcy, and he read them *exactly as you do*."

' " But, my dear fellow, recollect it's a dangerous matter entering a Turkish harem—death threatens you."

' " Death ! " said Poddy : " Ha, ha ! I'm *armed*, Glanders ; " and he showed me a pair of pistols and a knife that he had got. " I'll run away with her, and take her to the Consul's and marry her. I'm told she's jewels to the amount of millions. I'm going to meet her to-night, I tell you, and " (whispers) " disguised as a woman."

' You know what a figure your friend is ; and sure enough, on our return from the Pyramids, he dressed himself in a woman's dress and trousers, put a veil over his face, and one of those enormous hoods which the Egyptian ladies wear ; and though we could not help laughing at the absurdity of his appearance, yet, knowing the danger he was about to incur, we entreated him to give up his attempt. Go, however, he would.

' A black slave with a lantern, an old woman veiled, another slave holding a pair of donkeys, were in waiting at the door of the hotel, and on one of these beasts the undaunted Contributor mounted, taking rather a mournful farewell of half a dozen of us who were there to wish him good-bye. The streets of Cairo are quite dark at night. He and his people threaded through the lonely alleys environed by enormous masses of black houses, and were presently lost in the labyrinths of the city. But this is what, as we heard from him, afterwards took place.

' After winding and winding through the city for half an hour, the party came to a garden gate ; and the guide knocking and uttering some words, the gate was cautiously unbarred. Poddy must have had good pluck, it must be owned, to pass that barrier alone.

' He was carried into a court, where he descended from his animal ; then into another court, where there was a garden and a fountain ; then into a gallery, where everything was dark ; and at last—at last into the room, the harem itself, an ancient chamber ornamented with carved arabesques, and on a divan at the end of which, with a single faint lamp near her, sat—a lady.

'"Bring the lady to the divan," said the veiled one, in the Egyptian language, "and bring pipes and coffee."

'Poddy shuffled up in his double yellow slippers, and sat down opposite his charmer.

'"Gudge mudge gurry bang hubaloo ?" says he, after the slaves who brought the refreshment had retired. It is the Turkish for "What is your elegant name, darling of my heart ?"

'The fair replied—"Emina."

'"Chow row, wackyboss, coctaloo !" continues Poddy, repeating his lesson of the morning—meaning, "Angel of my soul, let me kiss your lily finger." She gave him her hand, glittering with rings, and tinged with henna.

'"I can speak English well," said she, with ever so little foreign accent. "I was born there. My poor mother was drowned in the Regent's Canal by my father, who was chief secretary to the Ottoman Embassy. I love your country, Christian. Emina pines here."

'"Let us fly thither !" exclaimed the enraptured Contributor. "My boat is on the sea, and my bark is on the shore. Pack up your jewels, and hasten with me to the Consul's. My palace at home awaits thee ; thou shalt be the ornament of London society ; thou shalt share my heart and my fame." And who knows how much further the enraptured Contributor might have carried his eloquence, when the black slave came rushing in, crying—"The Effendi ! the Effendi !"

'"Gosh guroo !" cried Emina, "my father !" Poddy let his veil down in a twinkling, crossed his legs, and puffed away at his pipe in the utmost trepidation, and a most ferocious Turk entered the room.

'"The English lady, my father," Emina said, recovering from her perturbation. "She came by the *Burrumpooter*. We—we met in the bazaar. Speak to her in her Northern language, father of my heart !"

'"The English lady is welcome—the light of the sun is welcome—the Northern rose is beautiful in the Eastern garden. What a figure she has ! as round as the full moon ; and what eyes ! as brilliant as carbuncles. Mashallah, the English lady is welcome. Will she not unveil ?"

'"Before a stranger, my father !"

'"I have seen English ladies at Almack's unveiled before strangers—and shall not this one ?" Soliman Effendi said ;

and, approaching the disguised lady, with a sudden jerk he tore off her veil, and the Contributor stood before him aghast.

'"Ha! by Mahomet," roared the Effendi, "have English ladies beards?—Dog of an unbeliever! Disgrace of my house! Ho! Hassan, Muley, Hokey, Ibrahim, eunuchs of my guard!" and, clapping his hands, a body of slaves ran in, just as, rushing upon Emina, he dashed a dagger into the poor girl's side, and she fell to the ground with a horrible hysteric scream!

APPROACHING THE DISGUISED LADY, WITH A SUDDEN JERK HE TORE OFF HER VEIL, AND THE CONTRIBUTOR STOOD BEFORE HIM AGHAST.

'At the sight of this, Poddy, who had some courage, fell roaring on his knees, and cried out—" Amaun ! amaun ! Mercy ! mercy ! I'll write to the Consul. I'm enormously rich. I'll pay any ransom."

' " Give me an order for a thousand tomauns ! " said the Effendi, gloomily ; and, pointing to his daughter's body, " Fling that piece of carrion into the Nile." Poddy wrote a note for a thousand tomauns, which was prepared by the Effendi in the regular Oriental manner. " And now," said he, putting it into his waistcoat pocket,—" now, Christian, prepare to die ! Bring the sack, mutes ! " And they brought in a large one, in which they invited him to enter.

' " I'll turn Turk—I'll do anything," screamed frantically the Fat Contributor.'

. . . . . .

Here Captain Glanders's story was interrupted by the subject of it, the Fat Contributor, bouncing up from his chair, and screaming out, ' It is an infernal lie ! I did *not* say I would turn Turk.' And he rushed out of the room like a madman.

Captain Glanders then explained to us the whole circumstances of the hoax. Young Tom Hustler acted Emina. Glanders himself was Soliman Effendi ; all that had been done was to lead the Contributor up and down the street for half an hour, and bring him in at the back part of the hotel, which was still a Turkish house.

NOVELS BY EMINENT HANDS

[April to October, 1847, as 'Punch's Prize Novelists'; partly reprinted in *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856]

INTRODUCTORY [April 3, 1847]

[PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS—so called because a TWENTY THOUSAND GUINEA PRIZE is to be awarded to the successful candidate—will embrace works by some of the most celebrated authors this country boasts of.

Their tales will appear in succession, and pretty continuously, in the pages of this Miscellany.

The publication will probably occupy about five-and-thirty years, or more or less, according to the reception with which the novels meet from our enlightened patrons—the generous British people.

All novels cannot be given entire, as a century would scarcely suffice, so numerous are our authors, so prolific and so eager has been the rush with stories, when our (confidential) announcement was sent into the literary world. But fair specimens of the authors' talents will be laid before the public, illustrated in our usual style of gorgeous splendour.

The first prize will be 20,000 guineas, viz. a lottery ticket to that amount, entitling the holder to the above sum or a palace at Vienna. The second prize will be the volume of *Punch* for the current half-year. The third a subscription to the British and Foreign Institute, &c., &c.

With a pride and gratification we cannot conceal, we at once introduce the public to *George de Barnwell*, by Sir E. L. B. L. BB. LL. BBB. LLL., Bart.

We are not at liberty to reveal the gifted author's name, but the admirers of his works will no doubt recognize, in the splendid length of the words, the frequent employment of the Beautiful and the Ideal, the brilliant display of capitals, the profuse and profound classical learning, and, above all, in the announcement that this is to be the last of his works—one who has delighted us for many years.] [1]

[1] In *Punch*, omitted in the *Miscellanies*.

GEORGE DE BARNWELL

BY SIR E. L. B. L., BART.

[April 3–17, 1847; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856]

VOL. I

IN the Morning of Life the Truthful wooed the Beautiful, and their offspring was Love. Like his Divine parents, He is eternal. He has his Mother's ravishing smile; his Father's steadfast eyes. He rises every day, fresh and glorious as the untired Sun-God. He is Eros, the ever young. Dark, dark were this world of ours had either Divinity left it—dark without the day-beams of the Latonian Charioteer, darker yet without the daedal Smile of the God of the Other Bow! Dost know him, reader?

Old is he, Eros, the ever young! He and Time were children together. Chronos shall die, too; but Love is imperishable. Brightest of the Divinities, where hast thou not been sung? Other worships pass away; the idols for whom pyramids were raised lie in the desert crumbling and almost nameless; the Olympians are fled, their fanes no longer rise among the quivering olive-groves of Ilissus, or crown the emerald islets of the amethyst Aegean! These are gone, but thou remainest. There is still a garland for thy temple, a heifer for thy stone. A heifer? Ah, many a darker sacrifice. Other blood is shed at thy altars, Remorseless One, and the Poet Priest who ministers at thy Shrine draws his auguries from the bleeding hearts of men!

While Love hath no end, can the Bard ever cease singing? In Kingly and Heroic ages, 'twas of Kings and Heroes that the Poet spake. But in these, our times, the Artisan hath his voice as well as the Monarch. The people To-Day is King, and we chronicle his woes, as They of old did the sacrifice of the princely Iphigenia, or the fate of the crowned Agamemnon.

Is Odysseus less august in his rags than in his purple? Fate, Passion, Mystery, the Victim, the Avenger, the Hate that arms, the Furies that tear, the Love that bleeds, are not these with us Still? are not these still the weapons of the Artist? the colours of his palette? the chords of his lyre? Listen! I tell thee a tale—not of Kings—but of

Men—not of Thrones, but of Love, and Grief, and Crime. Listen, and but once more. 'Tis for the last time (probably) these fingers shall sweep the strings.

E. L. B. L. [BB. LL. BBB. LLL.] [1]

NOONDAY IN CHEPE

'Twas noonday in Chepe. High Tide in the mighty River City!—its banks wellnigh overflowing with the myriad-waved Stream of Man! The toppling wains, bearing the produce of a thousand marts; the gilded equipage of the Millionary; the humbler, but yet larger vehicle from the green metropolitan suburbs (the Hanging Gardens of our Babylon), in which every traveller might for a modest remuneration, take a republican seat; the mercenary caroche, with its private freight; the brisk curricle of the letter-carrier, robed in royal scarlet; these and a thousand others were labouring and pressing onward, and locked and bound and hustling together in the narrow channel of Chepe. The imprecations of the charioteers were terrible. From the noble's broidered hammer-cloth, or the driving-seat of the common coach, each driver assailed the other with floods of ribald satire. The pavid matron within the one vehicle (speeding to the Bank for her semestrial pittance) shrieked and trembled; the angry Dives hastening to his office (to add another thousand to his heap), thrust his head over the blazoned panels, and displayed an eloquence of objurgation which his very Menials could not equal; the dauntless street urchins, as they gaily threaded the Labyrinth of Life, enjoyed the perplexities and quarrels of the scene, and exacerbated the already furious combatants by their poignant infantile satire. And the Philosopher, as he regarded the hot strife and struggle of these Candidates in the race for Gold, thought with a sigh of the Truthful and the Beautiful, and walked on, melancholy and serene.

'Twas noon in Chepe. The ware-rooms were thronged. The flaunting windows of the mercers attracted many a purchaser: the glittering panes behind which Birmingham had glazed its simulated silver, induced rustics to pause: although only noon, the savory odours of the Cook-shops tempted the over hungry citizen to the bun of Bath, or to the fragrant potage that mocks the turtle's flavour—the turtle! *O dapibus supremi grata testudo Jovis!* I am an Alderman when I think of thee! Well: it was noon in Chepe.

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[1] In *Punch*, omitted in the *Miscellanies*.

But were all battling for gain there? Among the many brilliant shops whose casements shone upon Chepe, there stood one a century back (about which period our tale opens) devoted to the sale of Colonial produce. A rudely carved image of a negro, with a fantastic plume and apron of variegated feathers, decorated the lintel. The East and West had sent their contributions to replenish the window.

The poor slave had toiled, died perhaps, to produce yon pyramid of swarthy sugar marked 'ONLY $6\frac{1}{2}d.$'—That catty box, on which was the epigraph 'STRONG FAMILY CONGO, ONLY 3*s.* 9*d.*,' was from the country of Confutzee—that heap of dark produce bore the legend 'TRY OUR REAL NUT'—'twas Cocoa—and that nut the Cocoa-nut, whose milk has refreshed the traveller and perplexed the natural philosopher. The shop in question was, in a word, a Grocer's.

In the midst of the shop and its gorgeous contents sat one who, to judge from his appearance (though 'twas a difficult task, as, in sooth, his back was turned), had just reached that happy period of life when the Boy is expanding into the Man. O Youth, Youth! Happy and Beautiful! O fresh and roseate dawn of life; when the dew yet lies on the flowers, ere they have been scorched and withered by Passion's fiery Sun! Immersed in thought or study, and indifferent to the din around him, sat the boy. A careless guardian was he of the treasures confided to him. The crowd passed in Chepe; he never marked it. The sun shone on Chepe; he only asked that it should illumine the page he read. The knave might filch his treasures; he was heedless of the knave. The customer might enter; but his book was all in all to him.

And indeed a customer *was* there; a little hand was tapping on the counter with a pretty impatience; a pair of arch eyes were gazing at the Boy, admiring, perhaps, his manly proportions through the homely and tightened garments he wore.

'Ahem! sir! I say, young man!' the customer exclaimed.

'*Ton d'apameibomenos prosephe*,' read on the Student, his voice choked with emotion. ‘What language!’ he said: ‘How rich, how noble, how sonorous! *prosephe podas*—’

The customer burst out into a fit of laughter so shrill and cheery, that the young Student could not but turn round, and, blushing, for the first time remarked her. ‘A pretty Grocer's boy you are,’ she cried, ‘with your apple-piebomenos and your French and lingo. Am I to be kept waiting for hever?’

'Pardon, fair Maiden,' said he, with high-bred courtesy; ''Twas not French I read, 'twas the Godlike language of the blind old bard. In what can I be serviceable to ye, lady?' and to spring from his desk, to smooth his apron, to stand before her the obedient Shopboy, the Poet no more, was the work of a moment.

'I might have prigged this box of figs,' the damsel said good-naturedly, 'and you'd never have turned round.'

'They came from the country of Hector,' the boy said. 'Would you have currants, lady? These once bloomed in the island gardens of the blue Aegean. They are uncommon fine ones, and the figure is low; they're fourpence-halfpenny a pound. Would ye mayhap make trial of our teas? We do not advertise, as some folks do: but sell as low as any other house.'

'You're precious young to have all these good things,' the girl exclaimed, not unwilling, seemingly, to prolong the conversation. 'If I was you, and stood behind the counter, I should be eating figs the whole day long.'

'Time was,' answered the lad, 'and not long since I thought so, too. I thought I never should be tired of figs. But my old uncle bade me take my fill, and now in sooth I am aweary of them.'

'I think you gentlemen are always so,' the coquette said.

'Nay, say not so, fair stranger!' the youth replied, his face kindling as he spoke, and his eagle eyes flashing fire. 'Figs pall; but oh, the Beautiful never does! Figs rot; but oh, the Truthful is eternal! I was born, lady, to grapple with the Lofty and the Ideal. My soul yearns for the Visionary. I stand behind the counter, it is true; but I ponder here upon the deeds of heroes, and muse over the thoughts of sages. What is grocery for one who has ambition? What sweetness hath Muscovado to him who hath tasted of Poesy? The Ideal, lady, I often think, is the true Real, and the Actual but a visionary hallucination. But pardon me; with what may I serve thee?'

'I came only for sixpenn'orth of tea-dust,' the girl said, with a faltering voice; 'but oh, I should like to hear you speak on for ever!'

Only for sixpenn'orth of tea-dust? Girl, thou camest for other things! Thou lovedst his voice? Siren! what was the witchery of thine own? He deftly made up the packet, and placed it in the little hand. She paid for her small purchase, and, with a farewell glance of her lustrous eyes, she left him. She passed slowly through the portal, and in a moment more was lost in the crowd. It was noon in Chepe. And George de Barnwell was alone.

VOL. II

We have selected the following episodical chapter in preference to anything relating to the mere story of George Barnwell, with which most readers are familiar.

Up to this passage (extracted from the beginning of vol. ii) the tale is briefly thus :—

The rogue of a Millwood has come back every day to the grocer's shop in Chepe, wanting some sugar, or some nutmeg, or some figs, half a dozen times in the week.

She and George de Barnwell have vowed to each other an eternal attachment.

This flame acts violently upon George. His bosom swells with ambition. His genius breaks out prodigiously. He talks about the Good, the Beautiful, the Ideal, &c., in and out of all season, and is virtuous and eloquent almost beyond belief—in fact, like Devereux, or P. Clifford, or E. Aram, Esquires.

Inspired by Millwood & Love, George robs the till, and mingles in the world which he is destined to ornament. He outdoes all the dandies, all the wits, all the scholars, and all the voluptuaries of the age—an indefinite period of time between Queen Anne and George II—dines with Curll at St. John's Gate, pinks Colonel Charteris in a duel behind Montague House, is initiated into the intrigues of the Chevalier St. George, whom he entertains at his sumptuous pavilion at Hampstead, and likewise in disguise at the shop in Cheapside.

His uncle, the owner of the shop, a surly curmudgeon with very little taste for the True and Beautiful, has retired from business to the pastoral village in Cambridgeshire from which the noble Barnwells came. George's cousin Annabel is, of course, consumed with a secret passion for him.

Some trifling inaccuracies may be remarked in the ensuing brilliant little chapter ; but it must be remembered that the author wished to present an age at a glance : and the dialogue is quite as fine and correct as that in the *Last of the Barons*, or in *Eugene Aram*, or other works of our author, in which Sentiment and History, or the True and Beautiful, are united.

CHAPTER XXIV

BUTTON'S IN PALL MALL

Those who frequent the dismal and enormous Mansions of Silence which society has raised to Ennui in that Omphalos of town, Pall Mall, and which, because they knock you down with their dullness, are called Clubs no doubt; those who yawn from a bay-window in St. James's Street, at a half-score of other dandies gaping from another bay-window over the way; those who consult a dreary evening paper for news, or satisfy themselves with the jokes of the miserable *Punch*, by way of wit; the men about town of the present day, in a word, can have but little idea of London some six or eight score years back. Thou pudding-sided old dandy of St. James's Street, with thy lacquered boots, thy dyed whiskers, and thy suffocating waistband, what art thou to thy brilliant predecessor in the same quarter? The brougham from which thou descendest at the portal of the Carlton or the Travellers' is like everybody else's; thy black coat has no more plaits, nor buttons, nor fancy in it than thy neighbour's; thy hat was made on the very block on which Lord Addlepate's was cast, who has just entered the Club before thee. You and he yawn together out of the same omnibus-box every night; you fancy yourselves men of pleasure; you fancy yourselves men of fashion; you fancy yourselves men of taste; in fancy, in taste, in opinion, in philosophy, the newspaper legislates for you; it is there you get your jokes and your thoughts, and your facts and your wisdom—poor Pall Mall dullards. Stupid slaves of the press, on that ground which you at present occupy, there were men of wit and pleasure and fashion, some five-and-twenty lustres ago.

We are at Button's—the well-known sign of the Turk's Head. The crowd of periwigged heads at the windows—the swearing chairmen round the steps (the blazoned and coronalled panels of whose vehicles denote the lofty rank of their owners),—the throng of embroidered beaux entering or departing, and rendering the air fragrant with the odours of pulvilio and pomander, proclaim the celebrated resort of London's Wit and Fashion. It is the corner of Regent Street. Carlton House has not yet been taken down.

A stately gentleman in crimson velvet and gold is sipping chocolate at one of the tables, in earnest converse with a friend whose suit is likewise embroidered, but stained by time, or wine mayhap, or wear. A little deformed gentleman in iron-grey is reading the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper by the fire, while a divine, with a broad brogue and a shovel hat and cassock, is talking freely with a gentleman whose star and riband, as well as the unmistakable beauty of his Phidian countenance, proclaims him to be a member of Britain's aristocracy.

Two ragged youths, the one tall, gaunt, clumsy and scrofulous, the other with a wild, careless, beautiful look, evidently indicating Race, are gazing in at the window, not merely at the crowd in the celebrated Club, but at Timothy, the waiter, who is removing a plate of that exquisite dish, the muffin (then newly invented), at the desire of some of the revellers within.

'I would, Sam,' said the wild youth to his companion, 'that I had some of my mother Macclesfield's gold, to enable us to eat of those cates and mingle with yon springalds and beaux.'

'To vaunt a knowledge of the Stoical philosophy,' said the youth addressed as Sam, 'might elicit a smile of incredulity upon the cheek of the parasite of pleasure; but there are moments in life when History fortifies endurance: and past study renders present deprivation more bearable. If our pecuniary resources be exiguous, let our resolution, Dick, supply the deficiencies of Fortune. The muffin we desire to-day would little benefit us to-morrow. Poor and hungry as we are, are we less happy, Dick, than yon listless voluptuary who banquets on the food which you covet?'

And the two lads turned away up Waterloo Place, and past the Parthenon Club-house, and disappeared to take a meal of cow-heel at a neighbouring cookshop. Their names were Samuel Johnson and Richard Savage.

Meanwhile the conversation at Button's was fast and brilliant. 'By Wood's thirteens, and the divvle go wid 'em,' cried the Church dignitary in the cassock, 'is it in blue and goold ye are this morning, Sir Richard, when you ought to be in seebles ?'

'Who's dead, Dean ?' said the nobleman, the dean's companion.

'Faix, mee Lard Bolingbroke, as sure as mee name's Jonathan Swift—and I'm not so sure of that neither, for who knows his father's name ?—there's been a mighty cruel murther committed entirely. A child of Dick Steele's has been barbarously slain, dthrawn, and quarthered, and it's Joe Addison yondther has done it. Ye should have killed one of your own, Joe, ye thief of the world.'

'I!' said the amazed and Right Honourable Joseph Addison; 'I kill Dick's child! I was godfather to the last.'

'And promised a cup and never sent it,' Dick ejaculated. Joseph looked grave.

'The child I mean is Sir Roger de Coverley, Knight and Baronet. What made ye kill him, ye savage Mohock? The whole town is in tears about the good knight; all the ladies at Church this afternoon were in mourning; all the booksellers are wild; and Lintot says not a third of the copies of the *Spectator* are sold since the death of the brave old gentleman.' And the Dean of St. Patrick's pulled out the *Spectator* newspaper, containing the well-known passage regarding Sir Roger's death. 'I bought it but now in Wellington Street,' he said; 'the newsboys were howling all down the Strand.'

'What a miracle is Genius—Genius, the Divine and Beautiful,' said a gentleman leaning against the same fireplace with the deformed cavalier in iron-grey, and addressing that individual, who was in fact Mr. Alexander Pope, 'what a marvellous gift is this, and royal privilege of Art! To make the Ideal more credible than the Actual: to enchain our hearts, to command our hopes, our regrets, our tears, for a mere brain-born Emanation: to invest with life the Incorporeal, and to glamour the cloudy into substance,—these are the lofty privileges of the Poet, if I have read poesy aright; and I am as familiar with the sounds that rang from Homer's lyre, as with the strains which celebrate the loss of Belinda's lovely locks' (Mr. Pope blushed and bowed, highly delighted)—'these, I say, sir, are the privileges of the poet—the Poietes—the Maker—he moves the world, and asks no lever; if he cannot charm death into life, as Orpheus feigned to do, he can create Beauty out of Nought, and defy Death by rendering Thought Eternal. Ho! Jemmy, another flask of Nantz.'

And the boy—for he who addressed the most brilliant company of wits in Europe was little more—emptied the contents of the brandy-flask into a silver flagon, and quaffed it gaily to the health of the company assembled. 'Twas the third he had taken during the sitting. Presently, and

with a graceful salute to the Society, he quitted the coffee-house, and was seen cantering on a magnificent Arab past the National Gallery.

'Who is yon spark in blue and silver? He beats Joe Addison, himself, in drinking, and pious Joe is the greatest toper in the three kingdoms,' Dick Steele said, good-naturedly.

'His paper in the *Spectator* beats thy best, Dick, thou sluggard,' the Right Honourable Mr. Addison exclaimed. 'He is the author of that famous No. 996, for which you have all been giving me the credit.'

'The rascal foiled me at capping verses,' Dean Swift said, 'and won a tenpenny piece of me, plague take him!'

'He has suggested an emendation in my *Homer*, which proves him a delicate scholar,' Mr. Pope exclaimed.

'He knows more of the French king than any man I have met with; and we must have an eye upon him,' said Lord Bolingbroke, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and beckoning a suspicious-looking person who was drinking at a side-table, whispered to him something.

Meantime who was he? where was he, this youth who had struck all the wits of London with admiration? His galloping charger had returned to the City; his splendid Court suit was doffed for the citizen's gaberdine and grocer's humble apron.

George de Barnwell was in Chepe—in Chepe, at the feet of Martha Millwood.

VOL. III

THE CONDEMNED CELL

'*Quid me mollibus implicas lacertis*, my Ellinor? Nay,' George added, a faint smile illumining his wan but noble features, 'why speak to thee in the accents of the Roman poet, which thou comprehendest not? Bright One, there be other things in Life, in Nature, in this Inscrutable Labyrinth, this Heart on which thou leanest, which are equally unintelligible to thee! Yes, my pretty one, what is the Unintelligible but the Ideal? what is the Ideal but the Beautiful? what the Beautiful but the Eternal? And the Spirit of Man that would commune with these is like

Him who wanders by the *thina poluphloisboio thalasses*, and shrinks awestruck before that Azure Mystery.'

Emily's eyes filled with fresh-gushing dew. 'Speak on, speak ever thus, my George,' she exclaimed. Barnwell's chains rattled as the confiding girl clung to him. Even Snoggin, the Turnkey appointed to sit with the Prisoner, was affected by his noble and appropriate language, and also burst into tears.

'You weep, my Snoggin,' the Boy said; 'and why? Hath Life been so charming to me that I should wish to retain it? Hath Pleasure no after-Weariness? Ambition no Deception; Wealth no Care; and Glory no Mockery? Psha! I am sick of Success, palled of Pleasure, weary of Wine and Wit, and—nay, start not, my Adelaide—and Woman. I fling away all these things as the Toys of Boyhood. Life is the Soul's Nursery. I am a Man, and pine for the Illimitable! Mark you me! Has the Morrow any terrors for me, think ye? Did Socrates falter at his poison? Did Seneca blench in his bath? Did Brutus shirk the sword when his great stake was lost? Did even weak Cleopatra shrink from the Serpent's fatal nip? and why should I? My great Hazard hath been played, and I pay my forfeit. Lie sheathed in my heart, thou flashing Blade! Welcome to my Bosom, thou faithful Serpent; I hug thee, peace-bearing Image of the Eternal! Ha, the hemlock cup! Fill high, boy, for my soul is thirsty for the Infinite! Get ready the bath, friends; prepare me for the feast To-morrow—bathe my limbs in odours, and put ointment in my hair.'

'Has for a bath,' Snoggin interposed, 'they're not to be ad in this ward of the prison; but I dussay Hemmy will git you a little hoil for your air.'

The Prisoned One laughed loud and merrily. 'My guardian understands me not, pretty one—and thou? what sayst thou? from those dear lips methinks—*plura sunt oscula quam sententiae*—I kiss away thy tears, dove!—they will flow apace when I am gone, then they will dry, and presently these fair eyes will shine on another, as they have beamed on poor George Barnwell. Yet wilt thou not all forget him, sweet one. He was an honest fellow, and had a kindly heart for all the world said—'

'That, that he had,' cried the gaoler and the girl in voices gurgling with emotion. And you who read! you unconvicted Convict—you, murderer, though haply you have slain no one—you, Felon, *in posse* if not *in esse*—deal gently with one who has used the Opportunity that has failed thee—and believe that the Truthful and the Beautiful bloom sometimes in the dock and the convict's tawny Gaberdine!

. . . . .

In the matter for which he suffered, George could never be brought to acknowledge that he was at all in the wrong.

'It may be an error of judgement,' he said to the Venerable Chaplain of the gaol, 'but it is no crime. Were it Crime, I should feel Remorse. Where there is no Remorse, Crime cannot exist. I am not sorry: therefore, I am innocent. Is the proposition a fair one?'

The excellent Doctor admitted that it was not to be contested.

'And wherefore, sir, should I have sorrow,' the Boy resumed, 'for ridding the world of a sordid worm;[1] of a man whose very soul was dross, and who never had a feeling for the Truthful and the Beautiful? When I stood before my uncle in the moonlight, in the gardens of the ancestral halls of the De Barnwells, I felt that it was the Nemesis come to overthrow him. "Dog," I said to the trembling slave, "tell me where thy Gold is. *Thou* hast no use for it. I can spend it in relieving the Poverty on which thou tramplest; in aiding Science, which thou knowest not; in uplifting Art, to which thou art blind. Give Gold, and thou art free." But he spake not, and I slew him.'

'I would not have this doctrine vulgarly promulgated,' said the admirable chaplain, 'for its general practice might chance to do harm. Thou, my son, the Refined, the Gentle, the Loving and Beloved, the Poet and Sage, urged by what I cannot but think a grievous error, hast appeared as Avenger. Think what would be the world's condition, were men without any Yearning after the Ideal to attempt to reorganize Society, to redistribute Property, to avenge Wrong.'

'A rabble of pigmies scaling heaven,' said the noble though misguided young Prisoner. 'Prometheus was a Giant, and he fell.'

'Yes, indeed, my brave youth!' the benevolent Dr. Fuzwig exclaimed, clasping the Prisoner's marble and manacled hand; 'and the Tragedy of To-morrow will teach the

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[1] This is a gross plagiarism: the above sentiment is expressed much more eloquently in the ingenious romance of *Eugene Aram*.—'The burning desires I have known—the resplendent visions I have nursed—the sublime aspirings that have lifted me so often from sense and clay: these tell me, that whether for good or ill, I am the thing of an immortality, and the creature of a God. . . . I have destroyed a man noxious to the world! with the wealth by which he afflicted society, I have been the means of blessing many.'

World that Homicide is not to be permitted even to the most amiable Genius, and that the lover of the Ideal and the Beautiful, as thou art, my son, must respect the Real likewise.'

'Look! here is supper!' cried Barnwell gaily. 'This is the Real, Doctor; let us respect it and fall to.' He partook of the meal as joyously as if it had been one of his early festals; but the worthy chaplain could scarcely eat it for tears.

CODLINGSBY

BY D. SHREWSBERRY, ESQ.

[April 24, May 15–29, 1847; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856]

I

'The whole world is bound by one chain. In every city in the globe there is one quarter that certain travellers know and recognize from its likeness to its brother district in all other places where are congregated the habitations of men. In Teheran, or Pekin, or Stamboul, or New York, or Timbuctoo, or London, there is a certain district where a certain man is not a stranger. Where the idols are fed with incense by the streams of Ching-wang-foo; where the minarets soar sparkling above the cypresses, their reflections quivering in the lucid waters of the Golden Horn; where the yellow Tiber flows under broken bridges and over imperial glories; where the huts are squatted by the Niger, under the palm-trees; where the Northern Babel lies, with its warehouses, and its bridges, its graceful factory-chimneys, and its clumsy fanes—hidden in fog and smoke by the dirtiest river in the world—in all the cities of mankind there is One Home whither men of one family may resort. Over the entire world spreads a vast brotherhood, suffering, silent, scattered, sympathizing, *waiting*—an immense Freemasonry. Once this world-spread band was an Arabian clan—a little nation alone and outlying amongst the mighty monarchies of ancient time, the Megatheria of history. The sails of their rare ships might be seen in the Egyptian waters; the camels of their caravans might thread the sands of Baalbec, or wind through the date-groves of Damascus; their flag was raised, not ingloriously, in many wars, against mighty odds; but 'twas a small people, and on one dark night the Lion of Judah went down before Vespasian's Eagles, and in flame, and death, and struggle, Jerusalem agonized and died. . . . Yes, the Jewish city is lost to Jewish men; but have they not taken the world in exchange?'

Mused thus Godfrey de Bouillon, Marquis of Codlingsby, as he debouched from Wych Street into the Strand. He had been to take a box for Armida at Madame Vestris's theatre. That little Armida was *folle* of Madame Vestris's theatre; and her little brougham, and her little self, and her enormous eyes, and her prodigious opera-glass, and her miraculous bouquet, which cost Lord Codlingsby twenty guineas every evening at Nathan's in Covent Garden (the children of the gardeners of Sharon have still no rival for flowers), might be seen three nights in the week at least in the narrow, charming, comfortable little theatre. Godfrey had the box. He was strolling, listlessly, eastward; and the above thoughts passed through the young noble's mind as he came in sight of Holywell Street.

The occupants of the London Ghetto sat at their porches basking in the evening sunshine. Children were playing on the steps. Fathers were smoking at the lintel. Smiling faces looked out from the various and darkling draperies with which the warehouses were hung. Ringlets glossy, and curly, and jetty—eyes black as night—midsummer night—when it lightens; haughty noses bending like beaks of eagles—eager quivering nostrils—lips curved like the bow of Love—every man or maiden, every babe or matron in that English Jewry bore in his countenance one or more of these characteristics of his peerless Arab race.

'How beautiful they are!' mused Codlingsby, as he surveyed these placid groups calmly taking their pleasure in the sunset.

'D'you vant to look at a nishe coat?' a voice said, which made him start; and then some one behind him began handling a masterpiece of Stultz's with a familiarity which would have made the baron tremble.

'Rafael Mendoza!' exclaimed Godfrey.

'The same, Lord Codlingsby,' the individual so apostrophized replied. 'I told you we should meet again where you would little expect me. Will it please you to enter? this is Friday, and we close at sunset. It rejoices my heart to welcome you home.' So saying Rafael laid his hand on his breast, and bowed, an oriental reverence. All traces of the accent with which he first addressed Lord Codlingsby had vanished: it was disguise; half the Hebrew's life is a disguise. He shields himself in craft, since the Norman boors persecuted him.

They passed under an awning of old clothes, tawdry fripperies, greasy spangles, and battered masks, into a shop as black and hideous as the entrance was foul. ‘ *This* your home, Rafael ? ’ said Lord Codlingsby.

‘ Why not ? ’ Rafael answered. ‘ I am tired of Schloss Schinkenstein ; the Rhine bores me after a while. It is too hot for Florence ; besides they have not completed the picture-gallery, and my place smells of putty. You wouldn't have a man, *mon cher*, bury himself in his château in Normandy, out of the hunting season ? The Rugantino Palace stupefies me. Those Titians are so gloomy, I shall have my Hobbemas and Teniers, I think, from my house at the Hague hung over them.’

‘ How many castles, palaces, houses, warehouses, shops, have you, Rafael ? ’ Lord Codlingsby asked, laughing.

‘ This is one,’ Rafael answered. ‘ Come in.’

II

THE noise in the old town was terrific ; Great Tom was booming sullenly over the uproar ; the bell of Saint Mary's was clanging with alarm ; St. Giles's tocsin chimed furiously ; howls, curses, flights of brickbats, stones shivering windows, groans of wounded men, cries of frightened females, cheers of either contending party as it charged the enemy from Carfax to Trumpington Street, proclaimed that the battle was at its height.

In Berlin they would have said it was a revolution, and the cuirassiers would have been charging, sabre in hand, amidst that infuriate mob. In France they would have brought down artillery, and played on it with twenty-four pounders. In Cambridge nobody heeded the disturbance—it was a Town and Gown row.

The row arose at a boat-race. The Town boat (manned by eight stout bargees, with the redoubted Rullock for stroke) had bumped the Brazennose light oar, usually at the head of the river. High words arose regarding the dispute. After returning from Granchester, when the boats pulled back to Christchurch meadows, the disturbance between the Townsmen and the University youths—their invariable opponents—grew louder and more violent, until it broke out in open battle. Sparring and skirmishing took place along the pleasant fields that lead from the University gate down to the broad and shining waters of the Cam, and under the walls of Balliol and Sidney Sussex. The Duke of Bellamont (then a dashing young sizar at Exeter) had a couple of rounds with Billy Butt, the bow oar of the Bargee boat. Vavasour of Brazennose was engaged with a powerful butcher, a well-known champion of the Town party, when, the great University bells ringing to dinner, truce was called between the combatants, and they retired to their several colleges for refection.

During the boat-race, a gentleman pulling in a canoe, and smoking a narghile, had attracted no ordinary attention. He rowed about a hundred yards ahead of the boats in the race, so that he could have a good view of that curious pastime. If the eight-oars neared him, with a few rapid strokes of his flashing paddles his boat shot a furlong ahead; then he would wait, surveying the race, and sending up volumes of odour from his cool narghile.

'Who is he?' asked the crowds who panted along the shore, encouraging, according to Cambridge wont, the efforts of the oarsmen in the race. Town and Gown alike asked who it was, who, with an ease so provoking, in a barque so singular, with a form seemingly so slight, but a skill so prodigious, beat their best men. No answer could be given to the query, save that a gentleman in a dark travelling-chariot, preceded by six fourgons and a courier, had arrived the day before at the Hoop Inn, opposite Brazennose, and that the stranger of the canoe seemed to be the individual in question.

No wonder the boat, that all admired so, could compete with any that ever was wrought by Cambridge artificer or Putney workman. That boat—slim, shining, and shooting through the water like a pike after a small fish—was a caïque from Tophana; it had distanced the Sultan's oarsmen, and the best crews of the Capitan Pasha in the Bosphorus; it was the workmanship of Togrul-Beg, Caikjee Bashee of his Highness. The Bashee had refused fifty thousand tomauns from Count Boutenieff, the Russian Ambassador, for that little marvel. When his head was taken off, the Father of Believers presented the boat to Rafael Mendoza.

It was Rafael Mendoza that saved the Turkish Monarchy after the battle of Nezeeb. By sending three millions of piastres to the Seraskier; by bribing Colonel de St. Cornichon, the French envoy in the camp of the victorious Ibrahim, the march of the Egyptian army was stopped—the menaced empire of the Ottomans was saved from ruin; the Marchioness of Stokepogis, our Ambassador's lady, appeared in a suite of diamonds which outblazed even the Romanoff jewels, and Rafael Mendoza obtained the little caïque. He never travelled without it. It was scarcely heavier than an arm-chair. Baroni, the courier, had carried it down to the Cam that morning, and Rafael had seen the singular sport which we have mentioned.

The dinner over, the young men rushed from their colleges, flushed, full-fed, and eager for battle. If the Gown was angry, the Town, too, was on the alert. From Iffley and Barnwell, from factory and mill, from wharf and warehouse, the Town poured out to meet the enemy, and their battle was soon general. From the Addenbrooke's hospital to the Blenheim turnpike, all Cambridge was in an uproar—the College gates closed—the shops barricaded—the shopboys away in support of their brother townsmen—the battle raged, and the Gown had the worst of the fight.

A luncheon of many courses had been provided for Rafael Mendoza at his inn, but he smiled at the clumsy efforts of the University cooks to entertain him, and a couple of dates and a glass of water formed his meal. In vain the discomfited landlord pressed him to partake of the slighted banquet. 'A breakfast! psha!' said he. 'My good man, I have nineteen cooks, at salaries rising from four hundred a year. I can have a dinner at any hour, but a Town and Gown row' (a brickbat here flying through the window crashed the carafe of water in Mendoza's hand)—'a Town and Gown row is a novelty to me. The Town has the best of it, clearly, though the men outnumber the lads. Ha, a good blow! How that tall townsman went down before yonder slim young fellow in the scarlet trencher cap.'

'That is the Lord Codlingsby,' the landlord said.

'A light weight, but a pretty fighter,' Mendoza remarked. 'Well hit with your left, Lord Codlingsby; well parried, Lord Codlingsby; claret drawn, by Jupiter!'

'Ours is werry fine,' the landlord said. 'Will your Highness have Château-Margaux or Laffitte?'

'He never can be going to match himself against that bargeman!' Rafael exclaimed, as an enormous boatman—no other than Rullock—indeed, the most famous bruiser of

Cambridge, and before whose fists the gownsmen went down like ninepins, fought his way up to the spot, where with admirable spirit and resolution, Lord Codlingsby and one or two of his friends were making head against a number of the Town.

The young noble faced the huge champion with the gallantry of his race, but was no match for the enemy's strength and weight, and sinew, and went down at every round. The brutal fellow had no mercy on the lad. His savage treatment chafed Mendoza as he viewed the unequal combat from the inn-window. 'Hold your hand!' he cried to this Goliath; 'don't you see he's but a boy?'

'Down he goes again!' the bargeman cried, not heeding the interruption. 'Down he goes again: I likes wapping a lord!'

'Coward!' shouted Mendoza; and to fling open the window amidst a shower of brickbats, to vault over the balcony, to slide down one of the pillars to the ground, was an instant's work.

At the next he stood before the enormous bargeman.

. . . . . .

After the coroner's inquest, Mendoza gave ten thousand pounds to each of the bargeman's ten children, and it was thus his first acquaintance was formed with Lord Codlingsby.

But we are lingering on the threshold of the house in Holywell Street. Let us go in.

III

GODFREY and Rafael passed from the street into the outer shop of the old mansion in Holywell Street. It was a masquerade warehouse to all appearance. A dark-eyed damsel of the nation was standing at the dark and grimy counter, strewed with old feathers, old yellow boots, old stage mantles, painted masks, blind and yet gazing at you with a look of sad death-like intelligence from the vacancy behind their sockets.

A medical student was trying one of the doublets of orange-tawny and silver, slashed with dirty light blue. He was going to a masquerade that night. He thought Polly Pattens would admire him in the dress—Polly Pattens, the fairest of maids-of-all-work—the Borough Venus, adored by half the youth of Guy's.

'You look like a prince in it, Mr. Lint,' pretty Rachel said, coaxing him with her beady black eyes.

'It *is* the cheese,' replied Mr. Lint; 'it ain't the dress that don't suit, my rose of Sharon; it's the *figure*. Hullo, Rafael, is that you, my lad of sealing-wax? Come and intercede for me with this wild gazelle; she says I can't have it under fifteen bob for the night. And it's too much: cuss me if it's not too much, unless you'll take my little bill at two months, Rafael.'

'There's a sweet pretty brigand's dress you may have for half de monish,' Rafael replied; 'there's a splendid clown for eight bob; but for dat Spanish dress, selp ma Moshesh, Mishter Lint, ve'd ask a guinea of any but you. Here's a gentlemansh just come to look at it. Look ear, Mr. Brownsh, did you ever shee a nisher ting dan dat?' So saying, Rafael turned to Lord Codlingsby with the utmost gravity, and displayed to him the garment about which the young Medicus was haggling.

'Cheap at the money,' Codlingsby replied; 'if you won't make up your mind, sir, I should like to engage it myself.' But the thought that another should appear before Polly Pattens in that costume was too much for Mr. Lint; he agreed to pay the fifteen shillings for the garment. And Rafael, pocketing the money with perfect simplicity, said, 'Dis vay, Mr. Brownsh; dere's someting vill shoot you in the next shop.'

Lord Codlingsby followed him, wondering.

'You are surprised at our system,' said Rafael, marking the evident bewilderment of his friend. 'Confess you would call it meanness—my huxtering with yonder young fool. I call it simplicity. Why throw away a shilling without need? Our race never did. A shilling is four men's bread: shall I disdain to defile my fingers by holding them out relief in their necessity? It is you who are mean—you Normans—not we of the ancient race. You have your vulgar measurement for great things and small. You call a thousand pounds respectable, and a shekel despicable. Psha, my Codlingsby! One is as the other. I trade in pennies and in millions. I am above or below neither.'

They were passing through a second shop, smelling strongly of cedar, and in fact, piled up with bales of those pencils which the young Hebrews are in the habit of vending through the streets. 'I have sold bundles and bundles of these!' said Rafael. 'My little brother is now out with oranges in Piccadilly. I am bringing him up to be head of our house at Amsterdam. We all do it. I had myself to see Rothschild in Eaton Place this morning, about the Irish loan, of which I have taken three millions: and as I wanted to walk, I carried the bag.

'You should have seen the astonishment of Lauda Latymer, the Archbishop of Croydon's daughter, as she was passing St. Bennet's, Knightsbridge, and as she fancied she recognized in the man who was crying old clothes the gentleman with whom she had talked at the Count de St. Aulair's the night before.' Something like a blush flushed over the pale features of Mendoza as he mentioned the Lady Lauda's name. 'Come on,' said he. They passed through various warehouses—the orange room, the sealing-wax room, the six-bladed knife department, and finally came to an old baize door. Rafael opened the baized door by some secret contrivance, and they were in a black passage, with a curtain at the end.

He clapped his hands; the curtain at the end of the passage drew back, and a flood of golden light streamed on the Hebrew and his visitor.

CHAPTER XXIV

They entered a moderate-sized apartment—indeed, Holywell Street is not above a hundred yards long, and this chamber was not more than half that length—and fitted up with the simple taste of its owner.

The carpet was of white velvet—(laid over several webs of Aubusson, Ispahan, and Axminster, so that your foot gave no more sound as it trod upon the yielding plain than the shadow did which followed you)—of white velvet, painted with flowers, arabesques, and classic figures, by Sir William Ross, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Mrs. Mee, and Paul Delaroche. The edges were wrought with seed-pearls, and fringed with Valenciennes lace and bullion. The walls were hung with cloth of silver, embroidered with gold figures, over which were worked pomegranates, polyanthuses, and passion-flowers, in ruby, amethyst, and smaragd. The drops of dew which the artificer had sprinkled on the flowers were diamonds. The hangings were overhung by pictures yet more costly. Giorgione the gorgeous, Titian the golden, Rubens the ruddy and pulpy (the Pan of Painting), some of Murillo's beatified shepherdesses, who smile on you out of darkness like a star; a few score first-class Leonardos, and fifty of the masterpieces of the patron of Julius and Leo, the Imperial genius of Urbino, covered the walls of the little chamber. Divans of carved amber covered with ermine went round the room, and in the midst was a fountain, pattering and babbling with jets of double-distilled otto of roses.

'Pipes, Goliath!' Rafael said gaily to a little negro with a silver collar (he spoke to him in his native tongue of Dongola); 'and welcome to our snuggery, my Codlingsby. We are quieter here than in the front of the house, and I wanted to show you a picture. I'm proud of my pictures. That Leonardo came from Genoa, and was a gift to our father from my cousin, Marshal Manasseh: that Murillo was pawned to my uncle by Marie Antoinette before the flight to Varennes—the poor lady could not redeem the pledge, you know, and the picture remains with us. As for the Rafael, I suppose you are aware that he was one of our people. But what are you gazing at? Oh, my sister—I forgot. Miriam, this is the Lord Codlingsby.'

She had been seated at an ivory pianoforte on a mother-of-pearl music-stool, trying a sonata of Herz. She rose when thus apostrophized. Miriam de Mendoza rose and greeted the stranger.

The Talmud relates that Adam had two wives—Zillah the dark beauty ; Eva the fair one. The ringlets of Zillah were black ; those of Eva were golden. The eyes of Zillah were night ; those of Eva were morning. Codlingsby was fair—of the fair Saxon race of Hengist and Horsa—they called him Miss Codlingsby at school ; but how much fairer was Miriam the Hebrew !

Her hair had that deep glowing tinge in it which has been the delight of all painters, and which, therefore, the vulgar sneer at. It was of burning auburn. Meandering over her fairest shoulders in twenty thousand minute ringlets, it hung to her waist and below it. A light blue velvet fillet clasped with a diamond aigrette (valued at two hundred thousand tomauns, and bought from Lieutenant Vicovich, who had received it from Dost Mahomed), with a simple bird of paradise, formed her headgear. A sea-green cymar with short sleeves displayed her exquisitely moulded arms to perfection, and was fastened by a girdle of emeralds over a yellow-satin frock. Pink-gauze trousers spangled with silver, and slippers of the same colour as the band which clasped her ringlets (but so covered with pearls that the original hue of the charming little papoosh disappeared entirely) completed her costume. She had three necklaces on, each of which would have dowered a Princess—her fingers glistened with rings to their rosy tips, and priceless bracelets, bangles, and armlets wound round an arm that was whiter than the ivory grand piano on which it leaned.

As Miriam de Mendoza greeted the stranger, turning upon him the solemn welcome of her eyes, Codlingsby swooned almost in the brightness of her beauty. It was well she spoke ; the sweet kind voice restored him to consciousness. Muttering a few words of incoherent recognition, he sank upon a sandalwood settee, as Goliath, the little slave, brought aromatic coffee in cups of opal, and alabaster spittoons, and pipes of the fragrant Gibelly.

‘ My lord’s pipe is out,’ said Miriam with a smile, remarking the bewilderment of her guest—who in truth forgot to smoke—and taking up a thousand-pound note from a bundle on the piano, she lighted it at the taper and proceeded to re-illumine the extinguished chibouk of Lord Codlingsby.

IV

When Miriam, returning to the mother-of-pearl music-stool, at a signal from her brother, touched the silver and enamelled keys of the ivory piano, and began to sing, Lord Codlingsby felt as if he were listening at the gates of Paradise, or were hearing Jenny Lind.

'Lind is the name of the Hebrew race; so is Mendelssohn, the son of Almonds; so is Rosenthal, the Valley of the Roses: so is Löwe or Lewis or Lyons or Lion—the beautiful and the brave alike give cognizances to the ancient people—you Saxons call yourselves Brown, or Smith, or Rodgers,' Rafael observed to his friend; and, drawing the instrument from his pocket, he accompanied his sister, in the most ravishing manner, on a little gold and jewelled harp, of the kind peculiar to his nation.

All the airs which the Hebrew maid selected were written by composers of her race; it was either a hymn by Rossini, a polacca by Braham, a delicious romance by Sloman, or a melody by Weber, that, thrilling on the strings of the instrument, wakened a harmony on the fibres of the heart; but she sang no other than the songs of her nation.

'Beautiful one! sing ever, sing always,' Codlingsby thought. 'I could sit at thy feet as under a green palm-tree, and fancy that Paradise-birds were singing in the boughs.'

Rafael read his thoughts. 'We have Saxon blood too in our veins,' he said. 'You smile! but it is even so. An ancestress of ours made a *mésalliance* in the reign of your King John. Her name was Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, and she married in Spain, whither she had fled to the Court of King Boabdil, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, then a widower by the demise of his first lady, Rowena. The match was deemed a cruel insult amongst our people; but Wilfrid conformed, and was a Rabbi of some note at the synagogue of Cordova. We are descended from him lineally. It is the only blot upon the escutcheon of the Mendozas.'

As they sat talking together, the music finished, and Miriam having retired (though her song and her beauty were still present to the soul of the stranger) at a signal from Mendoza, various messengers from the outer apartments came in to transact business with him.

First it was Mr. Aminadab, who kissed his foot, and brought papers to sign. ‘How is the house in Grosvenor Square, Aminadab; and is your son tired of his yacht yet?’ Mendoza asked. ‘That is my twenty-fourth cashier,’ said Rafael to Codlingsby, when the obsequious clerk went away. ‘He is fond of display, and all my people may have what money they like.’

Entered presently the Lord Bareacres, on the affair of his mortgage. The Lord Bareacres, strutting into the apartment with a haughty air, shrank back, nevertheless, with surprise on beholding the magnificence around him. ‘Little Mordecai,’ said Rafael to a little orange-boy, who came in at the heels of the noble, ‘take this gentleman out and let him have ten thousand pounds. I can't do more for you, my lord, than this—I'm busy. Good-bye!’ and Rafael waved his hand to the peer, and fell to smoking his narghile.

A man with a square face, cat-like eyes, and a yellow moustache, came next. He had an hour-glass of a waist, and walked uneasily upon his high-heeled boots. ‘Tell your master that he shall have two millions more, but not another shilling,’ Rafael said. ‘That story about the five-and-twenty millions of ready money at Cronstadt is all bosh. They won't believe it in Europe. You understand me, Count Grogomoffski?’

‘But His Imperial Majesty said four millions, and I shall get the knout unless—’

‘Go and speak to Mr. Shadrach, in room Z 94, the fourth court,’ said Mendoza good-naturedly. ‘Leave me at peace, Count; don't you see it is Friday, and almost sunset?’ The Calmuck envoy retired cringing, and left an odour of musk and candle-grease behind him.

An orange-man; an emissary from Lola Montes; a dealer in piping bullfinches; and a Cardinal in disguise, with a proposal for a new loan for the Pope, were heard by turns, and each, after a rapid colloquy in his own language, was dismissed by Rafael.

‘The Queen must come back from Aranjuez, or that King must be disposed of,’ Rafael exclaimed, as a yellow-faced ambassador from Spain, General the Duke of Olla Podrida, left him. ‘Which shall it be, my Codlingsby?’ Codlingsby was about laughingly to answer, for indeed he was amazed to find all the affairs of the world represented here, and Holywell Street the centre of Europe, when three knocks of a peculiar nature were heard, and Mendoza starting up, said, 'Ha! there are only four men in the world who know that signal.' At once, and with a reverence quite distinct from his former *nonchalant* manner, he advanced towards the new-comer.

He was an old man—an old man evidently, too, of the Hebrew race—the light of his eyes was unfathomable—about his mouth there played an inscrutable smile. He had a cotton umbrella, and old trousers, and old boots, and an old wig, curling at the top like a rotten old pear.

He sat down as if tired, in the first seat at hand, as Rafael made him the lowliest reverence.

'I am tired,' says he; 'I have come in fifteen hours. I am ill at Neuilly,' he added, with a grin. 'Get me some *eau sucrée*, and tell me the news, Prince de Mendoza. These bread rows; this unpopularity of Guizot; this odious Spanish conspiracy against my darling Montpensier and daughter; this ferocity of Palmerston against Coletti, make me quite ill. Give me your opinion, my dear duke. But ha! whom have we here?'

The august individual who had spoken, had used the Hebrew language to address Mendoza, and the Lord Codlingsby might easily have pleaded ignorance of that tongue. But he had been at Cambridge, where all the youth acquire it perfectly.

'*Sire*,' said he, 'I will not disguise from you that I know the ancient tongue in which you speak. There are probably secrets between Mendoza and your Maj——'

'Hush!' said Rafael, leading him from the room. '*Au revoir*, dear Codlingsby. His Majesty is one of *us*,' he whispered at the door; 'so is the Pope of Rome; so is . . . '—a whisper concealed the rest.

'Gracious powers! is it so?' said Codlingsby, musing. He entered into Holywell Street. The sun was sinking.

'It is time,' said he, 'to go and fetch Fifine to the Olympic.'

LORDS AND LIVERIES

BY THE AUTHORESS OF ‘DUKES AND DÉJEUNERS,’ ‘HEARTS AND DIAMONDS,’ ‘MARCHIONESSES AND MILLINERS,’ ETC. ETC.

[June 12-26, 1847; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856]

I

CORBLEU! what a lovely creature that was in the Fitzbattleaxe box to-night,’ said one of a group of young dandies who were leaning over the velvet-cushioned balconies of the Coventry Club, smoking their full-flavoured Cubas (from Hudson’s) after the opera.

Everybody stared at such an exclamation of enthusiasm from the lips of the young Earl of Bagnigge, who was never heard to admire anything except a *coulis de dindonneau à la Ste. Ménéhould*, or a *suprême de cochon en torticolis à la Piffarde*; such as Champollion, the *chef* of the Travellers, only knows how to dress; or the bouquet of a flask of Médoc, of Carbonell’s best quality; or a *goutte* of Marasquin, from the cellars of Briggs and Hobson.

Alured de Pentonville, eighteenth Earl of Bagnigge, Viscount Paon of Islington, Baron Pancras, Kingscross, and a Baronet, was, like too many of our young men of *ton*, utterly *blasé*, although only in his twenty-fourth year. Blest, luckily, with a mother of excellent principles (who had imbued his young mind with that Morality which is so superior to all the vain pomps of the world!) it had not been always the young earl’s lot to wear the coronet for which he now in sooth cared so little. His father, a captain of

Britain's navy, struck down by the side of the gallant Collingwood in the Bay of Fundy, left little but his sword and spotless name to his young, lovely, and inconsolable widow, who passed the first years of her mourning in educating her child in an elegant though small cottage in one of the romantic marine villages of beautiful Devonshire. Her child ! What a gush of consolation filled the widow's heart as she pressed him to it ! how faithfully did she instil into his young bosom those principles which had been the pole-star of the existence of his gallant father !

In this secluded retreat, rank and wealth almost boundless found the widow and her boy. The seventeenth Earl—gallant and ardent, and in the prime of youth—went forth one day from the Eternal City to a steeplechase in the Campagna. A mutilated corpse was brought back to his hotel in the Piazza de Spagna. Death, alas ! is no respecter of the Nobility. That shattered form was all that remained of the fiery, the haughty, the wild, but the generous Altamont de Pentonville ! Such, such is fate !

The admirable Emily de Pentonville trembled with all a mother's solicitude at the distinctions and honours which thus suddenly descended on her boy. She engaged an excellent clergyman of the Church of England to superintend his studies ; to accompany him on foreign travel when the proper season arrived ; to ward from him those dangers which dissipation always throws in the way of the noble, the idle, and the wealthy. But the Reverend Cyril Delaval died of the measles at Naples, and henceforth the young Earl of Bagnigge was without a guardian.

What was the consequence ? That, at three-and-twenty, he was a cynic and an epicure. He had drained the cup of pleasure till it had palled in his unnerved hand. He had looked at the Pyramids without awe, at the Alps without reverence. He was unmoved by the sandy solitudes of the Desert as by the placid depths of Mediterranean's sea of blue. Bitter, bitter tears did Emily de Pentonville weep, when, on Alured's return from the Continent, she beheld the awful change that dissipation had wrought in her beautiful, her blue-eyed, her perverted, her still beloved boy !

'*Corpo di Bacco !*' he said, pitching the end of his cigar on to the red nose of the Countess of Delawaddymore's coachman, who, having deposited her fat ladyship at No. 236, Piccadilly, was driving the carriage to the stables, before commencing his evening at the Fortune of War public-house; 'what a lovely creature that was! What eyes! what hair! Who knows her? Do you, *mon cher Prince?*'

'*E bellissima, certamente,*' said the Duca de Montepulciano, and stroked down his jetty moustache.

'*Ein gar schönes Mädchen,*' said the Hereditary Grand Duke of Eulenschreckenstein, and turned up his carroty one.

'*Elle n'est pas mal, ma foi!*' said the Prince de Borodino, with a scowl on his darkling brows. '*Mon Dieu, que ces cigarres sont mauvais!*' he added, as he too cast away his Cuba.

'Try one of my Pickwicks,' said Franklin Fox, with a sneer, offering his gold *étui* to the young Frenchman; 'they are some of Pontet's best, Prince. What, do you bear malice? Come, let us be friends,' said the gay and careless young patrician; but a scowl on the part of the Frenchman was the only reply.

—'Want to know who she is? Borodino knows who she is, Bagnigge,' the wag went on.

Everybody crowded round Monsieur de Borodino thus apostrophized. The Marquis of Alycompayne, young De Boots of the Life Guards, Tom Protocol of the Foreign Office; the gay young peers Farintosh, Poldoody, and the rest; and Bagnigge, for a wonder, not less eager than any one present.

'No, he will tell you nothing about her. Don't you see he has gone off in a fury?' Franklin Fox continued. 'He has his reasons, *ce cher Prince:* he will tell you nothing; but I will. You know that I am *au mieux* with the dear old duchess.'

'They say Frank and she are engaged after the duke's death,' cried Poldoody.

'I always thought Fwank was the duke's illicit gweat-gwandson,' drawled out De Boots.

'I heard that he doctored her Blenheim, and used to bring her wigs from Paris,' cried that malicious Tom Protocol, whose *mots* are known in every diplomatic *salon* from Petersburg to Palermo.

'Burn her wigs, and hang her poodle!' said Bagnigge. 'Tell me about this girl, Franklin Fox.'

'In the first place, she has five hundred thousand acres, in a ring fence, in Norfolk; a county in Scotland, a castle in Wales, a villa at Richmond, a corner house in Belgrave

Square, and eighty thousand a year in the three per cents.'

'*Après?*' said Bagnigge, still yawning.

'Secondly, Borodino *lui fait la cour*. They are cousins, her mother was an Armagnac of the emigration; the old Marshal, his father, married another sister. I believe he was footman in the family, before Napoleon princified him.'

'No, no, he was second coachman'—Tom Protocol good-naturedly interposed—'a cavalry officer, Frank, not an infantry man.'

'Faith, you should have seen his fury (the young one's, I mean) when he found me in the duchess's room this evening, *tête à tête* with the heiress, who deigned to accept a bouquet from this hand.

'It cost me three guineas,' poor Frank said, with a shrug and a sigh, 'and that Covent Garden scoundrel gives no credit: but she took the flowers,—eh, Bagnigge?'

'And flung them to Alboni,' the peer replied, with a haughty sneer. And poor little Franklin Fox was compelled to own that she had.

The *maître d'hôtel* here announced that supper was served. It was remarked that even the *coulis de dindonneau* made no impression on Bagnigge that night.

II

The sensation produced by the début of Amethyst Pimlico at the court of the sovereign, and in the *salons* of the *beau-monde*, was such as has seldom been created by the appearance of any other beauty. The men were raving with love, and the women with jealousy. Her eyes, her beauty, her wit, her grace, her *ton*, caused a perfect *fureur* of admiration or envy.

Introduced by the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe, along with her Grace's daughters, the Ladies Gwendoline and Gwinever Portcullis, the heiress's regal beauty quite flung her cousins' simple charms into the shade, and blazed with a splendour which caused all 'minor lights' to twinkle faintly. Before a day the *beau-monde*, before a week even the vulgarians of the rest of the town, rang with the fame of her charms; and while the dandies and the beauties were raving about her, or tearing her to pieces in May Fair, even Mrs. Dobbs (who had been to the pit of the 'Hoperer' in a green turban and a crumpled yellow satin), talked about the great *hairess* to her D. in Bloomsbury Square.

Crowds went to Squab and Lynch's, in Long Acre, to examine the carriages building for her, so faultless, so splendid, so quiet, so odiously unostentatious and provokingly simple! Besides the ancestral services of *argenterie* and *vaisselle* plate, contained in a hundred and seventy-six plate-chests at Messrs. Childs'; Rumble and Briggs prepared a gold service, and Garraway, of the Haymarket, a service of the Benvenuto Cellini pattern, which were the admiration of all London. Before a month it is a fact that the wretched haberdashers in the city exhibited the blue stocks, called 'Heiress-killers, very chaste, two-and-six': long before that, the *monde* had rushed to Madame Crinoline's, or sent couriers to Madame Marabou, at Paris, so as to have copies of her dresses ; but, as the Mantuan bard observes, '*Non cuivis contigit*,'—every foot cannot accommodate itself to the *chaussure* of Cinderella.

With all this splendour, this worship, this beauty ; with these cheers following her, and these crowds at her feet, was Amethyst happy ? Ah, no ! It is not under the necklace the most brilliant that Briggs and Rumble can supply ; it is not in Lynch's best cushioned chariot that the heart is most at ease. '*Que je me ruinerai*,' says Fronsac in a letter to Bossuet, '*si je savais où acheter le bonheur !*'

With all her riches, with all her splendour, Amethyst was wretched—wretched, because lonely ; wretched, because her loving heart had nothing to cling to. Her splendid mansion was a convent ; no male person ever entered it, except Franklin Fox (who counted for nothing), and the duchess's family, her kinsman old Lord Humpington, his friend old Sir John Fogey, and her cousin, the odious, odious Borodino.

The Prince de Borodino declared openly that Amethyst was engaged to him. *Criblé de dettes*, it is no wonder that he should choose such an opportunity to *refaire sa fortune*. He gave out that he would kill any man who should cast an eye on the heiress, and the monster kept his word. Major Grigg, of the Life Guards, had already fallen by his hand at Ostend. The O'Toole, who had met her on the Rhine, had received a ball in his shoulder at Coblentz, and did not care to resume so dangerous a courtship. Borodino could snuff a *bougie* at a hundred-and-fifty yards. He could beat Bertrand or Alexander Dumas himself with the small sword ; he was the dragon that watched this *pomme d'or*, and very few persons were now inclined to face a champion *si redoutable*.

Over a *salmi d'escargot* at the Coventry, the dandies whom we introduced in our last volume were assembled, there talking of the heiress : and her story was told by Franklin Fox to Lord Bagnigge, who, for a wonder, was interested in the tale. Borodino's pretensions were discussed, and the way in which the fair Amethyst was confined. Fitzbattleaxe House, in Belgrave Square, is—as everybody knows—the next mansion to that occupied by Amethyst. A communication was made between the two houses. She never went out except accompanied by the duchess's guard, which it was impossible to overcome.

'Impossible! Nothing's impossible,' said Lord Bagnigge.

'I bet you what you like you don't get in,' said the young Marquis of Martingale.

'I bet you a thousand ponies I stop a week in the heiress's house before the season's over,' Lord Bagnigge replied, with a yawn; and the bet was registered with shouts of applause.

But it seemed as if the Fates had determined against Lord Bagnigge, for the very next day, riding in the Park, his horse fell with him; he was carried home to his house with a fractured limb and a dislocated shoulder; and the doctor's bulletins pronounced him to be in the most dangerous state.

Martingale was a married man, and there was no danger of *his* riding by the Fitzbattleaxe carriage. A fortnight after the above events, his lordship was prancing by her Grace's great family coach, and chattering with Lady Gwinever about the strange wager.

'Do you know what a pony is, Lady Gwinever?' he asked. Her ladyship said yes; she had a cream-coloured one at Castle Barbican; and stared when Lord Martingale announced that he should soon have a thousand ponies, worth five-and-twenty pounds each, which were all now kept at Coutts's. Then he explained the circumstances of the bet with Bagnigge. Parliament was to adjourn in ten days; the season would be over! Bagnigge was lying ill *chez lui;* and the five-and-twenty thousand were irrecoverably his. And he vowed he would buy Lord Binnacle's yacht—crew, captain, guns and all.

On returning home that night from Lady Polkimore's, Martingale found among the many *billets* upon the gold *plateau* in his *antichambre*, the following brief one, which made him start:—

'DEAR MARTINGALE,—Don't be too sure of Binnacle's yacht. There are still ten days before the season is over; and my ponies may lie at Coutts's for some time to come.

'Yours,

'BAGNIGGE.'

'PS.—I write with my left hand; for my right is still splintered up from that confounded fall.'

III

The tall footman, number four, who had come in the place of John, cashiered (for want of proper *mollets*, and because his hair did not take powder well), had given great satisfaction to the under-butler, who reported well of him to his chief, who had mentioned his name with praise to the house-steward. He was so good-looking and well-spoken a young man, that the ladies in the housekeeper's room

deigned to notice him more than once ; nor was his popularity diminished on account of a quarrel in which he engaged with Monsieur Anatole, the enormous Walloon *chasseur*, who was one day found embracing Miss Flouncy, who waited on Amethyst's own maid. The very instant Miss Flouncy saw Mr. Jeames entering the Servants' Hall, where Monsieur Anatole was engaged in 'aggravating' her, Miss Flouncy screamed—at the next moment the Belgian giant lay sprawling upon the carpet—and Jeames, standing over him, assumed so terrible a look, that the *chasseur* declined any further combat. The victory was made known to the house-steward himself, who being a little partial to Miss Flouncy herself, complimented Jeames on his valour, and poured out a glass of madeira in his own room.

Who was Jeames ? He had come recommended by the Bagnigge people. He had lived, he said, in that family two years. 'But where there was no ladies,' he said, 'a gentleman's hand was spiled for service ;' and Jeames's was a very delicate hand ; Miss Flouncy admired it very much, and of course he did not defile it by menial service ; he had in a young man who called him 'Sir', and did all the coarse work : and Jeames read the morning paper to the ladies ; not spellingly and with hesitation, as many gentlemen do, but easily and elegantly, speaking off the longest words without a moment's difficulty. He could speak French, too, Miss Flouncy found, who was studying it under Mademoiselle, *grande fille-de-chambre de confiance ;* for when she said to him '*Polly voo Fransy*, Munseer Jeames ?' he replied readily, '*We, Mademaselle, j'ay passay boco de tong à Parry. Commong voo potty voo ?*' How Miss Flouncy admired him as he stood before her, the day after he had saved Miss Amethyst when the horses had run away with her in the Park !

Poor Flouncy, poor Flouncy ! Jeames had been but a week in Amethyst's service, and already the gentle heart of the washing-girl was irrecoverably gone ! Poor Flouncy ! poor Flouncy ! he thought not of thee.

It happened thus. Miss Amethyst being engaged to drive with her cousin the prince in his phaeton, her own carriage was sent into the Park simply with her companion, who had charge of her little Fido, the dearest little spaniel in the world. Jeames and Frederick were behind the carriage with their long sticks and neat dark liveries ; the horses were worth a thousand guineas each, the coachman a late lieutenant-colonel of cavalry: the whole ring could not boast a more elegant turn-out.

The prince drove his curricle and had charge of his *belle cousine*. It may have been the red fezes in the carriage of the Turkish ambassador which frightened the prince's greys, or Mrs. Champignon's new yellow liveries, which were flaunting in the Park, or hideous Lady Gorgon's preternatural ugliness, who passed in a low pony-carriage at the time, or the prince's own want of skill, finally; but certain it is that the horses took fright, dashed wildly along the mile, scattered equipages, *piétons*, dandies' cabs, and snobs' *pheaytons*. Amethyst was screaming; and the prince, deadly pale, had lost all presence of mind, as the

curricle came rushing by the spot where Miss Amethyst's carriage stood.

'I'm blest,' Frederick exclaimed to his companion, 'if it ain't the prince a drivin our missis! They'll be in the Serpingtine, or dashed to pieces, if they don't mind;' and the runaway steeds at this instant came upon them as a whirlwind.

But if those steeds ran at a whirlwind pace, Jeames was swifter. To jump from behind, to bound after the rocking, reeling curricle, to jump into it aided by the long stick which he carried and used as a leaping-pole, and to seize the reins out of the hands of the miserable Borodino, who shrieked piteously as the dauntless valet leapt on his toes and into his seat, was the work of an instant. In a few minutes the mad, swaying rush of the horses was reduced to a swift but steady gallop; presently into a canter, then a trot; until finally they pulled up smoking and trembling, but quite quiet, by the side of Amethyst's carriage, which came up at a rapid pace.

'Give me the reins, *mal-appris! tu m'écrases les cors, manant!*' yelled the frantic nobleman, writhing underneath the intrepid charioteer.

'*Tant pis pour toi, nigaud*,' was the reply. The lovely Amethyst of course had fainted; but she recovered as she was placed in her carriage, and rewarded her preserver with a celestial smile.

The rage, the fury, the maledictions of Borodino, as he saw the latter—a liveried menial—stoop gracefully forward and kiss Amethyst's hand, may be imagined rather than described. But Jeames heeded not his curses. Having placed his adored mistress in the carriage, he calmly resumed his station behind. Passion or danger seemed to leave no impression upon that pale marble face.

Borodino went home furious; nor was his rage diminished, when, on coming to dinner that day, a *recherché* banquet served in the *Frangipané* best style, and requesting a supply of a *purée à la bisque aux écrevisses*, the clumsy attendant who served him let fall the *assiette* of *vermeille ciselé* with its scalding contents, over the prince's chin, his Mechlin *jabot*, and the *grand cordon* of the Legion of Honour which he wore.

'*Infâme*,' howled Borodino, '*tu l'as fait exprès!*'

'*Oui, je l'ai fait exprès*,' said the man, with the most perfect Parisian accent. It was Jeames.

Such insolence of course could not be passed unnoticed even after the morning's service, and he was *chassé*'d on the spot. He had been but a week in the house.

The next month the newspapers contained a paragraph which may possibly elucidate the above mystery, and to the following effect :—

'*Singular Wager.*—One night, at the end of last season, the young and eccentric Earl of B-gn-gge laid a wager of twenty-five thousand pounds with a broken sporting patrician, the dashing Marquis of M-rt-ng-le, that he would pass a week under the roof of a celebrated and lovely young heiress who lives not a hundred miles from B-lgr-ve Squ-re. The bet having been made, the earl pretended an illness, and having taken lessons from one of his lordship's own footmen (Mr. James Plush, whose name he also borrowed) in "the *mysteries* of the *profession*," actually succeeded in making an entry into Miss P-ml-co's mansion, where he stopped one week exactly ; having time to win his bet, and to save the life of the lady, whom we hear he is about to lead to the altar. He disarmed the Prince of Borodino in a duel fought on Calais sands—and it is said, appeared at the C— Club wearing his *plush costume* under a cloak, and displaying it as a proof that he had won his wager.'

Such, indeed, were the circumstances. The young couple have not more than nine hundred thousand a year, but they live cheerfully, and manage to do good ; and Emily de Pentonville, who adores her daughter-in-law and her little grandchildren, is blest in seeing her darling son *enfin un homme rangé.*

BARBAZURE

BY G. P. R. JEAMES, ESQ., ETC.

[July 10–24, 1847; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856]

I

It was upon one of those balmy evenings of November which are only known in the valleys of Languedoc and among the mountains of Alsace, that two cavaliers might have been perceived by the naked eye threading one of the rocky and romantic gorges that skirt the mountain-land between the Marne and the Garonne. The rosy tints of the declining luminary were gilding the peaks and crags which lined the path, through which the horsemen wound slowly;

and as these eternal battlements with which Nature had hemmed in the ravine which our travellers trod, blushed with the last tints of the fading sunlight, the valley below was grey and darkling, and the hard and devious course was sombre in twilight. A few goats, hardly visible among the peaks, were cropping the scanty herbage here and there. The pipes of shepherds, calling in their flocks as they trooped homewards to their mountain villages, sent up plaintive echoes which moaned through those rocky and lonely steeps ; the stars began to glimmer in the purple heavens, spread serenely overhead ; and the faint crescent of the moon, which had peered for some time scarce visible in the azure, gleamed out more brilliantly at every moment, until it blazed as if in triumph at the sun's retreat. 'Tis a fair land that of France, a gentle, a green, and a beautiful ; the home of arts and arms, of chivalry and romance, and (however sadly stained by the excesses of modern times) 'twas the unbought grace of nations once, and the seat of ancient renown and disciplined valour.

And of all that fair land of France, whose beauty is so bright and bravery is so famous, there is no spot greener or fairer than that one over which our travellers wended, and which stretches between the good towns of Vendémiaire and Nivôse. 'Tis common now to a hundred thousand voyagers : the English tourist, with his chariot and his Harvey's Sauce, and his imperials ; the bustling *commis-voyageur* on the roof of the rumbling diligence ; the rapid *malle-poste* thundering over the *chaussée* at twelve miles an hour—pass the ground hourly and daily now : 'twas lonely and unfrequented at the end of that seventeenth century with which our story commences.

Along the darkening mountain paths the two gentlemen (for such their outward bearing proclaimed them) caracoled together. The one, seemingly the younger of the twain, wore a flaunting feather in his barret-cap, and managed a prancing Andalusian palfrey that bounded and curveted gaily. A surcoat of peach-coloured samite and a purfled doublet of vair bespoke him noble, as did his brilliant eye, his exquisitely chiselled nose, and his curling chestnut ringlets.

Youth was on his brow ; his eyes were dark and dewy, like spring violets ; and spring roses bloomed upon his cheek—roses, alas ! that bloom and die with life's spring !

Now bounding over a rock, now playfully whisking off with his riding-rod a flowret in his path, Philibert de Coquelicot rode by his darker companion.

His comrade was mounted upon a *destrière* of the true Norman breed, that had first champed grass on the green pastures of Aquitaine. Thence through Berry, Picardy, and the Limousin, halting at many a city and commune, holding joust and tourney in many a castle and manor of Navarre, Poitou, and St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the warrior and his charger reached the lonely spot where now we find them.

The warrior who bestrode the noble beast was in sooth worthy of the steed which bore him. Both were caparisoned in the fullest trappings of feudal war. The arblast, the mangonel, the demi-culverin, and the cuissart of the period glittered upon the neck and chest of the war-steed; while the rider, with chamfron and catapult, with ban and arrière-ban, morion and tumbril, battle-axe and rifflard, and the other appurtenances of ancient chivalry, rode stately on his steel-clad charger, himself a tower of steel. This mighty horseman was carried by his steed as lightly as the young springald by his Andalusian hackney.

''Twas well done of thee, Philibert,' said he of the proof-armour, 'to ride forth so far to welcome thy cousin and companion in arms.'

'Companion in battledore and shuttlecock, Romané de Clos-Vougeot!' replied the younger Cavalier. 'When I was yet a page, thou wert a belted knight; and thou wert away to the Crusades ere ever my beard grew.'

'I stood by Richard of England at the gates of Ascalon, and drew the spear from sainted King Louis in the tents of Damietta,' the individual addressed as Romané replied. 'Well-a-day! since thy beard grew, boy (and marry 'tis yet a thin one), I have broken a lance with Solyman at Rhodes, and smoked a chibouque with Saladin at Acre. But enough of this. Tell me of home—of our native valley—of my hearth, and my lady-mother, and my good chaplain—tell me of *her*, Philibert,' said the knight, executing a demi-volte, in order to hide his emotion.

Philibert seemed uneasy, and to strive as though he would parry the question. 'The castle stands on the rock,' he said, 'and the swallows still build in the battlements. The good chaplain still chants his vespers at morn, and snuffles his matins at evensong. The lady-mother still distributeth tracts, and knitteth Berlin linsey-woolsey. The tenants pay no better, and the lawyers dun as sorely, kinsman mine,' he added, with an arch look.

'But Fatima, Fatima, how fares she?' Romané continued—'Since Lammas was a twelvemonth, I hear naught of her; my letters are unanswered. The postman hath traversed our camp every day, and never brought me a *billet.* How is Fatima, Philibert de Coquelicot?'

'She is—well,' Philibert replied; 'her sister Anne is the fairest of the twain, though.'

'Her sister Anne was a baby when I embarked for Egypt. A plague on sister Anne! Speak of Fatima, Philibert—my blue-eyed Fatima!'

'I say she is—well,' answered his comrade gloomily.

'Is she dead? Is she ill? Hath she the measles? Nay, hath she had small-pox, and lost her beauty? Speak! speak, boy!' cried the knight, wrought to agony.

'Her cheek is as red as her mother's, though the old Countess paints hers every day. Her foot is as light as a sparrow's, and her voice as sweet as a minstrel's dulcimer; but give me nathless the Lady Anne,' cried Philibert, 'give me the peerless Lady Anne! As soon as ever I have won spurs, I will ride all Christendom through, and proclaim her the Queen of Beauty. Ho, Lady Anne! Lady Anne!' and so saying—but evidently wishing to disguise some emotion, or conceal some tale his friend could ill brook to hear—the reckless *damoiseau* galloped wildly forward.

But swift as was his courser's pace, that of his companion's enormous charger was swifter. 'Boy,' said the elder, 'thou hast ill tidings. I know it by thy glance. Speak: shall he who hath bearded grim Death in a thousand fields shame to face truth from a friend? Speak, in the name of Heaven and good St. Botibol. Romané de Clos-Vougeot will bear your tidings like a man!'

'Fatima is well,' answered Philibert once again; 'she hath had no measles: she lives and is still fair.'

'Fair, aye, peerless fair; but what more, Philibert? Not false? By St. Botibol, say not false,' groaned the elder warrior.

'A month syne,' Philibert replied, 'she married the Baron de Barbazure.'

With that scream which is so terrible in a strong man in agony, the brave knight Romané de Clos-Vougeot sank back at the words, and fell from his charger to the ground, a lifeless mass of steel.

II

LIKE many another fabric of feudal war and splendour, the once vast and magnificent Castle of Barbazure is now a moss-grown ruin. The traveller of the present day, who wanders by the banks of the silvery Loire, and climbs the steep on which the magnificent edifice stood can scarcely trace, among the shattered masses of ivy-covered masonry which lie among the lonely crags, even the skeleton of the proud and majestic palace-stronghold of the Barons of Barbazure.

In the days of our tale its turrets and pinnacles rose as stately, and seemed (to the pride of sinful man !) as strong as the eternal rocks on which they stood. The three mullets on a gules wavy reversed, surmounted by the sinople couchant or, the well-known cognizance of the house, blazed in gorgeous heraldry on a hundred banners, surmounting as many towers. The long lines of battlemented walls spread down the mountain to the Loire, and were defended by thousands of steel-clad serving-men. Four hundred knights and six times as many archers fought round the banner of Barbazure at Bouvines, Malplaquet, and Azincour. For his services at Fontenoy against the English, the heroic Charles Martel appointed the fourteenth baron Hereditary Grand Bootjack of the kingdom of France ; and for wealth, and for splendour, and for skill and fame in war, Raoul the twenty-eighth baron, was in no wise inferior to his noble ancestors.

That the Baron Raoul levied toll upon the river and mail upon the shore ; that he now and then ransomed a burgher, plundered a neighbour, or drew the fangs of a Jew ;

that he burned an enemy's castle with the wife and children within;—these were points for which the country knew and respected the stout baron. When he returned from victory, he was sure to endow the Church with a part of his spoil, so that when he went forth to battle he was always accompanied by her blessing. Thus lived the Baron Raoul, the pride of the country in which he dwelt, an ornament to the Court, the Church, and his neighbours.

But in the midst of all his power and splendour there was a domestic grief which deeply afflicted the princely Barbazure. His lovely ladies died one after the other. No sooner was he married than he was a widower; in the course of eighteen years no less than nine bereavements had befallen the chieftain. So true it is that, if fortune is a parasite, grief is a republican, and visits the hall of the great and wealthy as it does the humbler tenements of the poor.

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'Leave off deploring thy faithless, gad-about lover,' said the Lady of Chacabacque to her daughter, the lovely Fatima, 'and think how the noble Barbazure loves thee! Of all the damsels at the ball last night, he had eyes for thee and thy cousin only.'

'I am sure my cousin hath no good looks to be proud of!' the admirable Fatima exclaimed, bridling up. 'Not that *I* care for my Lord of Barbazure's looks. *My* heart, dearest mother, is with him who is far away!'

'He danced with thee four galliards, nine quadrilles, and twenty-three corantos, I think, child,' the mother said, eluding her daughter's remark.

'Twenty-five,' said lovely Fatima, casting her beautiful eyes to the ground. 'Heigh-ho! but Romané danced them very well!'

'He had not the Court air,' the mother suggested.

'I don't wish to deny the beauty of the Lord of Barbazure's dancing, mamma,' Fatima replied. 'For a short, lusty man, 'tis wondrous how active he is; and in dignity the King's Grace himself could not surpass him.'

'You were the noblest couple in the room, love,' the lady cried.

'That pea-green doublet, slashed with orange tawny, those ostrich plumes, blue, red, and yellow, those parti-coloured hose and pink shoon, became the noble baron wondrous well,' Fatima acknowledged. 'It must be confessed that, though middle-aged, he hath all the agility of youth. But, alas, madam! the noble baron hath nine wives already.

'And your cousin would give her eyes to become the tenth,' the mother replied.

'My cousin give her eyes!' Fatima exclaimed. 'It's not much, I'm sure, for she squints abominably;' and thus the ladies prattled, as they rode home at night after the great ball at the house of the Baron of Barbazure.

The gentle reader, who has overheard their talk, will understand the doubts which pervaded the mind of the lovely Fatima, and the well-nurtured English maiden will participate in the divided feelings which rent her bosom. 'Tis true that, on his departure for the holy wars, Romané and Fatima were plighted to each other; but the folly of long engagements is proverbial; and though for many months the faithful and affectionate girl had looked in vain for news from him, her admirable parents had long spoken with repugnance of a match which must bring inevitable poverty to both parties. They had suffered, 'tis true, the engagement to subside, hostile as they ever were to it; but when on the death of the ninth lady of Barbazure, the noble baron remarked Fatima at the funeral, and rode home with her after the ceremony, her prudent parents saw how much wiser, better, happier for their child it would be to have for life a partner like the baron, than to wait the doubtful return of the penniless wanderer to whom she was plighted.

Ah, how beautiful and pure a being! how regardless of self! how true to duty! how obedient to parental command, is that earthly angel, a well-bred woman of genteel family! Instead of indulging in splenetic refusals or vain regrets for her absent lover, the exemplary Fatima at once signified to her excellent parents her willingness to obey their orders; though she had sorrows (and she declared them to be tremendous), the admirable being disguised them so well, that none knew they oppressed her. She said she would try to forget former ties, and (so strong in her mind was *duty* above every other feeling!—so strong may it be in every British maiden!) the lovely girl kept her promise. 'My former engagements,' she said, packing up Romané's letters and presents (which, as the good knight was mortal poor, were in sooth of no great price)—'my former engagements I look upon as childish follies;—my affections are fixed where my dear parents graft them—on the noble, the princely, the polite Barbazure. 'Tis true he is not comely in feature, but the chaste and well-bred female knows how to despise the fleeting charms of form. 'Tis true he is old; but can woman be better employed than in tending her aged and sickly companion? That he has been married is likewise certain—but ah, my mother! who knows not that he must be a good and tender husband, who, nine times wedded, owns that he cannot be happy without another partner?'

It was with these admirable sentiments the lovely Fatima proposed obedience to her parents' will, and consented to receive the magnificent marriage-gift presented to her by her gallant bridegroom.

III

The old Countess of Chacabacque had made a score of vain attempts to see her hapless daughter. Ever, when she came, the porters grinned at her savagely through the grating of the portcullis of the vast embattled gate of the Castle of Barbazure, and rudely bade her begone. 'The Lady of Barbazure sees nobody but her confessor, and keeps her chamber,' was the invariable reply of the dogged functionaries to the entreaties of the agonized mother. And at length, so furious was he at her perpetual calls at his gate, that the angry Lord of Barbazure himself, who chanced to be at the postern, armed a crossbow, and let fly an arblast at the crupper of the lady's palfrey, whereon she fled finally, screaming, and in terror. 'I will aim at the rider next time!' howled the ferocious baron, 'and not at the horse!' And those who knew his savage nature and his unrivalled skill as a bowman, knew that he would neither break his knightly promise nor miss his aim.

Since the fatal day when the Grand Duke of Burgundy gave his famous passage of arms at Nantes, and all the nobles of France were present at the joustings, it was remarked that the Barbazure's heart was changed towards his gentle and virtuous lady.

For the three first days of that famous festival, the redoubted Baron of Barbazure had kept the field against all the knights who entered. His lance bore everything down before it. The most famous champions of Europe, assembled at these joustings, had dropped, one by one before this tremendous warrior. The prize of the tourney was destined to be his, and he was to be proclaimed bravest of the brave, as his lady was the fairest of the fair.

On the third day, however, as the sun was declining over the Vosges, and the shadows were lengthening over the plain where the warrior had obtained such triumphs;—after having overcome two hundred and thirteen knights of different nations, including the fiery Dunois, the intrepid Walter Manny, the spotless Bayard, and the undaunted Duguesclin, as the conqueror sat still erect on his charger, and the multitudes doubted whether ever another champion could be found to face him, three blasts of a trumpet were heard, faint at first, but at every moment ringing more clearly, until a knight in pink armour rode into the lists with his visor down, and riding a tremendous dun charger, which he managed to the admiration of all present.

The heralds asked him his name and quality.

‘Call me,’ said he, in a hollow voice, ‘the Jilted Knight.’ What was it made the Lady of Barbazure tremble at his accents ?

The knight refused to tell his name and qualities ; but the companion who rode with him, the young and noble Philibert de Coquelicot, who was known and respected universally through the neighbourhood, gave a warranty for the birth and noble degree of the Jilted Knight—and Raoul de Barbazure, yelling hoarsely for a two hundred and fourteenth lance, shook the huge weapon in the air as though it were a reed, and prepared to encounter the intruder.

According to the wont of chivalry, and to keep the point of the spear from harm, the top of the unknown knight's lance was shielded with a bung, which the warrior removed ; and galloping up to Barbazure's pavilion, over which his shield hung, touched that noble cognizance with the sharpened steel. A thrill of excitement ran through the assembly at this daring challenge to a combat *à outrance*. ‘Hast thou confessed, Sir Knight ?’ roared the Barbazure ; ‘take thy ground, and look to thyself ; for by Heaven thy last hour is come !’ ‘Poor youth, poor youth !’ sighed the spectators ; ‘he has called down his own fate.’ The next minute the signal was given, and as the simoom across the desert, the cataract down the rock, the shell from the howitzer, each warrior rushed from his goal.

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‘Thou wilt not slay so good a champion ?’ said the Grand Duke, as at the end of that terrific combat the knight in rose armour stood over his prostrate foe, whose helmet had rolled off when he was at length unhorsed, and whose bloodshot eyes glared unutterable hate and ferocity on his conqueror.

‘Take thy life,’ said he who had styled himself the Jilted Knight ; ‘thou hast taken all that was dear to me ;’ and the sun setting, and no other warrior appearing to do battle against him, he was proclaimed the conqueror, and rode up to the duchess's balcony to receive the gold chain which was the reward of the victor. He raised his visor as the smiling princess guerdoned him—raised it, and gave *one* sad look towards the Lady Fatima at her side!

'Romané de Clos-Vougeot!' shrieked she, and fainted. The Baron of Barbazure heard the name as he writhed on the ground with his wound, and by his slighted honour, by his broken ribs, by his roused fury, he swore revenge; and the Lady Fatima, who had come to the tourney as a queen, returned to her castle as a prisoner.

[As it is impossible to give in the limits of our periodical the whole of this remarkable novel, let it suffice to say briefly here, that in about a volume and a half, in which the descriptions of scenery, the account of the agonies of the baroness, kept on bread and water in her dungeon, and the general tone of morality, are all excellently worked out; the Baron de Barbazure resolves upon putting his wife to death by the hands of the public executioner.]

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Two minutes before the clock struck noon, the savage baron was on the platform to inspect the preparation for the frightful ceremony of midday.

The block was laid forth—the hideous minister of vengeance, masked and in black, with the flaming glaive in his hand, was ready. The baron tried the edge of the blade with his finger, and asked the dreadful swordsman if his hand was sure? A nod was the reply of the man of blood. The weeping garrison and domestics shuddered and shrank from him. There was not one there but loved and pitied the gentle lady.

Pale, pale as a stone, she was brought from her dungeon.

To all her lord's savage interrogatories, her reply had been, 'I am innocent.' To his threats of death, her answer was, 'You are my lord; my life is in your hands, to take or to give.' How few are the wives, in our day, who show such angelic meekness! It touched all hearts around her, save that of the implacable Barbazure! Even the Lady Blanche (Fatima's cousin), whom he had promised to marry upon his faithless wife's demise, besought for her kinswoman's life, and a divorce; but Barbazure had vowed her death.

'Is there no pity, sir?' asked the chaplain who had attended her. 'No pity,' echoed the weeping serving-maid. 'Did I not ay say I would die for my lord ?' said the gentle lady, and placed herself at the block.

Sir Raoul de Barbazure seized up the long ringlets of her raven hair. 'Now !' shouted he to the executioner, with a stamp of his foot, 'Now strike !'

The man (who knew his trade) advanced at once, and poised himself to deliver his blow : and making his flashing sword sing in the air, with one irresistible, rapid stroke, it sheared clean off the head of the furious, the bloodthirsty, the implacable Baron de Barbazure !

Thus he fell a victim to his own jealousy ; and the agitation of the Lady Fatima may be imagined when the executioner, flinging off his mask, knelt gracefully at her feet, and revealed to her the well-known features of Romané de Clos-Vougeot.

PHIL FOGARTY

A TALE OF THE FIGHTING ONETY-ONETH

BY HARRY ROLLICKER

[August 7–21, 1847 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856]

I

The gabion was ours. After two hours' fighting we were in possession of the first embrasure, and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. Jack Delamere, Tom Delancy, Jerry Blake, the Doctor, and myself sat down under a pontoon, and our servants laid out a hasty supper on a tumbril. Though Cambacérès had escaped me so provokingly after I cut him down, his spoils were mine ; a cold fowl and a Bologna sausage were found in the Marshal's holsters ; and in the haversack of a French private who lay a corpse on the glacis, we found a loaf of bread, his three days' ration. Instead of salt, we had gunpowder ; and you may be sure, wherever the Doctor was, a flask of good brandy was behind him in his instrument-case. We sat down and made a soldier's supper. The Doctor pulled a few of the delicious fruit from the lemon-trees growing near (and round which the Carabiniers and the 24th Léger had made a desperate rally), and punch was brewed in Jack Delamere's helmet.

'Faith, it never had so much wit in it before,' said the Doctor, as he ladled out the drink. We all roared with laughing, except the guardsman, who was as savage as a Turk at a christening.

'*Buvez-en*,' said old Sawbones to our French prisoner; '*Ça vous fera du bien, mon vieux coq!*' and the Colonel, whose wound had been just dressed, eagerly grasped at the proffered cup, and drained it with a health to the donors.

How strange are the chances of war! But half an hour before he and I were engaged in mortal combat, and our prisoner was all but my conqueror. Grappling with Cambacérès, whom I knocked from his horse, and was about to dispatch, I felt a lunge behind, which luckily was parried by my sabretache; a herculean grasp was at the next instant at my throat—I was on the ground—my prisoner had escaped, and a gigantic warrior in the uniform of a colonel of the regiment of Artois glaring over me with pointed sword.

'*Rends-toi, coquin!*' said he.

'*Allez au diable!*' said I; 'a Fogarty never surrenders.'

I thought of my poor mother and my sisters, at the old house in Killaloo—I felt the tip of his blade between my teeth—I breathed a prayer, and shut my eyes—when the tables were turned—the butt-end of Lanty Clancy's musket knocked the sword up and broke the arm that held it.

'*Thonamoundiaoul nabochlish*,' said the French officer, with a curse in the purest Irish. It was lucky I stopped laughing time enough to bid Lanty hold his hand, for the honest fellow would else have brained my gallant adversary. We were the better friends for our combat, as what gallant hearts are not?

The breach was to be stormed at sunset, and like true soldiers we sat down to make the most of our time. The rogue of a Doctor took the liver-wing for his share—we gave the other to our guest, a prisoner; those scoundrels Jack Delamere and Tom Delancy took the legs—and, faith, poor I was put off with the Pope's nose and a bit of the back.

'How d'ye like his Holiness's *fayture?*' said Jerry Blake.

'Anyhow you'll have a *merry thought*,' cried the incorrigible Doctor, and all the party shrieked at the witticism.

'*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*,' said Jack, holding up the drumstick clean.

'Faith, there's not enough of it to make us *chicken-hearted*, anyhow,' said I; 'come, boys, let's have a song.'

'Here goes,' said Tom Delancy, and sang the following lyric, of his own composition:—

'Dear Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill,
And drink to the health of sweet Nan of the Hill,
Was once Tommy Tosspot's, as jovial a sot,
As e'er drew a spigot, or drained a full pot—
In drinking all round 'twas his joy to surpass,
And with all merry tipplers he drank off his glass.

'One morning in summer, while seated so snug,
In the porch of his garden, discussing his jug,
Stern Death, on a sudden, to Tom did appear,
And said, "Honest Thomas, come take your last bier;"
We kneaded his clay in the shape of this can,
From which let us drink to the health of my Nan.'

'Psha!' said the Doctor, 'I've heard that song before; here's a new one for you, boys!' and Sawbones began, in a rich Corkagian voice—

'You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole;
He had but one eye,
To ogle ye by—
Oh, murther, but that was a jew'l!
A fool
He made of de girls, dis O'Toole.

''Twas he was the boy didn't fail,
That tuck down pataties and mail;
He never would shrink
From any sthrong dthrink,
Was it whisky or Drogheda ale;
I'm bail
This Larry would swallow a pail.

'Oh, many a night, at the bowl,
With Larry I've sot cheek by jowl;
He's gone to his rest,
Where there's dthrink of the best,
And so let us give his old sowl
A howl,
For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl.'

I observed the French Colonel's eye glisten, as he heard these well-known accents of his country; but we were too well-bred to pretend to remark his emotion.

The sun was setting behind the mountains as our songs were finished, and each began to look out with some anxiety for the preconcerted signal, the rocket from Sir Hussey Vivian's quarters, which was to announce the recommencement of hostilities. It came just as the moon rose in her silver splendour, and ere the rocket-stick fell quivering to earth at the feet of General Picton and Sir Lowry Cole, who were at their posts at the head of the storming parties, nine hundred-and-ninety-nine guns in position opened their fire from our batteries, which were answered by a tremendous cannonade from the fort.

'Who's going to dance,' said the Doctor, 'the ball's begun. Ha! there goes poor Jack Delamere's head off! The ball chose a soft one, anyhow. Come here, Tim, till I mend your leg. Your wife has need only knit half as many stockings next year, Doolan, my boy. Faix! there goes a big one had wellnigh stopped my talking; bedad! it has snuffed the feather off my cocked hat!'

In this way, with eighty-four-pounders roaring over us like hail, the undaunted little Doctor pursued his jokes and his duty. That he had a feeling heart, all who served with him knew, and none more so than Philip Fogarty, the humble writer of this tale of war.

Our embrasure was luckily bomb-proof, and the detachment of the gallant Onety-oneth under my orders suffered comparatively little. 'Be cool, boys,' I said; 'it will be hot enough work for you ere long.' The honest fellows answered with an Irish cheer. I saw that it affected our prisoner.

'Countryman,' said I, 'I know you; but an Irishman was never a traitor.'

'*Taisez-vous!*' said he, putting his finger to his lip. '*C'est la fortune de la guerre:* if ever you come to Paris, ask for the Marquis d'O'Mahony, and I may render you the hospitality which your tyrannous laws prevent me from exercising in the ancestral halls of my own race.'

I shook him warmly by the hand as a tear bedimmed his eye. It was, then, the celebrated Colonel of the Irish Brigade created a Marquis by Napoleon on the field of Austerlitz!

'Marquis,' said I, 'the country which disowns you is proud of you; but—ha! here, if I mistake not, comes our signal to advance.' And in fact Captain Vandeleur, riding up through the shower of shot, asked for the commander of the detachment, and bade me hold myself in readiness to move as soon as the flank companies of the Ninety-ninth, and Sixty-sixth, and the Grenadier Brigade of the German Legion began to advance up the echelon. The devoted band soon arrived; Jack Bowser heading the Ninety-ninth (when was he away and a storming party to the fore ?), and the gallant Potztausend with his Hanoverian veterans.

The second rocket flew up.

'Forward, Onety-oneth!' cried I, in a voice of thunder. 'Killaloo boys, follow your captain!' and with a shrill hurray, that sounded above the tremendous fire from the fort, we sprang up the steep; Bowser with the brave Ninety-ninth, and the bold Potztausend, keeping well up with us. We passed the demi-lune, we passed the culverin, bayonetting the artillerymen at their guns; we advanced across the two tremendous demi-lunes which flank the counterscarp, and prepared for the final spring upon the citadel. Soult I could see quite pale on the wall; and the scoundrel Cambacérès, who had been so nearly my prisoner that day, trembled as he cheered his men. ‘On boys, on!’ I hoarsely exclaimed. ‘Hurroo!’ said the fighting Onety-oneth.

But there was a movement among the enemy. An officer, glittering with orders, and another in a grey coat and a cocked hat, came to the wall, and I recognized the Emperor Napoleon and the famous Joachim Murat.

‘We are hardly pressed, methinks,’ Napoleon said sternly. ‘I must exercise my old trade as an artilleryman;’ and Murat loaded, and the Emperor pointed the only hundred-and-twenty-four-pounder that had not been silenced by our fire.

‘Hurray, Killaloo boys!’ shouted I. The next moment a sensation of numbness and death seized me, and I lay like a corpse upon the rampart.

II

‘Hush!’ said a voice, which I recognized to be that of the Marquis d’O’Mahony. ‘Heaven be praised, reason has returned to you. For six weeks those are the only sane words I have heard from you.’

‘Faix, and ’tis thrue for you, Colonel dear,’ cried another voice, with which I was even more familiar; ’twas that of my honest and gallant Lanty Clancy, who was blubbering at my bedside overjoyed at his master’s recovery.

‘Oh, musha! Masther Phil. Agrah! but this will be the great day intirely, when I send off the news, which I would, barrin’ I can’t write, to the lady, your mother, and your sisters at Castle Fogarty; and ’tis his riv’rence Father Luke will jump for joy thin, when he reads the letthur! Six weeks ravin’ and roarin’ as bould as a lion, and as mad as Mick Malony’s pig, that mistuck Mick’s wig for a cabbage, and died of atin’ it!’

‘And have I then lost my senses?’ I exclaimed feebly.

‘Sure, didn’t ye call me your beautiful Donna Anna only yesterday, and catch hould of me whiskers as if they were the Signora’s jet-black ringlets?’ Lanty cried.

At this moment, and blushing deeply, the most beautiful young creature I ever set my eyes upon, rose from a chair at the foot of the bed, and sailed out of the room.

'Confusion, you blundering rogue,' I cried, 'who is that lovely lady whom you frightened away by your impertinence? Donna Anna? Where am I?'

'You are in good hands, Philip,' said the Colonel; 'you are at my house in the Place Vendôme, at Paris, of which I am the Military Governor. You and Lanty were knocked down by the wind of the cannon-ball at Burgos. Do not be ashamed: 'twas the Emperor pointed the gun;' and the Colonel took off his hat as he mentioned the name darling to France. 'When our troops returned from the sally in which your gallant storming party was driven back, you were found on the glacis, and I had you brought into the city. Your reason had left you, however, when you returned to life; but, unwilling to desert the son of my old friend, Philip Fogarty, who saved my life in '98, I brought you in my carriage to Paris.'

'And many's the time you tried to jump out of the windy, Masther Phil,' said Clancy.

'Brought you to Paris,' resumed the Colonel, smiling; 'where, by the *soins* of my friends Broussais, Esquirol, and Baron Larrey, you have been restored to health, thank Heaven!'

'And that lovely angel who quitted the apartment?' I cried.

'That lovely angel is the Lady Blanche Sarsfield, my ward, a descendant of the gallant Lucan, and who may be, when she chooses, Madame la Maréchale de Cambacérès, Duchess of Illyria.'

'Why did you deliver the ruffian when he was in my grasp?' I cried.

'Why did Lanty deliver you when in mine?' the Colonel replied. '*C'est la fortune de la guerre, mon garçon;* but calm yourself, and take this potion which Blanche has prepared for you.'

I drank the *tisane* eagerly when I heard whose fair hands had compounded it, and its effects were speedily beneficial to me, for I sank into a cool and refreshing slumber.

From that day I began to mend rapidly, with all the elasticity of youth's happy time. Blanche—the enchanting Blanche—ministered henceforth to me, for I would take no medicine but from her lily hand. And what were the effects ? Faith, ere a month was past, the patient was over head and ears in love with the doctor ; and as for Baron Larrey, and Broussais, and Esquirol, they were sent to the right-about. In a short time I was in a situation to do justice to the *gigot aux navets*, the *bœuf aux cornichons*, and the other delicious *entremets* of the Marquis's board, with an appetite that astonished some of the Frenchmen who frequented it.

'Wait till he's quite well, Miss,' said Lanty, who waited always behind me. 'Faith ! when he's in health, I'd back him to ate a cow, barrin' the horns and teel.' I sent a decanter at the rogue's head, by way of answer to his impertinence.

Although the disgusting Cambacérès did his best to have my parole withdrawn from me, and to cause me to be sent to the English dépôt of prisoners at Verdun, the Marquis's interest with the Emperor prevailed, and I was allowed to remain at Paris, the happiest of prisoners at the Colonel's hotel at the Place Vendôme. I here had the opportunity (an opportunity not lost, I flatter myself, on a young fellow with the accomplishments of Philip Fogarty, Esq.) of mixing with the *élite* of French society, and meeting with many of the great, the beautiful, and the brave. Talleyrand was a frequent guest of the Marquis's. His *bon-mots* used to keep the table in a roar. Ney frequently took his chop with us ; Murat, when in town, constantly dropped in for a cup of tea and friendly round game. Alas ! who would have thought those two gallant heads would be so soon laid low ? My wife has a pair of ear-rings which the latter, who always wore them, presented to her—but we are advancing matters. Anybody could see, '*avec un demi-œil*,' as the Prince of Benevento remarked, how affairs went between me and Blanche ; but though she loathed him for his cruelties and the odiousness of his person, the brutal Cambacérès still pursued his designs upon her.

I recollect, it was on St. Patrick's Day. My lovely friend had procured, from the gardens of the Empress Josephine, at Malmaison (whom we loved a thousand times more than her Austrian successor, a sandy-haired woman, between ourselves, with an odious squint), a quantity of shamrock wherewith to garnish the hotel, and all the Irish in Paris were invited to the national festival.

I and Prince Talleyrand danced a double hornpipe with Pauline Bonaparte and Madame de Staël; Marshal Soult went down a couple of sets with Madame Récamier; and Robespierre's widow—an excellent, gentle creature, quite unlike her husband—stood up with the Austrian Ambassador. Besides, the famous artists Baron Gros, David and Nicholas Poussin, and Canova, who was in town making a statue of the Emperor for Leo X, and in a word all the celebrities of Paris—as my gifted countrywoman, the wild Irish girl, calls them—were assembled in the Marquis's elegant receiving-rooms.

At last a great outcry was raised for *La Gigue Irlandaise! La Gigue Irlandaise!* a dance which had made *fureur* amongst the Parisians ever since the lovely Blanche Sarsfield had danced it. She stepped forward and took me for a partner, and amidst the bravos of the crowd, in which stood Ney, Murat, Lannes, the Prince of Wagram, and the Austrian Ambassador, we showed to the *beau-monde* of the French capital, I flatter myself, a not unfavourable specimen of the dance of our country.

As I was cutting the double-shuffle, and toe-and-heeling it in the 'rail' style, Blanche danced up to me, smiling, and said, 'Be on your guard; I see Cambacérès talking to Fouché, the Duke of Otranto, about us—and when Otranto turns his eyes upon a man, they bode him no good.'

'Cambacérès is jealous,' said I. 'I have it,' says she; 'I'll make him dance a turn with me.' So, presently, as the music was going like mad all this time, I pretended fatigue from my late wounds, and sat down. The lovely Blanche went up smiling, and brought out Cambacérès as a second partner.

The Marshal is a lusty man, who makes desperate efforts to give himself a waist, and the effect of the exercise upon him was speedily visible. He puffed and snorted like a walrus, drops trickled down his purple face, while my lovely mischief of a Blanche went on dancing at treble quick, till she fairly danced him down.

'Who'll take the flure with me?' said the charming girl, animated by the sport.

'Faix, den, 'tis I, Lanty Clancy!' cried my rascal, who had been mad with excitement at the scene; and, stepping in with a whoop and a hurroo, he began to dance with such rapidity as made all present stare.

As the couple were footing it, there was a noise as of a rapid cavalcade traversing the Place Vendôme, and stopping at the Marquis's door. A crowd appeared to mount the stair; the great doors of the reception-room were flung open, and two pages announced their Majesties the Emperor and the Empress. So engaged were Lanty and Blanche that they never heard the tumult occasioned by the august approach.

It was indeed the Emperor, who, returning from the Théâtre français, and seeing the Marquis's windows lighted up, proposed to the Empress to drop in on the party. He made signs to the musicians to continue: and the conqueror of Marengo and Friedland watched with interest the simple evolutions of two happy Irish people. Even the Empress smiled; and, seeing this, all the courtiers, including Naples and Talleyrand, were delighted.

'Is not this a great day for Ireland?' said the Marquis, with a tear trickling down his noble face. 'O Ireland! O my country! But no more of that. Go up, Phil, you divvle, and offer Her Majesty the choice of punch or negus.'

Among the young fellows with whom I was most intimate in Paris was Eugène Beauharnais, the son of the ill-used and unhappy Josephine by her former marriage with a French gentleman of good family. Having a smack of the old blood in him, Eugène's manners were much more refined than those of the new-fangled dignitaries of the Emperor's Court; where (for my knife and fork were regularly laid at the Tuileries) I have seen my poor friend Murat repeatedly mistake a fork for a toothpick, and the gallant Massena devour peas by means of his knife, in a way more innocent than graceful. Talleyrand, Eugène, and I used often to laugh at these eccentricities of our brave friends, who certainly did not shine in the drawing-room, however brilliant they were in the field of battle. The Emperor always asked me to take wine with him, and was full of kindness and attention.

'I like Eugène' (he would say, pinching my ear confidentially, as his way was)—'I like Eugène to keep company with such young fellows as you; you have manners; you have principles; my rogues from the camp have none. And I like you, Philip, my boy,' he added, 'for being so attentive to my poor wife—the Empress Josephine, I mean.' All these honours made my friends at the Marquis's very proud, and my enemies at Court *crêver* with envy. Among these, the atrocious Cambacérès was not the least active and envenomed.

The cause of the many attentions which were paid to me, and which, like a vain coxcomb, I had chosen to attribute to my own personal amiability, soon was apparent. Having formed a good opinion of my gallantry from my conduct in various actions and forlorn hopes during the war, the Emperor was most anxious to attach me to his service. The Grand Cross of St. Louis, the title of Count, the command of a crack cavalry regiment, the 14me Chevaux Marins, were the bribes that were actually offered to me; and, must

I say it ? Blanche, the lovely, the perfidious Blanche, was one of the agents employed to tempt me to commit this act of treason.

'Object to enter a foreign service ! ' she said, in reply to my refusal. 'It is you, Philip, who are in a foreign service. The Irish nation is in exile, and in the territories of its French allies. Irish traitors are not here ; they march alone under the accursed flag of the Saxon, whom the great Napoleon would have swept from the face of the earth but for the fatal valour of Irish mercenaries ! Accept this offer, and my heart, my hand, my all are yours. Refuse it, Philip, and we part.'

'To wed the abominable Cambacérès ! ' I cried, stung with rage. 'To wear a duchess's coronet, Blanche ! Ha, ha ! Mushrooms, instead of strawberry-leaves, should decorate the brows of the upstart French nobility. I shall withdraw my parole. I demand to be sent to prison—to be exchanged—to die—anything rather than be a traitor, and the tool of a traitress ! ' Taking up my hat, I left the room in a fury ; and flinging open the door tumbled over Cambacérès, who was listening at the keyhole, and must have overheard every word of our conversation.

We tumbled over each other, as Blanche was shrieking with laughter at our mutual discomfiture. Her scorn only made me more mad ; and, having spurs on, I began digging them into Cambacérès's fat sides as we rolled on the carpet, until the Marshal howled with rage and anger.

'This insult must be avenged with blood ! ' roared the Duke of Illyria.

'I have already drawn it,' says I, 'with my spurs.'

'*Malheur et malédiction !* ' roared the Marshal.

'Hadn't you better settle your wig ? ' says I, offering it to him on the tip of my cane, 'and we'll arrange time and place when you have put your jasey in order.' I shall never forget the look of revenge which he cast at me, as I was thus turning him into ridicule before his mistress.

'Lady Blanche,' I continued bitterly, 'as you look to share the Duke's coronet, hadn't you better see to his wig ? ' and so saying, I cocked my hat, and walked out of the Marquis's place, whistling 'Garryowen.'

I knew my man would not be long in following me, and waited for him in the Place Vendôme, where I luckily met Eugène too, who was looking at the picture-shop in the corner. I explained to him my affair in a twinkling. He at once agreed to go with me to the ground, and commended me, rather than otherwise, for refusing the offer which had been made to me. 'I knew it would be so,' he said, kindly; 'I told my father you wouldn't. A man with the blood of the Fogarties, Phil, my boy, doesn't wheel about like those fellows of yesterday.' So, when Cambacérès came out, which he did presently, with a more furious air than before, I handed him at once over to Eugène, who begged him to name a friend, and an early hour for the meeting to take place.

'Can you make it before eleven, Phil?' said Beauharnais. 'The Emperor reviews the troops in the Bois de Boulogne at that hour, and we might fight there handy before the review.'

'Done!' said I. 'I want of all things to see the newly-arrived Saxon cavalry manœuvre:' on which Cambacérès gave me a look, as much as to say, 'See sights! Watch cavalry manœuvres! Make your soul, and take measure for a coffin, my boy!' walked away, naming our mutual acquaintance, Marshal Ney, to Eugène, as his second in the business.

I had purchased from Murat a very fine Irish horse, Bugaboo, out of Smithereens, by Fadladeen, which ran into the French ranks at Salamanca, with poor Jack Clonakilty, of the 13th, dead, on the top of him. Bugaboo was too much and too ugly an animal for the King of Naples, who, though a showy horseman, was a bad rider across country; and I got the horse for a song. A wickeder and uglier brute never wore pig-skin; and I never put my leg over such a timber-jumper in my life. I rode the horse down to the Bois de Boulogne on the morning that the affair with Cambacérès was to come off, and Lanty held him as I went in, 'sure to win,' as they say in the ring.

Cambacérès was known to be the best shot in the French army; but I, who am a pretty good hand at a snipe, thought a man was bigger, and that I could wing him if I had a mind. As soon as Ney gave the word, we both fired: I felt a whizz past my left ear, and putting up my hand there, found a large piece of my whiskers gone; whereas at the same moment, and shrieking a horrible malediction, my adversary reeled and fell.

'*Mon Dieu, il est mort!*' cried Ney.

'*Pas de tout*,' said Beauharnais. '*Écoute ; il jure toujours.*'

And such, indeed, was the fact : the supposed dead man lay on the ground cursing most frightfully. We went up to him : he was blind with the loss of blood, and my ball had carried off the bridge of his nose. He recovered ; but he was always called the Prince of Ponterotto in the French army, afterwards. The surgeon in attendance having taken charge of this unfortunate warrior, we rode off to the review, where Ney and Eugène were on duty at the head of their respective divisions, and where, by the way, Cambacérès, as the French say, '*se faisait désirer*.'

It was arranged that Cambacérès's division of six battalions and nine-and-twenty squadrons should execute a *ricochet* movement, supported by artillery in the intervals, and converging by different *épaulements* on the light infantry, that formed, as usual, the centre of the line. It was by this famous manœuvre that at Arcola, at Montenotte, at Friedland, and subsequently at Mazagran, Suwaroff, Prince Charles, and General Castanos were defeated with such victorious slaughter : but it is a movement which, I need not tell every military man, requires the greatest delicacy of execution, and which, if it fails, plunges an army into confusion.

'Where is the Duke of Illyria ?' Napoleon asked. 'At the head of his division, no doubt,' said Murat : at which Eugène, giving me an arch look, put his hand to his nose, and caused me almost to fall off my horse with laughter. Napoleon looked sternly at me ; but at this moment the troops getting in motion, the celebrated manœuvre began, and His Majesty's attention was taken off from my impudence.

Milhaud's Dragoons, their bands playing *Vive Henri Quatre*, their cuirasses gleaming in the sunshine, moved upon their own centre from the left flank in the most brilliant order, while the Carbineers of Foy, and the Grenadiers of the Guard under Drouet d'Erlon, executed a carambolade on the right, with the precision which became those veteran troops ; but the Chasseurs of the young Guard, marching by twos instead of threes, bore consequently upon the Bavarian Uhlans (an ill-disciplined and ill-affected body), and these, falling back in disorder, became entangled with the artillery, and the left centre of the line, and in one instant thirty thousand men were in inextricable confusion.

'Clubbed, by jabers!' roared out Lanty Clancy. 'I wish we could show 'em the Fighting Onety-oneth, Captain darling.'

'Silence, fellow!' I exclaimed. I never saw the face of man express passion so vividly as now did the livid countenance of Napoleon. He tore off General Milhaud's epaulettes, which he flung into Foy's face. He glared about him wildly, like a demon, and shouted hoarsely for the Duke of Illyria. 'He is wounded, Sire,' said General Foy, wiping a tear from his eye, which was blackened by the force of the blow; 'he was wounded an hour since in a duel, Sire, by a young English prisoner, Monsieur de Fogarty.'

'Wounded! a Marshal of France wounded! Where is the Englishman? Bring him out, and let a file of grenadiers——'

'Sire!' interposed Eugène.

'Let him be shot!' shrieked the Emperor, shaking his spy-glass at me with the fury of a fiend.

This was too much. 'Here goes!' said I, and rode slap at him.

There was a shriek of terror from the whole of the French army, and I should think at least forty thousand guns were levelled at me in an instant. But as the muskets were not loaded, and the cannon had only wadding in them, these facts, I presume, saved the life of Phil Fogarty from this discharge.

Knowing my horse, I put him at the Emperor's head, and Bugaboo went at it like a shot. He was riding his famous white Arab, and turned quite pale as I came up and went over the horse and the Emperor, scarcely brushing the cockade which he wore.

'Bravo!' said Murat, bursting into enthusiasm at the leap.

'Cut him down!' said Siéyès, once an Abbé, but now a gigantic Cuirassier; and he made a pass at me with his sword. But he little knew an Irishman on an Irish horse. Bugaboo cleared Siéyès, and fetched the monster a slap with his near hind hoof which sent him reeling from his saddle,—and away I went, with an army of a hundred and seventy-three thousand eight hundred men at my heels. . . . .

CRINOLINE

BY JE-MES PL-SH, ESQ.

[August 28, September 4 and 11, 1847]

I

I'm not at libbaty to divulj the reel names of the 2 Eroes of the igstrawny Tail which I am abowt to relait to those unlightnd paytrons of letarature and true connyshures of merrit—the great Brittish public—But I pledj my varacity that this singlar story of rewmantic love, absobbing pashn, and likewise of *genteel life*, is, in the main fax, *trew.* The suckmstanzas I elude to, ocurd in the rain of our presnt Gratious Madjisty and her beluvd and roil Concert Prince Halbert.

Welthen. Some time in the seazen of 18— (mor I dar not rewheel) there arrived in this metropulus, per seknd class of the London and Dover Railway, an ellygant young foring gentleman, whom I shall danomminate Munseer Jools De Chacabac.

Having read through the *Vicker of Wackfield* in the same oridganal English tung, in which this very harticle I write is wrote too, and halways been remarkyble, both at collidge and in the estamminy, for his aytred and orror of perfidgus Halbion, Munseer Jools was considered by the prapriretors of the newspaper in which he wrote, at Parris, the very man to come to this country, igsamin its manners and customs, cast an i upon the politticle and finanshle stat of the Hempire, and igspose the mackynations of the infymus Palmerston, and the ebomminable Sir Pill—both enemies of France, as is every other Britten of that great, gloarus, libberal, and peasable country. In one word, Jools de Chacabac was a penny-a-liner.

'I will go see with my own I's,' he said, 'that infimus hiland of which the innabitants are shop-keepers, gorged with roast beef and treason. I will go and see the murderers of the Hirish, the pisoners of the Chynese, the villians who put the Hemperor to death in Saintyleany, the artful dodges who wish to smother Europe with their cotton, and can't sleep or rest heasy for henvy and hatred of the great inwinsable French nation. I will igsammin, face to face, these hotty insularies; I will pennytrate into the secrets of their Jessywhittickle cabinet, and beard Palmerston in his denn.' When he jumpt on shor at Foaxton (after having been tremenguously sick in the four-cabbing), he exclaimed, '*Enfin je te tiens, Île maudite ! je te crache à la figure, vieille Angleterre ! Je te foule à mes pieds au nom du monde outragé,*' and so proseaded to inwade the metropulus.

As he wisht to micks with the very chicest sosiaty, and git the best of infmation about this country, Munseer Jools of coarse went and lodgd in Lester Square—Lester Squarr, as he calls it—which, as he was infommed in the printed suckular presented to him by a very greasy but polite comishner at the Custumus Stares, was in the scenter of the town, contiggus to the Ouses of Parlyment, the prinsple Theayters, the Parx, St. Jams Pallice, and the Corts of Lor. 'I can surwhey them all at one cut of the eye,' Jools thought; 'the Sovring, the infamus Ministers plotting the destruction of my immortial country; the business and pleasure of these pusproud Londoners and aristoxy; I can look round and see all.' So he took a three-pair back in a French hotel, the Hotel de l'Ail, kep by Monsieur Gigotot, Cranbourne Street, Lester Squarr, London.

In this Otell there's a billiard room on the first floor, and a tabbledoat at eighteenpence peredd at 5 o'clock;

and the landlord, who kem into Jools's room smoakin a segar, told the young gent that the house was friquented by all the Brittish nobillaty, who reglar took their dinners there. 'They can't ebide their own *quiseen*,' he said. 'You'll see what a dinner we'll serve you to-day.' Jools wrote off to his paper—

'The members of the haughty and luxurious English aristocracy, like all the rest of the world, are obliged to fly to France for the indulgence of their luxuries. The nobles of England, quitting their homes, their wives, *miladies* and *mistriss*, so fair but so cold, dine universally at the tavern. That from which I write is frequented by Peel and Palmerston. I *frémis* to think that I may meet them at the board to-day.'

Singlar to say, Peel and Palmerston didn't dine at the Hotel de l'Ail on that evening. 'Its quite igstronnary they don't come,' said Munseer de l'Ail.'

'Peraps they're ingaged at some boxing match, or some *combaw de cock*,' Munseer Jools sejested ; and the landlord egreed that was very likely.

Instedd of English there was, however, plenty of foring sociaty, of every nation under the sun. Most of the noblemen were great hamatures of hale and porter. The tablecloth was marked over with brown suckles, made by the pewter pots on that and the privious days.

'It is the usage here,' wrote Jools to his newspaper, 'among the Anglais of the *fashonne* to absorb immense quantities of ale and porter during their meals. These stupefying, but cheap, and not unpalatable liquors are served in shining pewter vessels. A mug of foaming *hafanaf* (so a certain sort of beer is called) was placed by the side of most of the *convives.* I was disappointed of seeing Sir Peel : he was engaged to a combat of cocks which occurs at Windsor.'

Not one word of English was spoke during this dinner, exep when the gentlemen said 'Garsong, de *l'afanaf*,' but Jools was very much pleased to meet the *eleet* of the foringers in town, and ask their opinion about the reel state of thinx. Was it likely that the Bishops were to be turned out of the Chambre des Communes ? Was it true that Lor Palmerston had boxéd with Lor Broghamm in the House of Lords, until they were sepparayted by the Lor Maire ? Who was the Lor Maire ? Wasn't he Premier Minister ? and wasn't the Archevêque de Cantorbéry a Quaker ? He got answers to these questions from the various gents round about during the dinner—which, he remarked, was very much like a French dinner, only dirtier. And he wrote off all the infamation he got to his newspaper.

'The Lord Maire, Lord Lansdowne, is Premier Ministre. His Grace has his dwelling in the City. The Archbishop of Cantabery is not turned Quaker, as some people stated. Quakers may not marry nor sit in the Chamber of Peers. The minor Bishops have seats in the House of Commons, where they are attacked by the bitter pleasantries of Lord Brougham. A boxer is in the House ; he taught Palmerston the science of the pugilate, who conferred upon him the seat,' &c., &c.

His writing hover, Jools came down and ad a gaym at pool with two Poles, a Bulgian, and 2 of his own countrymen. This being done amidst more hafanaf, without which nothink is done in England, and as there was no French play that night, he & the two French gents walked round and round Lester Squar smoking segaws in the faces of other French gents who were smoaking 2. And they talked about the granjer of France and the perfidgusness of England, and looked at the aluminated pictur of Madame Wharton as Haryadney, till bed-time. But befor he slep, he finished his letter you may be sure, and called it his 'Fust Imprestiuns of Anglyterre.'

'Mind and wake me early,' he said to Boots, the ony Brittish subject in the Hotel de l'Ail, and who therefore didn't understand him. 'I wish to be at Smithfield at 6 hours to see *the men sell their wives*.'

And the young roag fell asleep, thinking what sort of a one he'd buy.

This was the way Jools passed his days, and got infamation about Hengland and the Henglish—walking round and round Lester Squarr all day, and every day with the same company, occasionally dewussified by an Oprer Chorus-singer or a Jew or two, and every afternoon in the Quaddrant admiring the genteal sosiaty there. Munseer Jools was not over well funnisht with pocket money, and so his pleasure was of the gratis sort cheafly.

Well, one day as he and a friend was taking their turn among the aristoxy under the Quadrant—they were struck all of a heap by seeing—But, stop ! who *was* Jools's friend ? Here you have pictures of both—but the Istory of Jools's friend must be kep for another innings.

II

NOT fur from that knowble and cheerfle Squear which Munseer Jools de Chacabac had selacted for his eboad in London—not fur, I say, from Lester Squarr, is a rainje of bildings called Pipping's Row, leading to Blue Lion Court, leading to St. Martin's Lane. You know Pipping's Buildings by its greatest ornament, an am and beefouce (where Jools has often stood admiring the degstaraty of the carver a cuttin the varous jints), and by the little fish-mungur's, where you remark the mouldy lobsters, the fly-blown picklesammon, the playbills, and the gingybear bottles in the window —above all, by the Constantinople Divan, kep by the Misses Mordeky, and well known to every lover of 'a prime sigaw and an exlent cup of reel Moky Coffy for 6*d.*'

The Constantinople Divann is greatly used by the foring gents of Lester Squar. I never ad the good fortn to pass down Pipping's Buildings without seeing a haf-a-duzen of 'em on the threshole of the extablishment, giving the street an oppertunity of testing the odar of the Misses Mordeky's prime Avannas. Two or three mor may be visable inside, settn on the counter or the chestis, indulging in their fav'rit whead, the rich and spisy Pickwhick, the ripe Manilly, or the flagrant and arheumatic Qby.

'These Divanns are, as is very well known, the knightly resott of the young Henglish nobillaty. It is ear a young Pier, after an arjus day at the House of Commons, solazes himself with a glas of gin-and-water (the national beveridge), with cheerful conversation on the ewents of the day, or with an armless gaym of baggytell in the back-parlor.'

So wrote at least our friend Jools to his newspaper, the *Horriflam;* and of this back-parlor and baggytell bord, of this counter, of this Constantinople Divan, he became almost as reglar a frequenter as the plaster of Parish Turk who sits smoking a hookey between the two blue coffee cups in the winder.

I have oftin, smokin my own shroot in silents in a corner of the Diwann, listened to Jools and his friends inwaying aginst Hingland, and boastin of their own immortial country. How they did go on about Wellintun, and what an arty contamp they ad for him!—how they used to prove that France was the Light, the Scenter-pint, the Igsample and Hadmiration of the whole world! And though I scarcely take a French paper nowadays (I lived in early days as groom in a French famly three years, and therefore knows the languidg), though, I say, you can't take up Jools's paper, the *Orriflam*, without readin that a minister has committed bribery and perjury, or that a littery man has committed perjury and murder, or that a Duke has stabbed his wife in fifty places, or some story equally horrable; yet for all that it's admiral to see how the French gents will swagger—how they will be the scenters of civilisation—how they will be the Igsamples of Europ, and nothink shall prevent 'em—knowing they will have it, I say I listen, smokin my pip in silence. But to our tail.

Reglar every evening there came to the Constantanople a young gent etired in the igth of fashn; and indead presenting by the cleanlyness of his appearants and linning (which was generally a pink or blew shurt, with a cricketer or a dansuse pattern) raythar a contrast to the dinjy and wistkcard sosiaty of the Diwann. As for wiskars, this young mann had none beyond a little yallow tought to his chin, which you woodn notas, only he was always pulling at it. His statue was diminnative, but his coschume supubb, for he had the tippiest Jane boots, the ivoryheadest canes, the most gawjus scarlick Jonville ties, and the most Scotch-plaidest trowseys, of any customer of that establishment. He was univusaly called Milord.

'*Qui est ce jeune seigneur?* Who is this young hurl who comes knightly to the Constantanople, who is so proddigl of his gold' (for indeed the young gent would frequinly propoase gininwater to the company), 'and who drinks so much gin?' asked Munseer Chacabac of a friend from the Hotel de l'Ail.

'His name is Lord Yardham,' answered that friend. 'He never comes here but at night—and why?'

'Y?' igsclaimed Jools, istonisht.

'Why? because he is engaygd all day—and do you know where he is engaygd all day?'

'Where?' asked Jools.

'At the Foring Office—*now* do you beginn to understand?'—Jools trembled.

He speaks of his uncle, the head of that office.—'Who *is* the head of that offis?—Palmerston.'

'The nephew of Palmerston!' said Jools, almost in a fit.

'Lor Yardham pretends not to speak French,' the other went on. 'He pretends he can only say *wee* and *commong porty-voo.* Shallow humbug!—I have marked him during our conversations.—When we have spoken of the glory of France among the nations, I have seen his eye kindle, and his perfidious lip curl with rage. When they have discussed before him, the Imprudents! the affairs of Europe, and Raggybritchovich has shown us the next Circassian Campaign, or Sapousne has laid bare the plan of the Calabrian patriots for the next insurrection, I have marked this stranger—this Lor Yardham. He smokes, 'tis to conceal his countenance; he drinks gin, 'tis to hide his face in the goblet.—And be sure, he carries every word of our conversation to the perfidious Palmerston, his uncle.'

'I will beard him in his den,' thought Jools. 'I will meet him *corps à corps*—the tyrant of Europe shall suffer through his nephew, and I will shoot him as dead as Dujarrier.'

When Lor Yardham came to the Constantanople that night, Jools i'd him savidgely from edd to foot, while Lord Yardham replied the same. It wasn't much for either to do—neyther being more than 4 foot ten hi—Jools was a grannydear in his company of the Nashnal Gard, and was as brayv as a lion.

'*Ah, l'Angleterre, l'Angleterre, tu nous dois une revanche,*' said Jooles, crossing his arms and grinding his teeth at Lord Yardham.

'*Wee*,' said Lord Yardham; '*wee*.'

'*Delenda est Carthago!*' howled out Jools.

'*Oh, wee*,' said the Erl of Yardham, and at the same momint his glas of ginawater coming in, he took a drink, saying, '*A voter santy, Munseer:*' and then he offered it like a man of fashn to Jools.

A light broak on Jools's mind as he igsepted the refreshmint. 'Sapoase,' he said, 'instedd of slaughtering this nephew of the infamous Palmerston, I extract his secrets from him; suppose I pump him—suppose I unveil his schemes and send them to my paper? *La France* may hear the name of Jools de Chacabac, and the star of honour may glitter on my bosom.'

So, axepting Lord Yardham's cortasy, he returned it by ordering another glass of gin at his own expense, and they both drank it on the counter, where Jools talked of the affaers of Europ all night. To everything he said, the Earl of Yardham answered '*Wee, wee;*' except at the end of the evening, when he squeeged his & and said '*Bong swore.*'

'There's nothing like goin amongst 'em to equire the reel pronounciation,' his Lordship said, as he let himself into his lodgings with his latch-key. 'That was a very eloquent young gent at the Constantinople, and I'll patronize him.'

'*Ah, perfide, je te démasquerai !*' Jools remarked to himself as he went to bed in his Hotel de l'Ail. And they met the next night, and from that heavning the young men were continyonally together.

Well, one day, as they were walking in the Quadrant, Jools talking, and Lord Yardham saying '*Wee, wee,*' they were struck all of a heap by seeing——

But my paper is igshosted, and I must dixcribe what they sor in the nex number.

III

THE CASTLE OF THE ISLAND OF FOGO

THE travler who pesews his dalitefle coarse through the fair rellum of Franse (as a great romantic landskippist and neamsack of mind would say) never chaumed his i's with a site more lovely, or vu'd a pallis more magniffiznt than that which was the buthplace of the Eroing of this Trew Tale. Phansy a country through whose werdant planes the selvery Garonne wines, like—like a benevvolent sarpent. In its plasid busum antient cassles, picturask willidges, and waving woods are reflected. Purple hills, crownd with inteak ruings; rivvilets babbling through gentle greenwoods; wight farm ouses, hevvy with hoveranging vines, and from which the appy and peaseful okupier can cast his glans over goolden waving cornfealds, and M. Herald meddows in which the lazy cattle are graysinn; while the sheppard, tending his snoughy flox, wiles away the leasure mominx on his loot—these hoffer but a phaint pictur of the rurial felissaty in the midst of widge Crinoline and Hesteria de Viddlers were bawn.

Their Par, the Marcus de Viddlers, Shavilear of the Legend of Honor and of the Lion of Bulgum, the Golden Flease, Grand Cross of the Eflant and Castle, and of the Catinbagpipes of Hostria, Grand Chamberleng of the Crownd, and Major-Genaril of Hoss-Mareens, &c., &c., &c.—is the twenty-foth or fith Marquis that has bawn the Tittle; is disended lenyally from King Pipping, and has almost as antient a paddygree as any which the Ollywell Street frends of the Member of Buckinumsheer can supply.

His Marchyniss, the lovely & ecomplisht Emily de St. Cornichon, quitted this mortial spear very soon after she had presented her Lord with the two little dawling Cherrybins above dixcribed, in whomb, after the loss of that angle his wife, the disconslit widderer found his only jy on huth. In all his emusemints they ecampanied him; their edjacation was his sole bisniss; he atcheaved it with the assistnce of the ugliest and most lernid masters, and the most hidjus and egsimplary governices which money could procure. R, how must his peturnle art have bet, as these Budds, which he had nurrisht, bust into buty, and twined in blooming flagrance round his pirentle Busm!

The villidges all round his hancestral Alls blessed the Marcus and his lovely hoffsprig. Not one villidge in their naybrood but was edawned by their elygint benifisns, and where the inhabitnts wern't rendered appy. It was a pattern pheasantry. All the old men in the districk were wertuous & tockative, ad red stockins and i-eeled drab shoes, and beautiful snowy air. All the old women had peaked ats, and crookid cains, and chince gowns tucked into the pockits of their quiltid petticoats; they sat in pictarask porches, pretendin to spinn, while the lads and lassis of the villidges danst under the hellums. O, tis a noble sight to whitniss that of an appy pheasantry! Not one of those rustic wassals of the Ouse of Widdlers, but ad his air curled and his shirt sleaves tied up with pink ribbing as he led to the macy dance some appy country gal, with a black velvit boddice and a redd or yaller petticoat, a hormylu cross on her neck, and a silver harrow in her air!

When the Marcus & ther young ladies came to the villidge it would have done the i's of the flanthropist good to see how all reseaved 'em! The little children scattered calico flowers on their path, the snowy-aired old men with red faces and rinkles took off their brown-paper ats to slewt the noble Marcus. Young and old led them to a woodn bank painted to look like a bower of roses, and when they were sett down danst ballys before them. O 'twas a noble site to see the Marcus too, smilin ellygint with fethers in his edd and all his stars on, and the young Marchynisses with their ploomes, and trains, and little coronicks!

They lived in tremenjus splendor at home in their pyturnle alls, and had no end of pallises, willers, and town and country resadences, but their fayvorit resadence was called the Castle of the Island of Fogo.

Add I the penn of the hawther of a Codlingsby himself, I coodnt dixcribe the gawjusness of their aboad. They add twenty-four footmen in livery, besides a boy in codroys for the knives & shoes. They had nine meels aday—Shampayne and pineapples were served to each of the young ladies in bed before they got up. Was it Prawns, Sherry-cobblers, lobster-salids, or maids of honour, they had but to ring the bell and call for what they chose. They had two new dresses every day—one to ride out in the open carriage, and another to appear in the gardens of the Castle of the Island of Fogo, which were illuminated every night like Voxhall. The young noblemen of France were there ready to dance with them, and festif suppers concludid the jawyus night.

Thus they lived in ellygant ratirement until Missfortune bust upon this appy fammaly. Etached to his Princes and abommanating the ojous Lewyphlip, the Marcus was conspiring for the benefick of the helder branch of the Borebones—and what was the consquince?—One night a fleat presented itself round the Castle of the Island of Fogo—and skewering only a couple of chests of jewils, the Marcus and the two young ladies in disgyise, fled from that island of bliss! And whither fled they?—To England!—England the ome of the brave, the refuge of the world, where the pore slave never setts his foot, but he is free!

Such was the ramantic tail which was told to 2 friends of ours by the Marcus de Viddlers himself, whose daughters, walking with their page from Ungerford Market, (where they had been to purchis a paper of srimps for the umble supper of their noble father), Yardham and his equaintnce, Munseer Jools, had remarked and admired.

But how had those two young Erows become equainted with the noble Marcus?—That is a mistry we must elucydate in a futur vollam.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE LAST OF THE MULLIGANS,' 'PILOT,' &c.

[September 25, October 9, 1847]

I

The King of France was walking on the terrace of Versailles; the fairest, not only of Queens, but of women, hung fondly on the Royal arm; while the children of France were indulging in their infantile hilarity in the alleys of the magnificent garden of Le Notre (from which Niblo's garden has been copied, in our own Empire city of New York), and playing at leap-frog with their uncle, the

Count of Provence; gaudy courtiers, emblazoned with orders, glittered in the groves, and murmured frivolous talk in the ears of high-bred beauty.

'Marie, my beloved,' said the ruler of France, taking out his watch, ''tis time that the Minister of America should be here.'

'Your Majesty should know the time,' replied Marie Antoinette archly, and in an Austrian accent; 'is not my Royal Louis the first watchmaker in his empire?'

The King cast a pleased glance at his repeater, and kissed with courtly grace the fair hand of her who had made him the compliment. 'My Lord Bishop of Autun,' said he to Monsieur de Talleyrand-Périgord, who followed the Royal pair, in his quality of Arch-Chamberlain of the Empire, 'I pray you look through the gardens, and tell His Excellency Doctor Franklin that the King waits.' The Bishop ran off with more than youthful agility, to seek the United States Minister. 'These Republicans,' he added confidentially, and with something of a supercilious look, 'are but rude courtiers, methinks.'

'Nay,' interposed the lovely Antoinette, 'rude courtiers, Sire, they may be; but the world boasts not of more accomplished gentlemen. I have seen no grandee of Versailles that has the noble bearing of this American Envoy and his suite. They have the refinement of the Old World, with all the simple elegance of the New. Though they have perfect dignity of manner, they have an engaging modesty which I have never seen equalled by the best of the proud English nobles with whom they wage war. I am told they speak their very language with a grace which the haughty Islanders who oppress them never attained. They are independent, yet never insolent; elegant, yet always respectful; and brave, but not in the least boastful.'

'What! savages and all, Marie?' exclaimed Louis, laughing, and chucking the lovely Queen playfully under the Royal chin. 'But here comes Doctor Franklin, and your friend the Cacique, with him.' In fact, as the monarch spoke, the Minister of the United States made his appearance, followed by a gigantic warrior in the garb of his native woods.

Knowing his place as Minister of a sovereign State (yielding even then in dignity to none, as it surpasses all now in dignity, in valour, in honesty, in strength, and civilization), the Doctor nodded to the Queen of France, but kept his hat on as he faced the French monarch, and did not cease whittling the cane he carried in his hand.

'I was waiting for you, Sir,' the King said peevishly, in spite of the alarmed pressure which the Queen gave his Royal arm.

'The business of the Republic, Sire, must take precedence even of your Majesty's wishes,' replied Dr. Franklin. 'When I was a poor printer's boy, and ran errands, no lad could be more punctual than poor Ben Franklin ; but all other things must yield to the service of the United States of North America. I have done. What would you, Sire ? ' and the intrepid Republican eyed the monarch with a serene and easy dignity which made the descendant of St. Louis feel ill at ease.

'I wished to—to say farewell to Tatua before his departure,' said Louis XVI, looking rather awkward. 'Approach, Tatua.' And the gigantic Indian strode up, and stood undaunted before the First Magistrate of the French nation: again the feeble monarch quailed before the terrible simplicity of the glance of the denizen of the primaeval forests.

The redoubted Chief of the Nose-ring Indians was decorated in his war-paint, and in his top-knot was a peacock's feather, which had been given him out of the head-dress of the beautiful Princess of Lamballe. His nose, from which hung the ornament from which his ferocious tribe took its designation, was painted a light blue, a circle of green and orange was drawn round each eye, while serpentine stripes of black, white, and vermilion alternately were smeared on his forehead, and descended over his cheek bones to his chin. His manly chest was similarly tattooed and painted, and round his brawny neck and arms hung innumerable bracelets and necklaces of human teeth, extracted (one only from each skull) from the jaws of those who had fallen by the terrible tomahawk at his girdle. His mocassins, and his blanket, which was draped on his arm, and fell in picturesque folds to his feet, were fringed with tufts of hair—the black, the grey, the auburn, the golden ringlet of beauty, the red lock from the forehead of the Scottish or the Northern soldier, the snowy tress of extreme old age, the flaxen down of infancy—all were there, dreadful reminiscences of the chief's triumphs in war. The warrior leaned on his enormous rifle, and faced the King.

'And it was with that carabine that you shot Wolfe in '57?' said Louis, eyeing the warrior and his weapon. ''Tis a clumsy lock, and methinks I could mend it,' he added mentally.

'The Chief of the French palefaces speaks truth,' Tatua said. 'Tatua was a boy when he went first on the war-path with Montcalm.'

'And shot a Wolfe at the first fire!' said the King.

'The English are braves, though their faces are white,' replied the Indian. 'Tatua shot the raging Wolfe of the English; but the other wolves caused the foxes to go to earth.' A smile played round Dr. Franklin's lips, as he whittled his cane with more vigour than ever.

'I believe, your Excellency, Tatua has done good service elsewhere than at Quebec,' the King said, appealing to the American Envoy; 'at Bunker's Hill, at Brandywine, at York Island? Now that Lafayette and my brave Frenchmen are among you, your Excellency need have no fear but that the war will finish quickly—yes, yes, it will finish quickly. They will teach you discipline, and the way to conquer.'

'King Louis of France,' said the Envoy, clapping his hat down over his head, and putting his arms a-kimbo, 'we have learned that from the British, to whom we are superior in everything: and I'd have your Majesty to know that, in the art of whipping the world, we have no need of any French lessons. If your reglars jines General Washington, 'tis to larn from *him* how Britishers are licked, for I'm blest if *yu* know the way yet.'

Tatua said, 'Ugh,' and gave a rattle with the butt of his carabine, which made the timid monarch start; the eyes of the lovely Antoinette flashed fire, but it played round the head of the dauntless American Envoy harmless as the lightning which he knew how to conjure away.

The King fumbled in his pocket, and pulled out a Cross of the Order of the Bath. 'Your Excellency wears no honour,' the monarch said; 'but Tatua, who is not a subject, only an ally of the United States, may. Noble Tatua, I appoint you Knight Companion of my noble Order of the Bath. Wear this cross upon your breast in memory of Louis of France;' and the King held out the decoration to the Chief.

Up to that moment the Chief's countenance had been impassible. No look either of admiration or dislike had appeared upon that grim and war-painted visage. But now, as Louis spoke, Tatua's face assumed a glance of ineffable scorn, as, bending his head, he took the bauble.

'I will give it to one of my squaws,' he said. 'The papooses in my lodge will play with it. Come, Medecine, Tatua will go and drink fire-water;' and, shouldering his carabine, he turned his broad back without ceremony upon the monarch and his train, and disappeared down one of the walks of the garden. Franklin found him when his own interview with the French Chief Magistrate was over, being attracted to the spot where the Chief was, by the crack of his well-known rifle. He was laughing in his quiet way. He had shot the Colonel of the Swiss Guards through his cockade.

Three days afterwards, as the gallant frigate, the *Repudiator*, was sailing out of Brest Harbour, the gigantic form of an Indian might be seen standing on the binnacle in conversation with Commodore Bowie, the commander of the noble ship. It was Tatua, the Chief of the Nose-rings.

II

LEATHERLEGS and Tom Coxswain did not accompany Tatua when he went to the Parisian metropolis on a visit to the father of the French palefaces. Neither the Legs nor the Sailor cared for the gaiety and the crowd of cities; the stout mariner's home was in the puttock-shrouds of the old *Repudiator*. The stern and simple trapper loved the sound of the waters better than the jargon of the French of the old country. 'I can follow the talk of a Pawnee,' he said, 'or wag my jaw if so be necessity bids me to speak, by a Sioux's council-fire; and I can patter Canadian French with the hunters who come for peltries to Nachitoches or Thichimuchimachy, but from the tongue of a

Frenchwoman, with white flour on her head, and war-paint on her face, the Lord deliver poor Natty Pumpo.'

'Amen and amen!' said Tom Coxswain. 'There was a woman in our aft-scuppers when I went a-whalin in the little *Grampus*—and Lord love you, Pumpo, you poor land-swab, she *was* as pretty a craft as ever dowsed a tarpauling—there was a woman on board the *Grampus*, who before we'd struck our first fish, or biled our first blubber, set the whole crew in a mutiny. I mind me of her now, Natty—her eye was sich a piercer that you could see to steer by it in a Newfoundland fog: her nose stood out like the *Grampus's* jib-boom, and her woice, Lord love you, her woice sings in my ears even now:—it set the Captain a-quarrelin with the Mate, who was hanged in Boston Harbour for harpoonin of his officer in Baffin's Bay;—it set me and Bob Bunting a-pouring broadsides into each other's old timbers, whereas me and Bob was worth all the women that ever shipped a hawser. It cost me three years' pay as I'd stowed away for the old mother, and might have cost me ever so much more, only bad luck to me, she went and married a little tailor out of Nantucket, and I've hated women and tailors ever since!' As he spoke, the hardy tar dashed a drop of brine from his tawny cheek, and once more betook himself to splice the taffrail.

Though the brave frigate lay off Havre de Grace, she was not idle. The gallant Bowie and his intrepid crew made repeated descents upon the enemy's seaboard. The coasts of Rutland and merry Leicestershire have still many a legend of fear to tell; and the children of the British fishermen tremble even now when they speak of the terrible *Repudiator*. She was the first of the mighty American war-ships that have taught the domineering Briton to respect the valour of the Republic.

The novelist ever and anon finds himself forced to adopt the sterner tone of the historian, when describing deeds connected with his country's triumphs. It is well known that during the two months in which she lay off Havre, the *Repudiator* had brought more prizes into that port than had ever before been seen in the astonished French waters. Her actions with the *Dettingen* and the *Elector* frigates form part of our country's history; their defence—it may be said without prejudice to national vanity—was worthy of Britons and of the audacious foe they had to encounter;

and it must be owned that, but for a happy fortune which presided on that day over the destinies of our country, the chance of the combat might have been in favour of the British vessels. It was not until the *Elector* blew up, at a quarter past 3, p.m., by a lucky shot which fell into her caboose, and communicated with the powder-magazine, that Commodore Bowie was enabled to lay himself on board the *Dettingen*, which he carried sword in hand. Even when the American boarders had made their lodgement on the *Dettingen's* binnacle, it is possible that the battle would still have gone against us. The British were still seven to one; their carronades, loaded with marline-spikes, swept the gun-deck, of which we had possession, and decimated our little force; when a rifle-ball from the shrouds of the *Repudiator* shot Captain Mumford under the star of the Guelphic Order which he wore, and the Americans, with a shout, rushed up the companion to the quarter-deck, upon the astonished foe. Pike and cutlass did the rest of the bloody work. Rumford, the gigantic first-lieutenant of the *Dettingen*, was cut down by Commodore Bowie's own sword, as they engaged hand to hand; and it was Tom Coxswain who tore down the British flag, after having slain the Englishman at the wheel. Peace be to the souls of the brave! The combat was honourable alike to the victor and the vanquished; and it never can be said that an American warrior depreciated a gallant foe. The bitterness of defeat was enough to the haughty islanders who had to suffer. The people of Herne Bay were lining the shore, near which the combat took place, and cruel must have been the pang to them when they saw the Stars and Stripes rise over the old flag of the Union, and the *Dettingen* fall down the river in tow of the Republican frigate.

Another action Bowie contemplated: the boldest and most daring perhaps ever imagined by seaman. It is this which has been so wrongly described by European annalists, and of which the British until now have maintained the most jealous secrecy.

Portsmouth Harbour was badly defended. Our intelligence in that town and arsenal gave us precise knowledge of the disposition of the troops, the forts, and the ships there; and it was determined to strike a blow which should shake the British power in its centre.

That a frigate of the size of the *Repudiator* should enter the harbour unnoticed, or could escape its guns unscathed, passed the notions of even American temerity. But upon the memorable 26th of June, 1782, the *Repudiator* sailed out of Havre Roads in a thick fog, under cover of which she entered and cast anchor in Bonchurch Bay, in the Isle of Wight. To surprise the Martello Tower and take the feeble garrison thereunder, was the work of Tom Coxswain and a few of his bluejackets. The surprised garrison laid down their arms before him.

It was midnight before the boats of the ship, commanded by Lieutenant Bunker, pulled off from Bonchurch with muffled oars, and in another hour were off the Common Hard of Portsmouth, having passed the challenges of the *Thetis*, the *Amphion* frigates, and the *Polyanthus* brig.

There had been on that day great feasting and merriment on board the flagship lying in the harbour. A banquet had been given in honour of the birthday of one of the princes of the royal line of the Guelphs—the reader knows the propensity of Britons when liquor is in plenty. All on board that royal ship were more or less overcome. The flagship was plunged in a death-like and drunken sleep. The very officer of the watch was intoxicated ; he could not see the *Repudiator's* boats as they shot swiftly through the waters ; nor had he time to challenge her seamen as they swarmed up the huge sides of the ship.

At the next moment Tom Coxswain stood at the wheel of the *Royal George*—the Briton who had guarded, a corpse at his feet. The hatches were down. The ship was in possession of the *Repudiator's* crew. They were busy in her rigging, bending her sails to carry her out of the harbour. The well-known heave of the men at the windlass woke up Kempenfelt in his state cabin. We know, or rather do not know the result ; for who can tell by whom the lower-deck ports of the brave ship were opened, and how the haughty prisoners below sank the ship and its conquerors rather than yield her as a prize to the Republic ?

Only Tom Coxswain escaped of victors and vanquished. His tale was told to his Captain and to Congress, but Washington forbade its publication ; and it was but lately that the faithful seaman told it to me, his grandson, on his hundred-and-fifteenth birthday.

A PLAN FOR A PRIZE NOVEL

In a Letter from the eminent Dramatist BROWN *to the eminent Novelist* SNOOKS.

[February 22, 1851]

Café des Aveugles.

MY DEAR SNOOKS,

I am on the look out here for materials for original comedies such as those lately produced at your theatre; and, in the course of my studies, I have found something, my dear Snooks, which I think will suit your book. You are bringing, I see, your admirable novel, *The Mysteries of May Fair*, to an end—(by the way, the scene, in the 200th Number, between the Duke, his Grandmother, and the Jesuit Butler, is one of the most harrowing and exciting I ever read)—and, of course, you must turn your real genius to some other channel; and we may expect that your pen shall not be idle.

The original plan I have to propose to you, then, is taken from the French; just like the original dramas above-mentioned; and, indeed, I found it in the law report of the *National* newspaper, and a French literary gentleman, M. Emanuel Gonzales, has the credit of the invention. He and an Advertisement Agent fell out about a question of money, the affair was brought before the Courts, and the little plot so got wind. But there is no reason why you should not take the plot and act on it yourself. You are a known man; the public relishes your works; anything bearing the name of Snooks is eagerly read by the masses; and, though Messrs. Hookey, of Holywell Street, pay you handsomely, I make no doubt you would like to be rewarded at a still higher figure.

Unless he writes with a purpose, you know, a novelist in our days is good for nothing. This one writes with a Socialist purpose; that with a Conservative purpose: this author or authoress with the most delicate skill insinuates Catholicism into you, and you find yourself all but a Papist in the third volume: another doctors you with Low Church remedies to work inwardly upon you, and which you swallow down unsuspiciously, as children do calomel in jelly. Fiction advocates all sorts of truths and causes—doesn't the delightful bard of the Minories find Moses in everything?

M. Gonzales's plan, and the one which I recommend to my dear Snooks, simply was to write an advertisement novel. Look over the *Times* or the *Directory*, walk down Regent Street, or Fleet Street any day—see what houses advertise most, and put yourself into communication with their proprietors. With your rings, your chains, your studs, and the tip on your chin, I don't know any greater swell than Bob Snooks. Walk into the shops I say, ask for the principal, and introduce yourself, saying, 'I am the great Snooks; I am the author of the *Mysteries of May Fair;* my weekly sale is 281,000; I am about to produce a new work called *The Palaces of Pimlico, or the Curse of the Court*, describing and lashing fearlessly the vices of the aristocracy—this book will have a sale of at least 530,000; it will be on every table; in the boudoir of the pampered Duke, as in the chamber of the honest artisan. The myriads of foreigners who are coming to London, and are anxious to know about our national manners, will purchase my book, and carry it to their distant homes. So, Mr. Tailor, or Mr. Haberdasher, or Mr. Jeweller—how much will you stand if I recommend you in my forthcoming novel?' You may make a noble income in this way, Snooks.

For instance, suppose it is an upholsterer. What more easy, what more delightful, than the description of upholstery? As thus:—

'Lady Emily was reclining on one of Down and Eider's voluptuous ottomans, the only couch on which Belgravian beauty now reposes, when Lord Bathershins entered, stepping noiselessly over one of Tomkins's elastic Axminster carpets. "Good heavens, my lord!" she said—and the lovely creature fainted. The earl rushed to the mantelpiece, where he saw a flacon of Otto's eau-de-Cologne, and, &c.'

'Or say it's a cheap furniture-shop, and it may be brought in just as easily. As thus:—

'"We are poor, Eliza," said Harry Hardhand, looking affectionately at his wife, "but we have enough, love, have we not, for our humble wants? The rich and luxurious may go to Dillow's or Gobiggin's, but we can get our rooms comfortably furnished at Timmonson's for £20." And putting on her bonnet, and hanging affectionately on her husband, the stoker's pretty bride tripped gaily to the well-known mart, where Timmonson, with his usual affability, was ready to receive them.'

Then you might have a touch at the wine merchant and purveyor. '"Where do you get this delicious claret, or *pâté de foie gras*, or what you please ?" said Count Blagowski to the gay young Sir Horace Swellmore. The voluptuous Bart. answered—"At So-and-so's, or So-and-so's."' The answer is obvious. You may furnish your cellar or your larder in this way. Begad, Snooks ! I lick my lips at the very idea.

Then, as to tailors, milliners, bootmakers, &c., how easy to get a word for them ! 'Amramson, the tailor, waited upon Lord Paddington with an assortment of his unrivalled waistcoats, or clad in that simple but aristocratic style of which Schneider alone has the secret. Parvy Newcome really looked like a gentleman, and though corpulent and crooked, Schneider had managed to give him, &c.' Don't you see what a stroke of business you might do in this way ?

The shoemaker. 'Lady Fanny flew, rather than danced, across the ball-room ; only a Sylphide, or Taglioni, or a lady *chaussé*'d by Chevillet of Bond Street, could move in that fairy way ; and—'

The hairdresser. '"Count Barbarossa is seventy years of age," said the Earl. "I remember him at the Congress of Vienna, and he has not a single grey hair !" Wiggins laughed. "My good Lord Baldock," said the old wag, "I saw Barbarossa's hair coming out of Ducroissant's shop, and under his valet's arm—ho ! ho ! ho !—and the two *bon-vivants* chuckled as the Count passed by, talking with, &c. &c.'

The gunmaker. 'The antagonists faced each other ; and undismayed before his gigantic enemy, Kilconnel raised his pistol. It was one of Clicker's manufacture, and Sir Marmaduke knew he could trust the maker and the weapon. "One, two, *three*," cried O'Tool, and the two pistols went off at that instant, and uttering a terrific curse the Life Guardsman, &c.'—A sentence of this nature from your pen, my dear Snooks, would, I should think, bring a case of pistols and a double-barrelled gun to your lodgings, and though Heaven forbid you should use such weapons, you might sell them, you know, and we could make merry with the proceeds.

If my hint is of any use to you, it is quite at your service, dear Snooks, and should anything come of it, I hope you will remember your friend.

SKETCHES AND TRAVELS IN LONDON

INTRODUCTORY

[November 20, 1847]

HE had appointed me in St. James's Park, under the Duke of York's Column, on Guy Fawkes's Day; and I found the venerable man at the hour and at the place assigned, looking exceedingly sweet upon the gambols of some children: who were accompanied, by the way, by a very comely young woman as a nursery-maid. He left the little ones with a glance of kindness, and, hooking his little arm into mine, my excellent and revered friend Mr. Punch and I paced the Mall for a while together.

I had matters of deep importance (in my mind at least) to communicate to my revered patron and benefactor. The fact is, I have travelled as Mr. Punch's Commissioner in various countries; and having, like all persons of inquiring mind, from Ulysses downwards, a perpetual desire for locomotion, I went to propose to our beloved chief a new tour. I set before him eloquently the advantages of a trip to China: or, now that the fighting was over, a journey to Mexico I thought might be agreeable—or why not travel in the United States, I asked, where *Punch's* Commissioner would be sure of a welcome, and where the natives have such a taste for humorous description?

'My dear Spec,' said the sage, in reply to a long speech of mine, 'you are, judging from your appearance, five-and-twenty years old, and consequently arrived at the estate of man. You have written for my publication a number of articles, which, good, bad, and indifferent as they are, make me suppose that you have some knowledge of the world. Have you lived so long in this our country as not to know that Britons do not care a fig for foreign affairs? Who takes any heed of the Spanish marriages now?—of the Mexican wars?—of the row in Switzerland? Do you know whether a Vorort is a gentleman, or a legislative body, or a village in the Canton of Uri? Do you know a man who reads the Spanish and Portuguese correspondence in the newspapers? Sir, I grow sick at the sight of the name of Bomfin, and shudder at the idea of Costa Cabral!' And he yawned so portentously as he spoke, that I saw all my hopes of a tour were over. Recovered from that spasm, the Good and Wise One continued—'You are fond of dabbling in the Fine Arts, Mr. Spec—now pray, Sir, tell me, which department of the Exhibition is most popular?'

I unhesitatingly admitted that it was the portraits the British public most liked to witness. Even when I exhibited my great picture of *Heliogabalus*, I owned that nobody—

'Exactly—that nobody looked at it; whereas every one examines the portraits with interest, and you hear people exclaim, "Law, Ma! if it ain't a portrait of Mrs. Jones, in a white satin and a tiara;" or, "Mercy me! here's Alderman Blogg in a thunderstorm," &c. &c. The British public like to see representations of what they have seen before.

Do you mark me, Spec ? In print as in Art, Sir, they like to recognize Alderman Blogg.' He paused, for we had by this time mounted the Duke of York's Steps, and, panting a little, pointed to the noble vista before us with his cane. We could see the street thronged with life ; the little children gathered round the column ; the omnibuses whirling past the Drummond Light ; the carriages and flunkeys gathered round Howell and James's ; the image of Britannia presiding over the County Fire Office in the Quadrant, and indeed over the scene in general.

'You want to travel ? ' said he, whisking his bamboo. 'Go and travel there, Sir. Begin your journey this moment. I give you my commission. Travel in London, and bring me an account of your tour. Describe me yonder beggar's impudence, Sir ; or yonder footman's calves ; or my Lord Bishop's cob and apron (my Lord Bishop, how do you do ?) Describe anything—anybody. Consider your journey is begun from this moment ; and, left foot forward—march ! ' So speaking, my benefactor gave me a playful push in the back, in the direction of Waterloo Place, and turned into the Athenaeum, in company with my Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, whose cob had just pulled up at the door, and I walked away alone into the immensity of London, which my Great Master had bidden me to explore.

I staggered before the vastness of that prospect. Not naturally a modest man, yet I asked myself mentally, How am I to grapple with a subject so tremendous ? Every man and woman I met was invested with an awful character, and to be examined as a riddle to be read henceforth. The street-sweeper at the crossing gave me a leer and a wink and a patronizing request for a little trifle, which made me turn away from him and push rapidly forward. 'How do I know, my boy,' thought I, inwardly, 'but that in the course of my travels I may be called upon to examine *you*—to follow you home to your lodgings and back into your early years—to turn your existence inside out, and explain the mystery of your life ? How am I to get the clue to that secret ? ' He luckily spun away towards Waterloo Place with a rapid flourish of his broom, to accost the Honourable Member for Muffborough, just arrived in town, and who gave the sweeper a gratuity of twopence ; and I passed over the crossing to the United Service Club side. Admiral Boarder and Colonel Charger were seated in the second window from the corner, reading the paper—the Admiral, bald-headed and jolly-faced, reading with his spectacles—the Colonel, in a rich, curly, dark-purple wig, holding the *Standard* as far off as possible from his eyes, and making believe to read without glasses. Other persons were waiting at the gate. Mrs. General Cutandthrust's little carriage was at the door, waiting for the General, while the young ladies were on the back seat of the carriage, entertained by Major Slasher, who had his hand on the button. I ran away as if guilty. 'Slasher, Boarder, Charger, Cutandthrust, the young ladies, and their mother with the chestnut front—there is not one of you,' thought I, 'but may come under my hands professionally, and I must show up all your histories at the stern mandate of *Mr. Punch*.'

I rushed up that long and dreary passage which skirts the back of the Opera, and where the mysterious barbers and boot-shops are. The Frenchman who was walking up and down there, the very dummies in the hairdressers' windows seemed to look at me with a new and dreadful significance—a fast-looking little fellow in checked trousers and glossy boots, who was sucking the end of his stick and his cigar alternately, while bestriding a cigar chest in Mr. Alvarez's shop—Mr. A. himself, that stately and courteous merchant who offers you an Havanna as if you were a Grandee of the first class—everybody, I say, struck me with fright. 'Not one of these,' says I, 'but next week you may be called upon to copy him down;' and I did not even look at the fast young man on the chest, further than to observe that a small carrot sprouted from his chin, and that he wore a shirt painted in scarlet arabesques.

I passed down St. Alban's Place, where the noble H. P. officers have lodgings, without ever peeping into any one of their parlours, and the Haymarket, brilliant with gin-shops, brawling with cabmen, and thronged with lobsters. At the end towards the Quadrant, the poor dirty foreigners were sauntering about greasily; the hansoms were rattling; the omnibuses cutting in and out; my Lord Tomnoddy's cab with the enormous white horse, was locked in with Dr. Bullfrog's purple brougham, and a cartful of window-frames and shop-fronts. Part of the pavement of course was up, and pitch-cauldrons reeking in the midst; omnibus cads bawling out 'Now then, stoopid!' over all. 'Am I to describe all these,' I thought; 'to unravel this writhing perplexity; to set sail into this boundless ocean of life? What does my Master mean by setting me so cruel a task; and how the deuce am I to travel in London?' I felt dazzled, amazed, and confounded, like stout Cortés, when with eagle's eyes he stared at the Pacific in a wild surprise, silent upon a peak in What-d'ye-call-em. And I wandered on and on.

'Well met,' said a man, accosting me. 'What is the matter, Spec? Is your banker broke?'

I looked down. It was little Frank Whitestock, the Curate of St. Timothy's, treading gingerly over the mud.

I explained to Frank my mission, and its tremendous nature, my modest fears as to my competency, my perplexity where to begin.

The little fellow's eyes twinkled roguishly. '*Mr. Punch* is right,' said he. 'If you want to travel, my poor Spec, you should not be trusted very far beyond Islington. It is certain that you can describe a tea-kettle better than a pyramid.'

'Tea-kettle, tea-kettle yourself,' says I. 'How to begin is the question.'

'Begin?' says he, 'begin this instant. Come in here with me;' and he pulled at one of four bells at an old-fashioned door by which we were standing.

SPEC.

THE CURATE'S WALK

[November 27 and December 4, 1847 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856]

I

IT was the third out of the four bell-buttons at the door at which my friend the curate pulled ; and the summons was answered after a brief interval.

I must premise that the house before which we stopped was No. 14, Sedan Buildings, leading out of Great Guelph Street, Dettingen Street, Culloden Street, Minden Square ; and Upper and Lower Caroline Row form part of the same quarter—a very queer and solemn quarter to walk in, I think, and one which always suggests Fielding's novels to me. I can fancy Captain Booth strutting out of the very door at which we were standing, in tarnished lace, with his hat cocked over his eye, and his hand on his hanger; or Lady Bellaston's chair and bearers coming swinging down Great Guelph Street, which we have just quitted to enter Sedan Buildings.

Sedan Buildings is a little flagged square, ending abruptly with the huge walls of Bluck's Brewery. The houses, by many degrees smaller than the large decayed tenements in Great Guelph Street, are still not uncomfortable, although shabby. There are brass-plates on the doors, two on some of them ; or simple names, as 'Lunt,' 'Padgemore,' &c. (as if no other statement about Lunt and Padgemore were necessary at all) under the bells. There are pictures of mangles before two of the houses, and a gilt arm with a hammer sticking out from one. I never saw a Goldbeater. What sort of a being is he that he always sticks out his ensign in dark, mouldy, lonely, dreary, but somewhat respectable places? What powerful Mulciberian fellows they must be, those Goldbeaters, whacking and thumping with huge mallets at the precious metals all day. I wonder what is Goldbeaters' skin ? and do they get impregnated with the metal ? and are their great arms under their clean shirts on Sundays, all gilt and shining ?

It is a quiet, kind, respectable place somehow, in spite of its shabbiness. Two pewter pints and a jolly little half-pint are hanging on the railings in perfect confidence, basking in what little sun comes into the court. A group of small children are making an ornament of oyster-shells in one corner. Who has that half-pint ? Is it for one of those small ones, or for some delicate female recommended to take beer ? The windows in the court, upon some of which the sun glistens, are not cracked, and pretty clean ; it is only the black and dreary look behind which gives them a poverty-stricken appearance. No curtains or blinds. A bird-cage and a very few pots of flowers here and there. This—with the exception of a milkman talking to a whity-brown woman, made up of bits of flannel and strips of faded chintz and calico seemingly, and holding a long bundle which cried—this was all I saw in Sedan Buildings while we were waiting until the door should open.

At last the door was opened, and by a porteress so small that I wonder how she ever could have lifted up the latch. She bobbed a curtsy and smiled at the Curate, whose face gleamed with benevolence too, in reply to that salutation.

'Mother not at home ? ' says Frank Whitestock, patting the child on the head.

'Mother's out charing, sir,' replied the girl ; 'but please to walk up, sir.' And she led the way up one and two pair of stairs to that apartment in the house which is called the second-floor front ; in which was the abode of the charwoman.

There were two young persons in the room, of the respective ages of eight and five, I should think. She of five years of age was hemming a duster, being perched on a chair at the table in the middle of the room. The elder, of eight, politely wiped a chair with a cloth for the accommodation of the good-natured Curate, and came and stood between his knees, immediately alongside of his umbrella, which also reposed there, and which she by no means equalled in height.

'These children attend my school at St. Timothy's,' Mr. Whitestock said; 'and Betsy keeps the house while her mother is from home.'

Anything cleaner or neater than this house it is impossible to conceive. There was a big bed, which must have been the resting-place of the whole of this little family. There were three or four religious prints on the walls; besides two framed and glazed, of Prince Coburg and the Princess Charlotte. There were brass candlesticks, and a lamb on the chimney-piece, and a cupboard in the corner, decorated with near half a dozen plates, yellow bowls, and crockery. And on the table there were two or three bits of dry bread, and a jug with water, with which these three young people (it being then nearly three o'clock) were about to take their meal called tea.

That little Betsy who looks so small is nearly ten years old: and has been a mother ever since the age of about five. I mean to say that, her own mother having to go out upon her charing operations, Betsy assumes command of the room during her parent's absence: has nursed her sisters from babyhood up to the present time: keeps order over them, and the house clean as you see it: and goes out occasionally and transacts the family purchases of bread, moist sugar, and mother's tea. They dine upon bread, tea and breakfast upon bread when they have it, or go to bed without a morsel. Their holiday is Sunday, which they spend at church and Sunday-school. The younger children scarcely ever go out save on that day, but sit sometimes in the sun, which comes in pretty pleasantly: sometimes blue in the cold, for they very seldom see a fire except to heat irons by, when mother has a job of linen to get up. Father was a journeyman bookbinder, who died four years ago, and is buried among thousands and thousands of the nameless dead who lie crowding the black churchyard of St. Timothy's parish.

The Curate evidently took especial pride in Victoria, the youngest of these three children of the charwoman, and caused Betsy to fetch a book which lay at the window, and bade her read. It was a Missionary Register which the Curate opened haphazard, and this baby began to read out in an exceedingly clear and resolute voice about—

'The island of Raritongo is the least frequented of all the Caribbean Archipelago. Wankyfungo is at four leagues SE. by E., and the peak of the crater of Shuagnahua is distinctly visible. The *Irascible* entered Raritongo Bay on the evening of Thursday 29th, and the next day the Rev. Mr. Flethers, Mrs. Flethers, and their nine children, and Shangpooky, the native converted at Cacabawgo, landed and took up their residence at the house of Ratatatua, the Principal Chief, who entertained us with yams and a pig,' &c. &c. &c.

'Raritongo, Wankyfungo, Archipelago.' I protest this little woman read off each of these long words with an ease which perfectly astonished me. Many a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Heavies would be puzzled with words half the length. Whitestock, by way of reward for her scholarship, gave her another pat on the head; having received which present with a curtsy, she went and put the book back into the window, and clambering back into the chair, resumed the hemming of the blue duster.

I suppose it was the smallness of these people, as well as their singular, neat, and tidy behaviour, which interested me so. Here were three creatures not so high as the table, with all the labours, duties, and cares of life upon their little shoulders, working and doing their duty like the biggest of my readers; regular, laborious, cheerful,—content with small pittances, practising a hundred virtues of thrift and order.

Elizabeth, at ten years of age, might walk out of this house and take the command of a small establishment. She can wash, get up linen, cook, make purchases, and buy bargains. If I were ten years old and three feet in height, I would marry her, and we would go and live in a cupboard, and share the little half-pint pot for dinner. 'Melia, eight years of age, though inferior in accomplishments to her sister, is her equal in size, and can wash, scrub, hem, go errands, put her hand to the dinner, and make herself generally useful. In a word, she is fit to be a little housemaid, and to make everything but the beds, which she cannot as yet reach up to. As for Victoria's qualifications, they have been mentioned before. I wonder whether the Princess Alice can read off 'Raritongo', &c., as glibly as this surprising little animal.

I asked the Curate's permission to make these young ladies a present, and accordingly produced the sum of sixpence to be divided amongst the three. 'What will you do with it?' I said, laying down the coin.

They answered, all three at once, and in a little chorus, 'We'll give it to mother.' This verdict caused the disbursement of another sixpence, and it was explained to them that the sum was for their own private pleasures, and each was called upon to declare what she would purchase.

Elizabeth says, 'I would like twopenn'orth of meat, if you please, sir.'

'Melia: 'Ha'porth of treacle, three-farthings'-worth of milk, and the same of fresh bread.'

Victoria, speaking very quick, and gasping in an agitated manner. 'Ha'pny—aha—orange, and ha'pny—aha—apple, and ha'pny—aha—treacle, and—and—" Here her imagination failed her. She did not know what to do with the rest of the money.

At this 'Melia actually interposed, 'Suppose she and Victoria subscribed a farthing a-piece out of their money, so that Betsy might have a quarter of a pound of meat?' She added that her sister wanted it, and that it would do her good. Upon my word, she made the proposals, and the calculations, in an instant, and all of her own accord. And before we left them, Betsy had put on the queerest little black shawl and bonnet, and had a mug and a basket ready to receive the purchases in question.

Sedan Court has a particularly friendly look to me since that day. Peace be with you, O thrifty, kindly, simple, loving little maidens! May their voyage in life prosper! Think of the great journey before them, and the little cockboat manned by babies, venturing over the great stormy ocean.

FOLLOWING the steps of little Betsy with her mug and basket, as she goes pattering down the street, we watch her into a grocer's shop, where a startling placard with ‘ Down Again ! ’ written on it announces that the Sugar Market is still in a depressed condition—and where she no doubt negotiates the purchase of a certain quantity of molasses. A little farther on, in Lawfeldt Street, is Mr. Filch's fine silversmith's shop, where a man may stand for a half-hour, and gaze with ravishment at the beautiful gilt cups and tankards, the stunning waistcoat chains, the little white cushions laid out with delightful diamond pins, gold horseshoes and splinter-bars, pearl owls, turquoise lizards and dragons, enamelled monkeys, and all sorts of agreeable monsters for your neckcloth. If I live to be a hundred, or if the girl of my heart were waiting for me at the corner of the street, I never could pass Mr. Filch's shop without having a couple of minutes' good stare at the window. I like to fancy myself dressed up in some of the jewellery. ‘Spec, you rogue,’ I say, ‘suppose you were to get leave to wear three or four of those rings on your fingers ; to stick that opal, round which twists a brilliant serpent, with a ruby head into your blue-satin neckcloth ; and to sport that gold jack-chain on your waistcoat. You might walk in the Park with that black whalebone prize riding-whip, which has a head the size of a snuff-box, surmounted with a silver jockey on a silver race-horse ; and what a sensation you would create if you took that large ram's horn with the Cairngorum top out of your pocket, and offered a pinch of rappee to the company round ! ’ A little attorney's clerk is staring in at the window, in whose mind very similar ideas are passing.

What would he not give to wear that gold pin next Sunday in his blue hunting neckcloth ? The ball of it is almost as big as those which are painted over the side door of Mr. Filch's shop, which is down that passage which leads into Trotter's Court.

I have dined at a house where the silver dishes and covers came from Filch's, let out to their owner by Mr. Filch for the day, and in charge of the grave-looking man whom I mistook for the butler. Butlers and ladies'-maids innumerable have audiences of Mr. Filch in his back parlour. There are suites of jewels which he and his shop have known for a half-century past, so often have they been pawned to him. When we read in the *Court Journal* of Lady Fitzball's head-dress of lappets and superb diamonds, it is because the jewels get a day rule from Filch's, and come back to his iron box as soon as the Drawing-room is over. These jewels become historical among pawnbrokers. It was here that Lady Prigsby brought her diamonds one evening of last year, and desired hurriedly to raise two thousand pounds upon them, when Filch respectfully pointed out to her ladyship that she had pawned the stones already to his comrade, Mr. Tubal, of Charing Cross. And, taking his hat, and putting the case under his arm, he went with her ladyship to the hack-cab in which she had driven to Lawfeldt Street, entered the vehicle with her, and they drove in silence to the back entrance of her mansion in Monmouth Square, where Mr. Tubal's young man was still seated in the hall, waiting until her ladyship should be undressed.

We walked round the splendid shining shop and down the passage, which would be dark but that the gas-lit door is always swinging to and fro, as the people who come to pawn go in and out. You may be sure there is a gin-shop handy to all pawnbrokers'.

A lean man in a dingy dress is walking lazily up and down the flags of Trotter's Court. His ragged trousers trail in the slimy mud there. The doors of the pawnbroker's, and of the gin-shop on the other side, are banging to and fro : a little girl comes out of the former, with a tattered old handkerchief, and goes up and gives something to the dingy man. It is ninepence, just raised on his waistcoat. The man bids the child to ' cut away home,' and when she is clear out of the court, he looks at us with a lurking scowl and walks into the gin-shop doors, which swing always opposite the pawnbroker's shop.

Why should he have sent the waistcoat wrapped in that ragged old cloth? Why should he have sent the child into the pawnbroker's box, and not have gone himself? He did not choose to let her see him go into the gin-shop—why drive her in at the opposite door? The child knows well enough whither he is gone. She might as well have carried an old waistcoat in her hand through the street as a ragged napkin. A sort of vanity, you see, drapes itself in that dirty rag; or is it a kind of debauched shame, which does not like to go naked? The fancy can follow the poor girl up the black alley, up the black stairs, into the bare room, where mother and children are starving, while the lazy ragamuffin, the family bully, is gone into the gin-shop to 'try our celebrated Cream of the Valley,' as the bill in red letters bids him.

'I waited in this court the other day,' Whitestock said, 'just like that man, while a friend of mine went in to take her husband's tools out of pawn—an honest man—a journeyman shoemaker, who lives hard by.' And we went to call on the journeyman shoemaker—Randle's Buildings—two-pair back—over a blacking manufactory. The blacking was made by one manufactor, who stood before a tub stirring up his produce, a good deal of which—and nothing else—was on the floor. We passed through this emporium, which abutted on a dank, steaming little court, and up the narrow stair to the two-pair back.

The shoemaker was at work with his recovered tools, and his wife was making woman's shoes (an inferior branch of the business) by him. A shrivelled child was lying on the bed in the corner of the room. There was no bedstead, and indeed scarcely any furniture, save the little table on which lay his tools and shoes—a fair-haired, lank, handsome young man, with a wife who may have been pretty once, in better times, and before starvation pulled her down. She had but one thin gown; it clung to a frightfully emaciated little body.

Their story was the old one. The man had been in good work, and had the fever. The clothes had been pawned, the furniture and bedstead had been sold, and they slept on the mattress; the mattress went, and they slept on the floor; the tools went, and the end of all things seemed at hand, when the gracious apparition of the Curate, with his umbrella, came and cheered those stricken-down poor folks.

The journeyman shoemaker must have been astonished at such a sight. He is not, or was not, a church-goer. He is a man of 'advanced' opinions; believing that priests are hypocrites, and that clergymen in general drive about in coaches-and-four, and eat a tithe-pig a day. This proud priest got Mr. Crispin a bed to lie upon, and some soup to eat; and (being the treasurer of certain good folks of his parish, whose charities he administers) as soon as the man was strong enough to work, the curate lent him money wherewith to redeem his tools, and which our friend is paying back by instalments at this day. And any man who has seen these two honest men talking together, would have said the shoemaker was the haughtiest of the two.

We paid one more morning visit. This was with an order for work to a tailor of reduced circumstances and enlarged family. He had been a master, and was now forced to take work by the job. He who had commanded many men, was now fallen down to the ranks again. His wife told us all about his misfortunes. She is evidently very proud of them. 'He failed for seven thousand pounds,' the poor woman said, three or four times during the course of our visit. It gave her husband a sort of dignity to have been trusted for so much money.

The Curate must have heard that story many times, to which he now listened with great patience in the tailor's house—a large, clean, dreary, faint-looking room, smelling of poverty. Two little stunted, yellow-headed children, with lean pale faces and large protruding eyes, were at the window staring with all their might at Guy Fawkes, who was passing in the street, and making a great clattering and shouting outside, while the luckless tailor's wife was prating within about her husband's bygone riches. I shall not in a hurry forget the picture. The empty room in a dreary background; the tailor's wife in brown, stalking up and down the planks, talking endlessly; the solemn children staring out of the window as the sunshine fell on their faces; and honest Whitestock seated, listening, with the tails of his coat through the chair.

His business over with the tailor, we start again. Frank Whitestock trips through alley after alley, never getting any mud on his boots, somehow, and his white neckcloth making a wonderful shine in those shady places. He has all sorts of acquaintance, chiefly amongst the extreme youth, assembled at the doors or about the gutters. There was one small person occupied in emptying one of these rivulets with an oyster-shell, for the purpose, apparently, of making an artificial lake in a hole hard by, whose solitary gravity and business struck me much, while the Curate was very deep in conversation with a small-coalman. A half-dozen of her comrades were congregated round a scraper and on a grating hard by, playing with a mangy little puppy, the property of the Curate's friend.

I know it is wrong to give large sums of money away promiscuously, but I could not help dropping a penny into the child's oyster-shell, as she came forward holding it before her like a tray. At first her expression was one rather of wonder than of pleasure at this influx of capital, and was certainly quite worth the small charge of one penny, at which it was purchased.

For a moment she did not seem to know what steps to take; but, having communed in her own mind, she presently resolved to turn them towards a neighbouring apple-stall, in the direction of which she went without a single word of compliment passing between us. Now, the children round the scraper were witnesses to the transaction. 'He's give her a penny,' one remarked to another, with hopes miserably disappointed that they might come in for a similar present.

She walked on to the apple-stall meanwhile, holding her penny behind her. And what did the other little ones do? They put down the puppy as if it had been so much dross. And one after another they followed the penny-piece to the apple-stall.

SPEC.

A DINNER IN THE CITY

[December 11, 25 and 31, 1847; *Miscellanies,* Vol. II, 1856]

I

OUT of a mere love of variety and contrast, I think we cannot do better, after leaving the wretched Whitestock among his starving parishioners, than transport ourselves to the City, where we are invited to dine with the Worshipful Company of Bellows-Menders, at their splendid Hall in Marrow-pudding Lane.

Next to eating good dinners, a healthy man with a benevolent turn of mind must like, I think, to read about them. When I was a boy, I had by heart the Barmecide's feast in the *Arabian Nights;* and the culinary passages in Scott's novels (in which works there is a deal of good eating) always were my favourites. The Homeric poems are full, as everybody knows, of roast and boiled: and every year I look forward with pleasure to the newspapers of the 10th of November, for the menu of the Lord Mayor's feast, which is sure to appear in those journals. What student of history is there who does not remember the City dinner given to the Allied Sovereigns in 1814? It is good even now, and to read it ought to make a man hungry, had he had five meals that day. In a word, I had long, long yearned in my secret heart to be present at a City festival. The last year's papers had a bill of fare commencing with 'four hundred tureens of turtle, each containing five pints;' and concluding with the pineapples and ices of the dessert. 'Fancy two thousand pints of turtle, my love,' I have often said to Mrs. Spec, 'in a vast silver tank, smoking fragrantly, with lovely green islands of calipash and calipee floating about—why, my dear, if it had been invented in the time of Vitellius he would have bathed in it!'

'He would have been a nasty wretch,' Mrs. Spec said, who thinks that cold mutton is the most wholesome food of man. However, when she heard what great company was to be present at the dinner, the Ministers of State, the Foreign Ambassadors, some of the bench of Bishops, no doubt the Judges, and a great portion of the Nobility, she was pleased at the card which was sent to her husband, and made a neat tie to my white neckcloth before I set off on the festive journey. She warned me to be very cautious, and obstinately refused to allow me the Chubb door-key.

The very card of invitation is a curiosity. It is almost as big as a tea-tray. It gives one ideas of a vast, enormous hospitality. Gog and Magog in livery might leave it at your door. If a man is to eat up to that card, Heaven help us, I thought; the Doctor must be called in. Indeed, it was a Doctor who procured me the placard of invitation. Like all medical men who have published a book upon diet, Pillkington is a great gourmand, and he made a great favour of procuring the ticket for me from his brother of the Stock Exchange, who is a Citizen and a Bellows-Mender in his corporate capacity.

We drove in Pillkington's brougham to the place of *mangezvous*, through the streets of the town, in the broad daylight, dressed out in our white waistcoats and ties; making a sensation upon all beholders by the premature splendour of our appearance. There is something grand in that hospitality of the citizens, who not only give you more to eat than other people, but who begin earlier than anybody else. Major Bangles, Captain Canterbury, and a host of the fashionables of my acquaintance were taking their morning's ride in the Park as we drove through. You should have seen how they stared at us! It gave me a pleasure to be able to remark mentally, 'Look on, gents, we too are sometimes invited to the tables of the great.'

We fell in with numbers of carriages as we were approaching Citywards, in which reclined gentlemen with white neckcloths—grand equipages of foreign ambassadors, whose uniforms, and stars, and gold lace glistened within the carriages, while their servants with coloured cockades looked splendid without, careered by the Doctor's brougham-horse, which was a little fatigued with his professional journeys in the morning. General Sir Roger Bluff, K.C.B., and Colonel Tucker were stepping into a cab at the United Service Club as we passed it. The veterans blazed in scarlet and gold-lace. It seemed strange that men so famous, if they did not mount their chargers to go to dinner, should ride in any vehicle under a coach-and-six; and instead of having a triumphal car to conduct them to the City, should go thither in a rickety cab, driven by a ragged charioteer smoking a doodheen. In Cornhill we fell into a line, and formed a complete regiment of the aristocracy. Crowds were gathered round the steps of the old Hall in Marrow-pudding Lane, and welcomed us nobility and gentry as we stepped out of our equipages at the door. The policemen could hardly restrain the ardour of these low fellows, and their sarcastic cheers were sometimes very unpleasant. There was one rascal who made an observation about the size of my white waistcoat, for which I should have liked to sacrifice him on the spot; but Pillkington hurried me, as the policeman did our little brougham, to give place to a prodigious fine equipage which followed, with immense grey horses, immense footmen in powder, and driven by a grave coachman in an episcopal wig.

A veteran officer in scarlet, with silver epaulets, and a profuse quantity of bullion and silver lace, descended from this carriage between the two footmen, and [was] nearly upset by his curling sabre, which had twisted itself between his legs, which were cased in duck trousers very tight, except about the knees (where they bagged quite freely), and with rich long white straps. I thought he must be a great man by the oddness of his uniform.

'Who is the general?' says I, as the old warrior, disentangling himself from his scimitar, entered the outer hall. 'Is it the Marquess of Anglesea, or the Rajah of Sarawak?'

I spoke in utter ignorance, as it appeared. 'That! Pooh,' says Pillkington; 'that is Mr. Champignon, M.P., of Whitehall Gardens and Fungus Abbey, Citizen and Bellows-Mender. His uniform is that of a Colonel of the Diddlesex Militia.' There was no end to similar mistakes on that day. A venerable man with a blue-and-gold uniform, and a large crimson sword-belt and brass-scabbarded sabre, passed presently, whom I mistook for a foreign ambassador at the least; whereas I found out that he was only a Billingsgate Commissioner—and a little fellow in a blue livery, which fitted him so badly that I thought he must be one of the hired waiters of the Company, who had been put into a coat that didn't belong to him, turned out to be a real right honourable gent, who had been a Minister once.

I was conducted upstairs by my friend to the gorgeous drawing-room, where the company assembled, and where there was a picture of George IV. I cannot make out what public companies can want with a picture of George IV. A fellow, with a gold chain, and in a black suit, such as the lamented Mr. Cooper wore preparatory to execution in the last act of *George Barnwell*, bawled out our names as we entered the apartment. 'If my Eliza could hear that gentleman,' thought I, 'roaring out the name of "Mr. Spec!" in the presence of at least two hundred Earls, Prelates, Judges, and distinguished characters!' It made little impression upon them, however; and I slunk into the embrasure of a window, and watched the company.

Every man who came into the room was, of course, ushered in with a roar. 'His Excellency the Minister of Topinambo!' the usher yelled; and the Minister appeared, bowing, and in tights. 'Mr. Hoggin! The Right Honourable the Earl of Bareacres! Mr. Snog! Mr. Braddle! Mr. Alderman Moodle! Mr. Justice Bunker! Lieut.-Gen. Sir Roger Bluff! Colonel Tucker! Mr. Tims!' with the same emphasis and mark of admiration for us all, as it were. The Warden of the Bellows-Menders came forward and made a profusion of bows to the various distinguished guests as they arrived. He, too, was in a Court dress, with a sword and bag. His lady must like so to behold him turning out in arms and ruffles, shaking hands with Ministers, and bowing over his wine-glass to their Excellencies the Foreign Ambassadors.

To be in a room with these great people gave me a thousand sensations of joy. Once, I am positive, the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office looked at me, and turning round to a noble Lord in a red ribbon, evidently asked, 'Who is that?' Oh, Eliza, Eliza! How I wish you had been there!—or if not there, in the ladies' gallery in the dining-hall, when the music began, and Mr. Shadrach, Mr. Meshech, and little Jack Oldboy (whom I recollect in the part of Count Almaviva any time these forty years) sang *Non nobis, Domine.*

But I am advancing matters prematurely. We are not in the grand dining-hall as yet. The crowd grows thicker and thicker, so that you can't see people bow as they enter any more. The usher in the gold chain roars out name after name: more ambassadors, more generals, more citizens, capitalists, bankers—among them Mr. Rowdy, my banker, from whom I shrank guiltily from private financial reasons—and, last and greatest of all, 'The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor!'

That was a shock, such as I felt on landing at Calais for the first time; on first seeing an Eastern bazaar; on first catching a sight of Mrs. Spec; a new sensation, in a word. Till death, I shall remember that surprise. I saw over the heads of the crowd, first, a great sword borne up in the air: then a man in a fur cap of the shape of a flower-pot; then I heard the voice shouting the august name—the crowd separated. A handsome man with a chain and gown stood before me. It was he. He? What do I say? It was his Lordship. I cared for nothing till dinner-time after that.

II

The glorious company of banqueteers were now pretty well all assembled; and I, for my part, attracted by an irresistible fascination, pushed nearer and nearer my Lord Mayor, and surveyed him, as the Generals, Lords, Ambassadors, Judges, and other bigwigs rallied round him as their centre, and, being introduced to his Lordship and each other, made themselves the most solemn and graceful bows; as if it had been the object of that General's life to meet that Judge; and as if that Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office, having achieved at length a presentation to the Lord Mayor, had gained the end of his existence, and might go home, singing a *Nunc Dimittis.* Don Geronimo de Mulligan y Guayaba, Minister of the Republic of Topinambo (and originally descended from an illustrious Irish ancestor, who hewed out with his pickaxe in the Topinambo mines the steps by which his family have ascended to their present eminence), holding his cocked hat with the yellow cockade close over his embroidered coat-tails, conversed with Alderman Codshead, that celebrated statesman, who was also in tights, with a sword and bag.

Of all the articles of the splendid Court dress of our aristocracy, I think it is those little bags which I admire most. The dear crisp curly little black darlings! They give a gentleman's back an indescribable grace and air of chivalry. They are at once manly, elegant, and useful (being made of sticking-plaster, which can be applied afterwards to heal many a wound of domestic life). They are something extra appended to men, to enable them to appear in the presence of royalty. How vastly the idea of a Court increases in solemnity and grandeur when you think that a man cannot enter it without a tail!

These thoughts passed through my mind, and pleasingly diverted it from all sensations of hunger, while many friends around me were pulling out their watches, looking towards the great dining-room doors, rattling at the lock (the door gasped open once or twice, and the nose of a functionary on the other side peeped in among us and entreated peace), and vowing it was scandalous, monstrous, shameful. If you ask an assembly of Englishmen to a feast, and accident or the cook delays it, they show their gratitude in this way. Before the supper-rooms were thrown open at my friend Mrs. Perkins's ball, I recollect Liversage at the door, swearing and growling as if he had met with an injury. So I thought the Bellows-Menders' guests seemed heaving into mutiny, when the great doors burst open in a flood of light, and we rushed, a black streaming crowd, into the gorgeous hall of banquet.

Every man sprang for his place with breathless rapidity. We knew where those places were beforehand ; for a cunning map had been put into the hands of each of us by an officer of the Company, where every plate of this grand festival was numbered, and each gentleman's place was ticketed off. My wife keeps my card still in her album ; and my dear eldest boy (who has a fine genius and appetite) will gaze on it for half an hour at a time, whereas he passes by the copies of verses and the flower-pieces with an entire indifference.

The vast hall flames with gas, and is emblazoned all over with the arms of bygone Bellows-Menders. August portraits decorate the walls. The Duke of Kent in scarlet, with a crooked sabre, stared me firmly in the face during the whole entertainment. The Duke of Cumberland, in a hussar uniform, was at my back, and I knew was looking down into my plate. The eyes of those gaunt portraits follow you everywhere. The Prince Regent has been mentioned before. He has his place of honour over the Great Bellows-Mender's chair, and surveys the high table, glittering with plate, epergnes, candles, hock-glasses, moulds of blanc-mange stuck over with flowers, gold statues holding up baskets of barley-sugar, and a thousand objects of art. Piles of immense gold cans and salvers rose up in buffets behind this high table ; towards which presently, and in a grand procession—the band in the gallery overhead blowing out the Bellows-Menders' march— a score of City tradesmen and their famous guests walked solemnly between our rows of tables.

Grace was said, not by the professional devotees who sang '*Non Nobis*' at the end of the meal, but by a chaplain somewhere in the room, and the turtle began. Armies of waiters came rushing in with tureens of this broth of the City.

There was a gentleman near us—a very lean old Bellows-Mender, indeed—who had three platefuls. His old hands trembled, and his plate quivered with excitement, as he asked again and again. That old man is not destined to eat much more of the green fat of this life. As he took it, he shook all over like the jelly in the dish opposite to him. He gasped out a quick laugh once or twice to his neighbour, when his two or three old tusks showed, still standing up in those jaws which had swallowed such a deal of calipash.

He winked at the waiters, knowing them from former banquets.

This banquet, which I am describing at Christmas, took place at the end of May. At that time the vegetables called peas were exceedingly scarce, and cost six-and-twenty shillings a quart.

'There are two hundred quarts of peas,' said the old fellow, winking with bloodshot eyes, and a laugh that was perfectly frightful. They were consumed with the fragrant ducks, by those who were inclined: or with the venison, which now came in.

That was a great sight. On a centre table in the hall, on which already stood a cold baron of beef—a grotesque piece of meat—a dish as big as a dish in a pantomime, with a little

Standard of England stuck into the top of it, as if it was round this we were to rally—on this centre table, six men placed as many huge dishes under cover; and at a given signal the master cook and five assistants in white caps and jackets marched rapidly up to the dish-covers, which being withdrawn, discovered to our sight six haunches, on which the six carvers, taking out six sharp knives from their girdles, began operating.

It was, I say, like something out of a Gothic romance, or a grotesque fairy pantomime. Feudal barons must have dined so, five hundred years ago. One of those knives may have been the identical blade which Walworth plunged in Jack Cade's ribs, and which was afterwards caught up into the City Arms, where it blazes. (Not that any man can seriously believe that Jack Cade was hurt by the dig of the jolly old Mayor in the red gown and chain, any more than that pantaloon is singed by the great poker, which is always forthcoming at the present season.) Here we were practising the noble custom of the good old times, imitating our glorious forefathers, rallying round our old institutions, like true Britons. These very flagons and platters were in the room before us, ten times as big as any we use or want nowadays. They served us a grace-cup as large as a plate-basket, and at the end they passed us a rose-water dish, into which Pepys might have dipped his napkin. Pepys?—what do I say? Richard III, Cœur-de-Lion, Guy of Warwick, Gog and Magog. I don't know how antique the articles are.

Conversation, rapid and befitting the place and occasion, went on all round. 'Waiter, where's the turtle-fins?'—Gobble, gobble. 'Hice Punch or My deary, Sir?' 'Smelts or salmon, Jowler, my boy?' 'Always take cold beef after turtle.'—Hobble, gobble. 'These year peas have no taste.' Hobble, gobble-obble. 'Jones, a glass of 'Ock with you? Smith, jine us? Waiter, three 'Ocks. S., mind your manners. There's Mrs. S. a-looking at you from the gallery.'—Hobble-obbl-gobble-gob-gob-gob. A steam of meats, a flare of candles, a rushing to and fro of waiters, a ceaseless clinking of glass and steel, a dizzy mist of gluttony, out of which I see my old friend of the turtle-soup making terrific play among the peas, his knife darting down his throat.

. . . . . .

It is all over. We can eat no more. We are full of Bacchus and fat venison. We lay down our weapons and rest.

'Why, in the name of goodness,' says I, turning round to Pillkington, who had behaved at dinner like a doctor; 'why—'

But a great rap, tap, tap proclaimed grace, after which the professional gentlemen sang out '*Non Nobis*,' and then the dessert and the speeches began; about which we shall speak in the third course of our entertainment.

III

N the hammer having ceased its tapping, Mr. Chisel, the immortal toastmaker, who presided over the President, roared out to my three professional friends, '*Non nobis*'; and what is called 'the business of the evening' commenced.

First, the Warden of the Worshipful Society of the Bellows-Menders proposed 'Her Majesty' in a reverential voice. We all stood up respectfully, Chisel yelling out to us to 'Charge our glasses.' The royal health having been imbibed, the professional gentlemen ejaculated a part of the National Anthem; and I do not mean any disrespect to them personally, in mentioning that this eminently religious hymn was performed by Messrs. Shadrach and Meshech, two well-known melodists of the Hebrew persuasion. We clinked our glasses at the conclusion of the poem, making more dents upon the time-worn old board, where many a man present had clinked for George III, clapped for George IV, rapped for William IV, and was rejoiced to bump the bottom of his glass as a token of reverence for our present sovereign.

Here, as in the case of the Hebrew melophonists, I would insinuate no wrong thought. Gentlemen, no doubt, have the loyal emotions which exhibit themselves by clapping glasses on the tables. We do it at home. Let us make no doubt that the bellows-menders, tailors, authors, public characters, judges, aldermen, sheriffs, and what not, shout out a health for the Sovereign every night at their banquets, and that their families fill round and drink the same toast from the bottles of half-guinea burgundy.

'His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and Albert Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family,' followed, Chisel yelling out the august titles, and all of us banging away with our glasses, as if we were seriously interested in drinking healths to this royal race : as if drinking healths could do anybody any good ; as if the imprecations of a company of bellows-menders, aldermen, magistrates, tailors, authors, tradesmen, ambassadors, who did not care a twopenny-piece for all the royal families in Europe, could somehow affect Heaven kindly towards their Royal Highnesses by their tipsy vows, under the presidence of Mr. Chisel.

The Queen-Dowager's health was next prayed for by us Bacchanalians, I need not say with what fervency and efficacy. This prayer was no sooner put up by the Chairman, with Chisel as his Boanerges of a Clerk, than the elderly Hebrew gentlemen before mentioned began striking up a wild patriotic ditty about the 'Queen of the Isles, on whose sea-girt shores the bright sun smiles, and the ocean roars ; whose cliffs never knew, since the bright sun rose, but a people true, who scorned all foes. Oh, a people true, who scorn all wiles, inhabit you, bright Queen of the Isles. Bright Quee—Bright Quee—ee—ee—ee—ee—en awf the Isles ! ' or words to that effect, which Shadrach took up and warbled across his glass to Meshech, which Meshech trolled away to his brother singer, until the ditty was ended, nobody understanding a word of what it meant ; not Oldboy—not the old or young Israelite minstrel his companion—not we, who were clinking our glasses—not Chisel, who was urging us and the Chairman on,—not the Chairman and the guests in embroidery—not the kind, exalted, and amiable lady whose health we were making believe to drink, certainly, and in order to render whose name welcome to the Powers to whom we recommended her safety, we offered up, through the mouths of three singers, hired for the purpose, a perfectly insane and irrelevant song.

'Why,' says I to Pillkington, 'the Chairman and the grand guests might just as well get up and dance round the table, or cut off Chisel's head and pop it into a turtle-soup tureen, or go through any other mad ceremony as the last. Which of us here cares for Her Majesty the Queen-Dowager, any more than for a virtuous and eminent lady, whose goodness and private worth appear in all her acts ? What the deuce has that absurd song about the Queen of the Isles to do with Her Majesty, and how does it set us all stamping with our glasses on the mahogany ? ' Chisel bellowed out another toast—' The Army ; ' and we were silent in admiration, while Sir George Bluff, the greatest General present, rose to return thanks.

Our end of the table was far removed from the thick of the affair, and we only heard, as it were, the indistinct cannonading of the General, whose force had just advanced into action. We saw an old gentleman with white whiskers, and a flaring scarlet coat covered with stars and gilding, rise up with a frightened and desperate look, and declare that 'this was the proudest—a-hem—moment of his—a-hem—unworthy as he was—a-hem—as a member of the British—a-hem—who had fought under the illustrious Duke of—a-hem—his joy was to come among the Bellows-Menders—a-hem—and inform the great merchants of the greatest City of the—hum—that a British—a-hem—was always ready to do his—hum. Napoleon—Salamanca—a-hem—had witnessed their—hum, haw—and should any other—hum—ho—casion which he deeply deprecated—haw—there were men now around him—a-haw—who, inspired by the Bellows-Menders' Company and the City of London—a-hum—would do their duty as—a-hum—a-haw—a-hah.' Immense cheers, yells, hurrays, roars, glass-smackings, and applause followed this harangue, at the end of which the three Israelites, encouraged by Chisel, began a military cantata—'Oh, the sword and shield—On the battle-field—Are the joys that best we love, boys—Where the Grenadiers, with their pikes and spears, through the ranks of the foemen shove, boys—Where the bold hurray, strikes dread dismay, in the ranks of the dead and dyin'—and the baynet clanks in the Frenchmen's ranks, as they fly from the British Lion.' (I repeat, as before, that I quote from memory.)

Then the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office rose to return thanks for the blessings which we begged upon the Ministry. He was, he said, but a humble—the humblest member of that body. The suffrages which that body had received from the nation were gratifying, but the most gratifying testimonial of all was the approval of the Bellows-Menders' Company. (*Immense applause.*) Yes, among the most enlightened of the mighty corporations of the City, the most enlightened was the Bellows-Menders. Yes, he might say, in consonance with their motto, and in defiance of illiberality, *Afflavit veritas et dissipati sunt.* (*Enormous applause.*) Yes, the thanks and pride that were boiling with emotion in his bosom, trembled to find utterance at his lip. Yes, the proudest moment of his life, the crown of his ambition, the meed of his early hopes and struggles and aspirations, was at that moment won in the approbation of the Bellows-Menders. Yes, his children should know that he too had attended at those great, those noble, those joyous, those ancient festivals, and that he too, the humble individual who from his heart pledged the assembled company in a bumper—that he too was a Bellows-Mender.

Shadrach, Meshech, and Oldboy at this began singing, I don't know for what reason, a rustic madrigal, describing, 'Oh, the joys of bonny May—bonny May—a-a-ay, when the birds sing on the spray,' &c., which never, as I could see, had the least relation to that or any other ministry, but which were, nevertheless, applauded by all present. And then the Judges returned thanks; and the Clergy returned thanks; and the Foreign Ministers had an innings (all interspersed by my friends' indefatigable melodies); and the distinguished foreigners present, especially Mr. Washington Jackson, were greeted, and that distinguished American rose amidst thunders of applause.

He explained how Broadway and Cornhill were in fact the same. He showed how Washington was in fact an Englishman, and how Franklin would never have been an American but for his education as a printer in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He declared that Milton was his cousin, Locke his ancestor, Newton his dearest friend, Shakespeare his grandfather, or more or less—he vowed that he had wept tears of briny anguish on the pedestal of Charing Cross—kissed with honest fervour the clay of Runnymede—that Ben Jonson and Samuel—that Pope and Dryden, and Dr. Watts and Swift were the darlings of *his* hearth and home, as of ours, and in a speech of about five-and-thirty minutes explained to us a series of complimentary sensations very hard to repeat or to remember.

But I observed that, during his oration, the gentlemen who report for the daily papers, were occupied with their wine instead of their note-books—that the three singers of Israel yawned, and showed many signs of disquiet and inebriety, and that my old friend, who had swallowed the three plates of turtle, was sound asleep.

Pillkington and I quitted the banqueting-hall, and went into the tea-room, where gents were assembled still, drinking slops and eating buttered muffins, until the grease trickled down their faces. Then I resumed the query which I was just about to put, when grace was called, and the last chapter ended. 'And, gracious goodness!' I said, 'what can be the meaning of a ceremony so costly, so uncomfortable, so savoury, so unwholesome as this? Who is called upon to pay two or three guineas for my dinner now, in this blessed year 1847? Who is it that *can* want muffins after such a banquet? Are there no poor? Is there no reason? Is this monstrous belly-worship to exist for ever?'

'Spec,' the Doctor said, 'you had best come away. I make no doubt that you for one have had too much.' And we went to his brougham. May nobody have such a headache on this happy New Year as befell the present writer on the morning after the Dinner in the City!

Spec.

A NIGHT'S PLEASURE

I

[January 8-29, February 12, 19, 1848; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856.]

HAVING made a solemn engagement during the last midsummer holidays with my young friend Augustus Jones, that we should go to a Christmas Pantomime together, and being accommodated by the obliging proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre with a private box for last Tuesday, I invited not only him but some other young friends to be present at the entertainment. The two Miss Twiggs, the charming daughters of the Rev. Mr. Twigg, our neighbour; Miss Minny Twigg, their youngest sister, eight years of age; and their maternal aunt, Mrs. Captain Flather, as the chaperon of the young ladies, were the four other partakers of this amusement with myself and Mr. Jones.

It was agreed that the ladies, who live in Montpellier Square, Brompton, should take up myself and Master Augustus at the Sarcophagus Club, which is on the way to the theatre, and where we two gentlemen dined on the day appointed. Cox's most roomy fly, the mouldy green one, in which he insists on putting the roaring grey horse, was engaged for the happy evening. Only an intoxicated driver (as Cox's man always is) could ever, I am sure, get that animal into a trot. But the utmost fury of the whip will not drive him into a dangerous pace; and besides, the ladies were protected by Thomas, Mrs. Flather's page, a young man with a gold band to his hat, and a large gilt knob on the top, who ensured the safety of the cargo, and really gave the vehicle the dignity of one's own carriage.

The dinner-hour at the Sarcophagus being appointed for five o'clock, and a table secured in the strangers' room, Master Jones was good enough to arrive (under the guardianship of the Colonel's footman) about half an hour before the appointed time, and the interval was by him partly passed in conversation, but chiefly in looking at a large silver watch which he possesses, and in hoping that we shouldn't be late.

I made every attempt to pacify and amuse my young guest, whose anxiety was not about the dinner but about the play. I tried him with a few questions about Greek and Mathematics—a sort of talk, however, which I was obliged speedily to abandon, for I found he knew a great deal more upon these subjects than I did (it is disgusting how preternaturally learned the boys of our day are, by the way). I engaged him to relate anecdotes about his schoolfellows and ushers, which he did, but still in a hurried, agitated, nervous manner—evidently thinking about that sole absorbing subject, the pantomime.

A neat little dinner, served in Botibol's best manner (our *chef* at the Sarcophagus knows when he has to deal with a connoisseur, and would as soon serve me up his own ears as a *réchauffé* dish), made scarcely any impression on young Jones. After a couple of spoonfuls, he pushed away the Palestine soup, and took out his large silver watch—he applied two or three times to the chronometer during the fish period—and it was not until I had him employed upon an omelette, full of apricot jam, that the young gentleman was decently tranquil.

With the last mouthful of the omelette he began to fidget again; and it still wanted a quarter of an hour to six. Nuts, almonds and raisins, figs (the almost never-failing soother of youth), I hoped might keep him quiet, and laid before him all those delicacies. But he beat the devil's tattoo with the nutcrackers, had out the watch time after time, declared that it stopped, and made such a ceaseless kicking on the legs of his chair, that there were moments when I wished he was back in the parlour of Mrs. Jones, his Mamma.

I know oldsters who have a savage pleasure in making boys drunk—a horrid thought of this kind may, perhaps, have crossed my mind. 'If I could get him to drink half a dozen glasses of that heavy port, it might soothe him and make him sleep,' I may have thought. But he would only take a couple of glasses of wine. He said he didn't like more; that his father did not wish him to take more: and abashed by his frank and honest demeanour, I would not press him, of course, a single moment further, and so was forced to take the bottle to myself, to soothe me instead of my young guest.

He was almost frantic at a quarter to seven, by which time the ladies had agreed to call for us, and for about five minutes was perfectly dangerous. 'We shall be late, I know we shall; I said we should! I am sure it's seven, past, and that the box will be taken!' and countless other exclamations of fear and impatience passed through his mind. At length we heard a carriage stop, and a club-servant entering and directing himself towards our table. Young Jones did not wait to hear him speak, but cried out,—'Hooray, here they are!' flung his napkin over his head, dashed off his chair, sprang at his hat like a kitten at a ball, and bounced out of the door, crying out, 'Come along, Mr. Spec!' whilst the individual addressed much more deliberately followed. 'Happy Augustus!' I mentally exclaimed. 'O thou brisk and bounding votary of pleasure! When the virile toga has taken the place of the jacket and turned-down collar, that Columbine, who will float before you a goddess to-night, will only be a third-rate dancing female, with rouge and large feet. You will see the ropes by which the genii come down, and the dirty crumpled knees of the fairies—and you won't be in such a hurry to leave a good bottle of port as now at the pleasant age of thirteen.' (By the way, boys are made so abominably comfortable and odiously happy nowadays that, when I look back to 1802, and my own youth, I get in a rage with the whole race of boys, and feel inclined to flog them all round.) Paying the bill, I say, and making these leisurely observations, I passed under the hall of the Sarcophagus, where Thomas, the page, touched the gold-knobbed hat respectfully to me, in a manner which I think must have rather surprised old General Growler, who was unrolling himself of his muffetees and wrappers, and issued into the street, where Cox's fly was in waiting: the windows up, and whitened with a slight frost: the silhouettes of the dear beings within dimly visible against the chemist's light opposite the Club; and Master Augustus already kicking his heels on the box, by the side of the inebriated driver.

I caused the youth to descend from that perch, and the door of the fly being opened, thrust him in. Mrs. Captain Flather, of course, occupied the place of honour—an uncommonly capacious woman,—and one of the young ladies made a retreat from the front seat, in order to leave it vacant for myself; but I insisted on not incommoding Mrs. Captain F., and that the two darling children should sit beside her, while I occupied the place of back bodkin between the two Miss Twiggs.

They were attired in white, covered up with shawls, with bouquets in their laps, and their hair dressed evidently for the occasion: Mrs. Flather in her red velvet of course, with her large gilt state turban.

She saw that we were squeezed on our side of the carriage, and made an offer to receive me on hers.

Squeezed? I should think we *were*; but O Emily, O Louisa, you mischievous little black-eyed creatures, who would dislike being squeezed by you? I wished it was to York we were going, and not to Covent Garden. How swiftly the moments passed! We were at the playhouse in no time: and Augustus plunged instantly out of the fly over the shins of everybody.

II

We took possession of the private box assigned to us: and Mrs. Flather seated herself in the place of honour—each of the young ladies taking it by turns to occupy the other corner. Miss Minny and Master Jones occupied the middle places; and it was pleasant to watch the young gentleman throughout the performance of the comedy—during which he was never quiet for two minutes—now shifting his chair, now swinging to and fro upon it, now digging his elbows into the capacious sides of Mrs. Captain Flather, now beating with his boots against the front of the box, or trampling upon the skirts of Mrs. Flather's satin garment.

He occupied himself unceasingly, too, in working up and down Mrs. F.'s double-barrelled French opera-glass—not a little to the detriment of that instrument and the wrath of the owner; indeed, I have no doubt that, had not Mrs. Flather reflected that Mrs. Colonel Jones gave some of the most elegant parties in London, to which she was very anxious to be invited, she would have boxed Master Augustus's ears in the presence of the whole audience of Covent Garden.

One of the young ladies was, of course, obliged to remain in the back row with Mr. Spec. We could not see much of the play over Mrs. F.'s turban; but I trust that we were not unhappy in our retired position. O Miss Emily! O Miss Louisa! there is one who would be happy to sit for a week close by either of you, though it were on one of those abominable little private-box chairs. I know, for my part, that every time the box-keeperess popped in her head, and asked if we would take any refreshment, I thought the interruption odious.

Our young ladies, and their stout chaperon and aunt, had come provided with neat little bouquets of flowers, in which they evidently took a considerable pride, and which were laid, on their first entrance, on the ledge in front of our box.

But, presently, on the opposite side of the house Mrs. Cutbush, of Pocklington Gardens, appeared with her daughters, and bowed in a patronizing manner to the ladies of our party, with whom the Cutbush family had a slight acquaintance.

Before ten minutes, the bouquets of our party were whisked away from the ledge of the box. Mrs. Flather dropped hers to the ground, where Master Jones's feet speedily finished it; Miss Louisa Twigg let hers fall into her lap and covered it with her pocket-handkerchief. Uneasy signals passed between her and her sister. I could not, at first, understand what event had occurred to make these ladies so unhappy.

At last the secret came out. The Misses Cutbush had bouquets like little haystacks before them. Our small nosegays, which had quite satisfied the girls until now, had become odious in their little jealous eyes; and the Cutbushes triumphed over them.

I have joked the ladies subsequently on this adventure; but not one of them will acknowledge the charge against them. It was mere accident that made them drop the flowers—pure accident. *They* jealous of the Cutbushes—not they, indeed; and of course, each person on this head is welcome to his own opinion.

How different, meanwhile, was the behaviour of my young friend Master Jones, who is not as yet sophisticated by the world. He not only nodded to his father's servant, who had taken a place in the pit, and was to escort his young master home, but he discovered a schoolfellow in the pit likewise. 'By Jove, there's Smith!' he cried out, as if the sight of Smith was the most extraordinary event in the world. He pointed out Smith to all of us. He never ceased nodding, winking, grinning, telegraphing, until he had succeeded in attracting the attention not only of Master Smith, but of the greater part of the house; and whenever anything in the play struck him as worthy of applause, he instantly made signals to Smith below, and shook his fist at him, as much as to say, 'By Jove, old fellow, ain't it good? I say, Smith, isn't it *prime*, old boy?' He actually made remarks on his fingers to Master Smith during the performance.

I confess he was one of the best parts of the night's entertainment to me. How Jones and Smith will talk about that play when they meet after holidays! And not only then will they remember it, but all their lives long. Why do you remember that play you saw thirty years ago, and forget the one over which you yawned last week? Ah, my brave little boy, I thought in my heart, twenty years hence you will recollect this, and have forgotten many a better thing. You will have been in love twice or thrice by that time, and have forgotten it; you will have buried your wife and forgotten her; you will have had ever so many friendships and forgotten them. You and Smith won't care for each other, very probably; but you'll remember all the actors and the plot of this piece we are seeing.

I protest I have forgotten it myself. In our back row we could not see or hear much of the performance (and no great loss)—fitful bursts of elocution only occasionally reaching us, in which we could recognize the well-known nasal twang of the excellent Mr. Stupor, who performed the part of the young hero; or the ringing laughter of Mrs. Belmore, who had to giggle through the whole piece.

It was one of Mr. Boyster's comedies of English life. Frank Nightrake (*Stupor*) and his friend Bob Fitzoffley appeared in the first scene, having a conversation with that impossible valet of English Comedy, whom any gentleman would turn out of doors before he could get through half a length of the dialogue assigned. I caught only a glimpse of this act. Bob, like a fashionable young dog of the aristocracy (the character was played by Bulger, a meritorious man, but very stout, and nearly fifty years of age), was dressed in a rhubarb-coloured body-coat with brass buttons, a couple of under waistcoats, a blue-satin stock with a paste brooch in it, and an eighteenpenny cane, which he never let out of his hand, and with which he poked fun at everybody. Frank Nightrake, on the contrary, being at home, was attired in a very close-fitting chintz dressing-gown, lined with glazed red calico, and was seated before a large pewter teapot, at breakfast. And, as your true English Comedy is the representation of nature, I could not but think how like these figures on the stage, and the dialogue which they used, were to the appearance and talk of English gentlemen of the present day.

The dialogue went on somewhat in the following fashion:—

Bob Fitzoffley (*enters whistling*). The top of the morning to thee, Frank! What! at breakfast already? At chocolate and the *Morning Post* like a dowager of sixty? Slang! (*he pokes the servant with his cane*) what has come to thy master, thou Prince of Valets! thou pattern of Slaveys! thou swiftest of Mercuries! Has the Honourable Francis Nightrake lost his heart, or his head, or his health?

Frank (*laying down the paper*). Bob, Bob, I have lost all three! I have lost my health, Bob, with thee and thy like, over the burgundy at the club; I have lost my head, Bob, with thinking how I shall pay my debts; and I have lost my heart, Bob, oh, to such a creature!

Bob. A Venus, of course.

Slang. With the presence of Juno.

Bob. And the modesty of Minerva.

Frank. And the coldness of Diana.

Bob. Pish! What a sigh is that about a woman! Thou shalt be Endymion, the night-rake of old: and conquer this shy goddess. Hey, Slang?

Herewith Slang takes the lead of the conversation, and propounds a plot for running away with the heiress; and I could not help remarking how like the comedy was to life—how the gentlemen always say 'thou,' and 'prythee,' and 'go to,' and talk about heathen goddesses to each other; how their servants are always their particular intimates; how, when there is serious love-making between a gentleman and lady, a comic attachment invariably springs up between the valet and waiting-maid of each; how Lady Grace Gadabout, when she calls upon Rose Ringdove to pay a morning visit, appears in a low satin dress, with jewels in her hair; how Saucebox, her attendant, wears diamond brooches, and rings on all her fingers: while Mrs. Tallyho, on the other hand, transacts all the business of life in a riding-habit, and always points her jokes by a cut of the whip.

This playfulness produced a roar all over the house, whenever it was repeated, and always made our little friends clap their hands and shout in chorus.

Like that *bon-vivant* who envied the beggars staring into the cook-shop windows, and wished he could be hungry, I envied the boys, and wished I could laugh, very much. In the last act I remember—for it is now very nearly a week ago—everybody took refuge either in a secret door, or behind a screen or curtain, or under a table, or up a chimney: and the house roared as each person came out from his place of concealment. And the old fellow in top-boots, joining the hands of the young couple (Fitzoffley, of course, pairing off with the widow), gave them his blessing, and thirty thousand pounds.

And ah, ye gods! if I wished before that comedies were like life, how I wished that life was like comedies! Whereon the drop fell; and Augustus, clapping-to the opera-glass, jumped up, crying—'Hurray! now for the Pantomime.'

III

THE composer of the Overture of the New Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, *Harlequin and the Fairy of the Spangled Pocket-handkerchief, or the Prince of the Enchanted Nose*, arrayed in a bran-new Christmas suit, with his wristbands and collar turned elegantly over his cuffs and embroidered satin tie, takes a place at his desk, waves his stick, and away the Pantomime Overture begins.

I pity a man who can't appreciate a Pantomime Overture. Children do not like it: they say, 'Hang it, I wish the Pantomime would begin:' but for us it is always a pleasant moment of reflection and enjoyment. It is not difficult music to understand, like that of your Mendelssohns and Beethovens, whose symphonies and sonatas Mrs. Spec states must be heard a score of times before you can comprehend them. But of the proper Pantomime music I am a delighted connoisseur. Perhaps it is because you meet so many old friends in these compositions consorting together in the queerest manner, and occasioning numberless pleasant surprises. Hark! there goes 'Old Dan Tucker' wandering into the 'Groves of Blarney'; our friends the 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled' march rapidly down 'Wapping Old Stairs,' from which the 'Figlia del Reggimento' comes bounding briskly, when she is met, embraced, and carried off by 'Billy Taylor,' that brisk young fellow.

All this while you are thinking with a faint, sickly kind of hope, that perhaps the Pantomime *may* be a good one; something like *Harlequin and the Golden Orange-Tree*, which you recollect in your youth; something like *Fortunio*, that marvellous and delightful piece of buffoonery, which realized the most gorgeous visions of the absurd. You may be happy, perchance: a glimpse of the old days may come back to you. Lives there the man with soul so dead, the being ever so *blasé* and travel-worn, who does not feel some shock and thrill still: just at that moment when the bell (the dear and familiar bell of your youth) begins to tinkle, and the curtain to rise, and the large shoes and ankles, the flesh-coloured leggings, the crumpled knees, the gorgeous robes and masks, finally, of the actors ranged on the stage to shout the opening chorus?

All round the house you hear a great gasping a-ha-a from a thousand children's throats. Enjoyment is going to give place to Hope. Desire is about to be realized. O you blind little brats! Clap your hands, and crane over the boxes, and open your eyes with happy wonder! Clap your hands now. In three weeks more the Reverend Doctor Swishtail expects the return of his young friends to Sugarcane House.

. . . . . .

King Beak, Emperor of the Romans, having invited all the neighbouring Princes, Fairies, and Enchanters to the feast at which he celebrated the marriage of his only son. Prince Aquiline, unluckily gave the liver-wing of the fowl which he was carving to the Prince's godmother, the Fairy Bandanna, while he put the gizzard-pinion on the plate of the Enchanter Gorgibus, King of the Maraschino Mountains, and father of the Princess Rosolia, to whom the Prince was affianced.

The outraged Gorgibus rose from the table in a fury, smashed his plate of chicken over the head of King Beak's Chamberlain, and wished that Prince Aquiline's nose might grow on the instant as long as the sausage before him,

It did so; the screaming Princess rushed away from her bridegroom, and her father, breaking off the match with the House of Beak, ordered his daughter to be carried in his sedan by the two giant porters Gor and Gogstay, to his castle in the Juniper Forest, by the side of the bitter waters of the Absinthine Lake, whither, after upsetting the marriage-tables, and flooring King Beak in a single combat, he himself repaired.

The latter monarch could not bear to see or even to hear his disfigured son.

When the Prince Aquiline blew his unfortunate and monstrous nose, the windows of his father's palace broke: the locks of the doors started; the dishes and glasses of the King's banquet jingled and smashed as they do on board a steamboat in a storm; the liquor turned sour; the Chancellor's wig started off his head, and the Prince's royal father, disgusted with his son's appearance, drove him forth from his palace, and banished him the kingdom.

Life was a burthen to him on account of that nose. He fled from a world in which he was ashamed to show it, and would have preferred a perfect solitude, but that he was obliged to engage one faithful attendant to give him snuff (his only consolation) and to keep his odious nose in order.

But as he was wandering in a lonely forest, entangling his miserable trunk in the thickets, and causing the birds to fly scared from the branches, and the lions, stags, and foxes to sneak away in terror as they heard the tremendous booming which issued from the fated Prince whenever he had occasion to use his pocket-handkerchief, the Fairy of the Bandanna Islands took pity on him, and, descending in her car drawn by doves, gave him a kerchief which rendered him invisible whenever he placed it over his monstrous proboscis.

Having occasion to blow his nose (which he was obliged to do pretty frequently, for he had taken cold while lying out among the rocks and morasses in the rainy miserable nights, so that the peasants, when they heard him snoring fitfully, thought that storms were abroad) at the gates of a castle by which he was passing, the door burst open, and the Irish Giant (afterwards Clown, indeed) came out, and wondering looked about, furious to see no one.

The Prince entered into the castle, and whom should he find there but the Princess Rosolia, still plunged in despair. Her father snubbed her perpetually. 'I wish he would snub me!' exclaimed the Prince, pointing to his own monstrous deformity. In spite of his misfortune, she still remembered her Prince. 'Even with his nose,' the faithful Princess cried, 'I love him more than all the world beside!'

At this declaration of unalterable fidelity, the Prince flung away his handkerchief, and knelt in rapture at the Princess's feet. She was a little scared at first by the hideousness of the distorted being before her—but what will not woman's faith overcome? Hiding her head on his shoulder (and so losing sight of his misfortune), she vowed to love him still (in those broken verses which only Princesses in Pantomimes deliver).

At this instant King Gorgibus, the Giants, the King's Household, with clubs and battle-axes, rushed in. Drawing his immense scimitar, and seizing the Prince by his too-prominent feature, he was just on the point of sacrificing him, when—when, I need not say, the Fairy Bandanna (Miss Bendigo), in her amaranthine car drawn by Paphian doves, appeared and put a stop to the massacre. King Gorgibus became Pantaloon, the two Giants first and second Clowns, and the Prince and Princess (who had been, all the time of the Fairy's speech, and actually while under their father's scimitar, unhooking their dresses) became the most elegant Harlequin and Columbine that I have seen for many a long day. The nose flew up to the ceiling, the music began a jig, and the two Clowns, after saying, 'How are you?' went and knocked down Pantaloon.

IV

ON the conclusion of the pantomime, the present memorialist had the honour to conduct the ladies under his charge to the portico of the theatre, where the green fly was in waiting to receive them. The driver was not more inebriated than usual; the young page with the gold-knobbed hat was there to protect his mistresses; and though the chaperon of the party certainly invited me to return with them to Brompton and there drink tea, the proposal was made in terms so faint, and the refreshment offered was so moderate, that I declined to journey six miles on a cold night in order to partake of such a meal. The waterman of the coach-stand, who had made himself conspicuous by bawling out for Mrs. Flather's carriage, was importunate with me to give him sixpence for pushing the ladies into the vehicle. But it was my opinion that Mrs. Flather ought to settle that demand; and as, while the fellow was urging it, she only pulled up the glass, bidding Cox's man to drive on, I of course did not interfere. In vulgar and immoral language he indicated, as usual, his discontent. I treated the fellow with playful and, I hope, gentlemanlike satire.

Master Jones, who would not leave the box in the theatre until the people came to shroud it with brown-hollands (by the way, to be the last person in a theatre—to put out the last light—and then to find one's way out of the vast, black, lonely place, must require a very courageous heart)—

Master Jones, I say, had previously taken leave of us, putting his arm under that of his father's footman, who had been in the pit, and who conducted him to Russell Square. I heard Augustus proposing to have oysters as they went home, though he had twice in the course of the performance made excursions to the cake-room of the theatre, where he had partaken of oranges, macaroons, apples, and ginger-beer.

As the altercation between myself and the linkman was going on, young Grigg (brother of Grigg of the Life Guards, himself reading for the Bar) came up, and hooking his arm into mine, desired the man to leave off 'chaffing' me; asked him if he would take a bill at three months for the money; told him if he would call at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, next Tuesday week, he would find sixpence there, done up for him in a brown-paper parcel; and quite routed my opponent. 'I know *you*, Mr. Grigg,' said he; 'you're a gentleman, *you* are:' and so retired, leaving the victory with me.

Young Mr. Grigg is one of those young bucks about town, who goes every night of his life to two theatres, to the Casino, to Weippert's balls, to the Café de l'Haymarket, to Bob Slogger's, the boxing-house, to the Harmonic Meetings at the Kidney Cellars, and other places of fashionable resort. He knows everybody at these haunts of pleasure; takes boxes for the actors' benefits; has the word from head quarters about the *venue* of the fight between Putney Sambo and the Tutbury Pet; gets up little dinners at their public houses; shoots pigeons, fights cocks, plays fives, has a boat on the river, and a room at Rummer's, in Conduit Street, besides his chambers at the Temple, where his parents, Sir John and Lady Grigg, of Portman Square, and Grigsby Hall, Yorkshire, believe that he is assiduously occupied in studying the Law. 'Tom applies too much,' her ladyship says. 'His father was obliged to remove him from Cambridge on account of a brain fever brought on by hard reading, and in consequence of the jealousy of some of the collegians; otherwise, I am told, he must have been Senior Wrangler, and seated first of the Tripod.'

'I'm going to begin the evening,' said this ingenuous young fellow; 'I've only been at the Lowther Arcade, Weippert's hop, and the billiard-rooms. I just toddled in for half an hour to see Brooke in *Othello*, and looked in for a few minutes behind the scenes at the Adelphi. What shall be the next resort of pleasure, Spec, my elderly juvenile? Shall it be the Sherry-Cobbler-Stall, or the Cave of Harmony? There's some prime glee-singing there.'

'What! is the old Cave of Harmony still extant?' I asked. 'I have not been there these twenty years.' And memory carried me back to the days when Lightsides, of Corpus, myself, and little Oaks, the Johnian, came up to town in a chaise-and-four, at the long vacation at the end of our freshman's year, ordered turtle and venison for dinner at the Bedford, blubbered over *Black-eyed Susan* at the play, and then finished the evening at that very Harmonic Cave, where the famous English Improvisatore sang with such prodigious talent that we asked him down to stay with us in the country. Spurgin, and Hawker, the fellow-commoner of our College, I remember me, were at the Cave too, and Bardolph, of Brazennose. Lord, lord, what a battle and struggle and wear and tear of life there has been since then! Hawker levanted, and Spurgin is dead these ten years; little Oaks is a whiskered Captain of Heavy Dragoons, who cut down no end of Sikhs at Sobraon; Lightsides, a Tractarian parson, who turns his head and walks another way when we meet; and your humble servant—well, never mind. But in my spirit I saw them—all those blooming and jovial young boys—and Lightsides, with a cigar in his face, and a bang-up white coat, covered with mother-of-pearl cheese-plates, bellowing out for 'First and Second Turn-out,' as our yellow post-chaise came rattling up to the inn-door at Ware.

'And so the Cave of Harmony is open,' I said, looking at little Grigg with a sad and tender interest and feeling that I was about a hundred years old.

'*I believe you, my baw-aw-oy!*' said he, adopting the tone of an exceedingly refined and popular actor, whose choral and comic powers render him a general favourite.

'Does Bivins keep it?' I asked, in a voice of profound melancholy.

'Hoh! What a flat you are! You might as well ask if Mrs. Siddons acted *Lady Macbeth* to-night, and if Queen Anne's dead or not. I tell you what, Spec, my boy—you're getting a regular old flat—fogy, sir, a positive old fogy. How the deuce do *you* pretend to be a man about town, and not know that Bivins has left the Cavern ? Law bless you ! Come in and see : I know the landlord—I'll introduce you to him.'

This was an offer which no man could resist ; and so Grigg and I went through the Piazza, and down the steps of that well-remembered place of conviviality. Grigg knew everybody ; wagged his head in at the bar, and called for two glasses of his particular mixture ; nodded to the singers ; winked at one friend—put his little stick against his nose as a token of recognition to another ; and calling the waiter by his Christian name, poked him playfully with the end of his cane, and asked him whether he, Grigg, should have a lobster kidney, or a mashed oyster and scalloped 'tators, or a poached rabbit, for supper ?

The room was full of young rakish-looking lads, with a dubious sprinkling of us middle-aged youth, and stalwart red-faced fellows from the country, with whisky noggins before them, and bent upon seeing life. A grand piano had been introduced into the apartment, which did not exist in the old days : otherwise, all was as of yore—smoke rising from scores of human chimneys, waiters bustling about with cigars and liquors in the intervals of the melody —and the President of the meeting (Bivins no more) encouraging gents to give their orders.

Just as the music was about to begin, I looked opposite me, and there, by Heavens ! sat Bardolph, of Brazennose, only a little more purple, and a few shades more dingy than he used to look twenty years ago.

V

LOOK at that old Greek in the cloak and fur collar opposite,' said my friend, Mr. Grigg. 'That chap is here every night. They call him Lord Farintosh. He has five glasses of whisky-and-water every night—seventeen hundred and twenty-five goes of alcohol in a year; we totted it up one night at the bar. James the waiter is now taking number three to him. He don't count the wine he has had at dinner.' Indeed, James the waiter, knowing the gentleman's peculiarities, as soon as he saw Mr. Bardolph's glass nearly empty, brought him another noggin and a jug of boiling water without a word.

Memory carried me instantaneously back to the days of my youth. I had the honour of being at school with Bardolph before he went to Brazennose; the under boys used to look up at him from afar off, as at a godlike being. He was one of the head boys of the school; a prodigious dandy in pigeon-hole trousers, ornamented with what they called 'tucks' in front. He wore a ring, leaving the little finger, on which he wore the jewel, out of his pocket, in which he carried the rest of his hand. He had whiskers even then; and to this day I cannot understand why he is not seven feet high. When he shouted out 'Under boy!' we small ones trembled and came to him. I recollect he called me once from a hundred yards off, and I came up in a tremor. He pointed to the ground.

'Pick up my hockey-stick,' he said, pointing towards it with the hand with the ring on! He had dropped the stick. He was too great, wise, and good to stoop to pick it up himself.

He got the silver medal for Latin Sapphics, in the year Pogram was gold medallist. When he went up to Oxford, the Head Master, the Rev. J. Flibber, complimented him in a valedictory speech, made him a present of books, and prophesied that he would do great things at the University. He had got a scholarship, and won a prize-poem, which the Doctor read out to the sixth form with great emotion. It was on 'The Recollections of Childhood,' and the last lines were,—

Qualia prospiciens catulus ferit aethera risu,
Ipsaque trans lunae cornua vacca salit.

I thought of these things rapidly, gazing on the individual before me. The brilliant young fellow of 1815 (by the by it was the Waterloo year, by which some people may remember it better; but at school we spoke of years, as 'Pogram's year,' 'Tokely's year,' &c.)—there, I say, sat before me the dashing young buck of 1815, a fat, muzzy, red-faced old man, in a battered hat, absorbing whisky-and-water, and half listening to the singing.

A wild, long-haired, professional gentleman with a fluty voice and with his shirt-collar turned down, began to sing as follows :—

WHEN THE GLOOM IS ON THE GLEN

When the moonlight's on the mountain
  And the gloom is on the glen,
At the cross beside the fountain
  There is one will meet thee then.
At the cross beside the fountain ;
Yes, the cross beside the fountain,
  There is one will meet thee then !

[*Down goes half of* Mr. Bardolph's *No.* 3 *Whisky during this refrain.*]

I have braved, since first we met, love,
  Many a danger in my course ;
But I never can forget, love,
  That dear fountain, that old cross,
Where, her mantle shrouded o'er her—
  For the winds were chilly then—
First I met my Leonora,
  When the gloom was on the glen,
    Yes, I met my, &c.

[*Another gulp and almost total disappearance of Whisky-go, No.* 3.]

Many a clime I've ranged since then, love,
  Many a land I've wandered o'er ;
But a valley like that glen, love,
  Half so dear I never sor !
Ne'er saw maiden fairer, coyer,
  Than wert thou, my true love, when
In the gloaming first I saw yer,
  In the gloaming of the glen !

Bardolph, who had not shown the least symptom of emotion as the gentleman with the fluty voice performed this delectable composition, began to whack, whack, whack on the mahogany with his pewter measure at the conclusion of the song, wishing, perhaps, to show that the noggin was empty ; in which manner James, the waiter, interpreted the signal, for he brought Mr. Bardolph another supply of liquor.

The song, words, and music, composed and dedicated to

Charles Bivins, Esquire, by Frederic Snape, and ornamented with a picture of a young lady, with large eyes and short petticoats, leaning at a stone cross by a fountain, was now handed about the room by a waiter, and any gentleman was at liberty to purchase it for half a crown. The man did not offer the song to Bardolph; he was too old a hand.

After a pause, the president of the musical gents cried out for silence again, and then stated to the company that Mr. Hoff would sing "The Red Flag," which announcement was received by the Society with immense applause, and Mr. Hoff, a gentleman whom I remember to have seen exceedingly unwell on board a Gravesend steamer, began the following terrific ballad:—

THE RED FLAG

Where the quivering lightning flings
  His arrows from out the clouds,
And the howling tempest sings,
  And whistles among the shrouds,
'Tis pleasant, 'tis pleasant to ride
  Along the foaming brine—
Wilt be the Rover's bride?
  Wilt follow him, lady mine?
                    Hurrah!
  For the bonny, bonny brine.

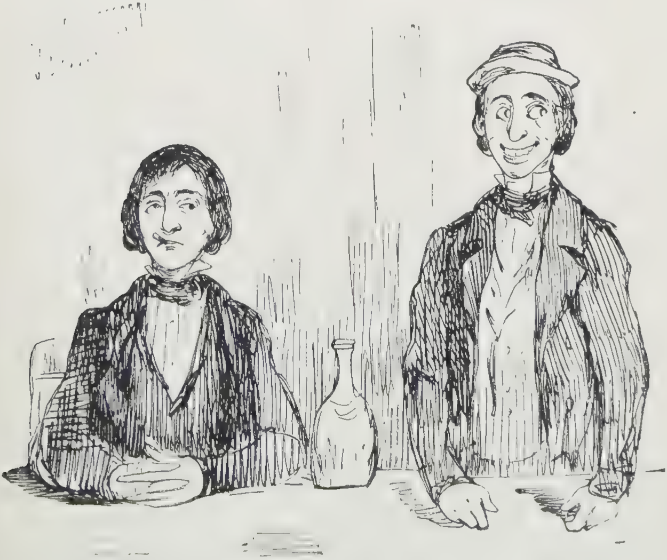
Amidst the storm and wrack,
  You shall see our galley pass,
As a serpent, lithe and black,
  Glides through the waving grass;
As the vulture swift and dark,
  Down on the ringdove flies,
You shall see the Rover's bark
  Swoop down upon his prize.
                    Hurrah!
  For the bonny, bonny prize.

Over her sides we dash,
  We gallop across her deck—
Ha! there's a ghastly gash
  On the merchant-captain's neck—
Well shot, well shot, old Ned!
  Well struck, well struck, black James!
Our arms are red, and our foes are dead,
  And we leave a ship in flames!
                    Hurrah!
  For the bonny, bonny flames!

Frantic shouts of applause and encore hailed the atrocious sentiments conveyed by Mr. Hoff in this ballad, from everybody except Bardolph, who sat muzzy and unmoved, and only winked to the waiter to bring him some more whisky.

VI

When the piratical ballad of Mr. Hoff was concluded, a simple and quiet-looking young gentleman performed a comic song, in a way which, I must confess, inspired me with the utmost melancholy. Seated at the table with the other professional gents, this young gentleman was in no wise to be distinguished from any other young man of fashion: he has a thin, handsome, and rather sad countenance; and appears to be a perfectly sober and meritorious young man. But suddenly (and I dare say every night of his life) he pulls a little flexible, grey countryman's hat out of his pocket, and the moment he has put it on, his face assumes an expression of unutterable vacuity and folly, his eyes goggle round savage, and his mouth stretches almost to his ears, as thus:—



WITHOUT HIS HAT   IN HIS COMIC HAT.

and he begins to sing a rustic song.

The battle-song and the sentimental ballad already published are, I trust, sufficiently foolish, and fair specimens of the class of poetry to which they belong; but the folly of the comic country song was so great and matchless that I am not going to compete for a moment with the author, or to venture to attempt anything like his style of composition. It was something about a man going a-courting Molly, and 'feayther,' and 'kyows,' and 'peegs,' and other rustic produce. The idiotic verse was interspersed with spoken passages, of corresponding imbecility. For the time during which Mr. Grinsby performed this piece, he consented to abnegate altogether his claim to be considered as a reasonable being; utterly to debase himself, in order to make the company laugh; and to forget the rank, dignity, and privileges of a man.

His song made me so profoundly wretched that little Grigg, remarking my depression, declared I was as slow as a parliamentary train. I was glad they didn't have the song over again. When it was done, Mr. Grinsby put his little grey hat in his pocket, the maniacal grin subsided from his features, and he sat down with his naturally sad and rather handsome young countenance.

O Grinsby, thinks I, what a number of people and things in this world do you represent! Though we weary listening to you, we may moralize over you; though you sing a foolish, witless song, you poor, young, melancholy jester, there is some good in it that may be had for the seeking. Perhaps that lad has a family at home dependent on his grinning: I may entertain a reasonable hope that he has despair in his heart; a complete notion of the folly of the business in which he is engaged; a contempt for the fools laughing and guffawing round about at his miserable jokes; and a perfect weariness of mind at their original dullness and continued repetition. What a sinking of spirit must come over that young man, quiet in his chamber or family, orderly and sensible like other mortals, when the thought of tom-fool hour comes across him, and that at a certain time that night, whatever may be his health, or distaste, or mood of mind or body, there he must be, at a table at the Cave of Harmony, uttering insane ballads, with an idiotic grin on his face, and hat on his head.

To suppose that Grinsby has any personal pleasure in that song would be to have too low an opinion of human nature: to imagine that the applauses of the multitude of the frequenters of the Cave tickled his vanity, or are bestowed upon him deservedly, would be, I say, to think too hardly of him. Look at him. He sits there quite a quiet, orderly young fellow. Mark with what an abstracted sad air he joins in the chorus of Mr. Snape's second song, "The Minaret's bells o'er the Bosphorus toll," and having applauded his comrade at the end of the song (as I have remarked these poor gentlemen always do), moodily resumes the stump of his cigar.

'I wonder, my dear Grigg, how many men there are in the City who follow a similar profession to Grinsby's. What a number of poor rogues, wits in their circle, or bilious, or in debt, or hen-pecked, or otherwise miserable in their private circumstances, come grinning out to dinner of a night, and laugh and crack, and let off their good stories like yonder professional funny fellow. Why, I once went into the room of that famous dinner-party conversationalist and wit, Horsely Collard; and whilst he was in his dressing-room arranging his wig, just looked over the books on the table before his sofa. There were *Burton's Anatomy* for the quotations, three of which he let off that night; *Spence's Literary Anecdotes*, of which he fortuitously introduced a couple in the course of the evening; *Baker's Chronicle;* the last new novel, and a book of metaphysics, every one of which I heard him quote, besides four stories out of his commonplace book, at which I took a peep under the pillow. He was like Grinsby.' Who isn't like Grinsby in life? thought I to myself, examining that young fellow.

'When Bawler goes down to the House of Commons from a meeting with his creditors, and having been a bankrupt a month before, becomes a patriot all of a sudden, and pours you out an intensely interesting speech upon the West Indies, or the Window Tax, he is no better than the poor gin-and-water practitioner yonder, and performs in his Cave, as Grinsby in his under the Piazza.

'When Serjeant Bluebag fires into a witness, or performs a jocular or a pathetic speech to a jury, in what is he better than Grinsby, except in so far as the amount of gain goes?—than poor Grinsby rapping at the table and cutting professional jokes, at half-a-pint-of-whisky fee?

'When Tightrope, the celebrated literary genius, sits down to write and laugh—with the children very likely ill at home—with a strong personal desire to write a tragedy or a sermon, with his wife scolding him, his head racking with pain, his mother-in-law making a noise at his ears, and telling him that he is a heartless and abandoned ruffian, his tailor in the passage, vowing that he will not quit that place until his little bill is settled—when, I say, Tightrope writes off, under the most miserable private circumstances, a brilliant funny article, in how much is he morally superior to my friend Grinsby ? When Lord Colchicum stands bowing and smiling before his sovereign, with gout in his toes and grief in his heart ; when parsons in the pulpit—when editors at their desks—forget their natural griefs, pleasures, opinions, to go through the business of life, the masquerade of existence, in what are they better than Grinsby yonder, who has similarly to perform his buffooning ? '

As I was continuing in this moral and interrogatory mood—no doubt boring poor little Grigg, who came to the Cave for pleasure, and not for philosophical discourse—Mr. Bardolph opposite caught a sight of the present writer through the fumes of the cigars, and came across to our table, holding his fourth glass of toddy in his hand. He held out the other to me : it was hot, and gouty, and not particularly clean.

' Deuced queer place this, hey ? ' said he, pretending to survey it with the air of a stranger. ' I come here every now and then, on my way home to Lincoln's Inn—from—from parties at the other end of the town. It is frequented by a parcel of queer people—low shopboys and attorneys' clerks ; but hang it, sir, they know a gentleman when they see one, and not one of those fellows would dare to speak to me—no, not one of 'em, by Jove—if I didn't address him first, by Jove ! I don't suppose there's a man in this room could construe a page in the commonest Greek book. You heard that donkey singing about " Leonorar " and " before her " ? How Flibber would have given it to us for such rhymes, hey ? A parcel of ignoramuses ! but, hang it, sir, they *do* know a gentleman ! ' And here he winked at me with a vinous bloodshot eye, as much as to intimate that he was infinitely superior to every person in the room.

Now this Bardolph, having had the ill-luck to get a fellowship, and subsequently a small private fortune, has done nothing since the year 1820 but get drunk and read Greek. He despises every man that does not know that language (so that you and I, my dear sir, come in for a fair share of his contempt). He can still put a slang song into Greek iambics, or turn a police report into the language of Tacitus or Herodotus; but it is difficult to see what accomplishment beyond this the boozy old mortal possesses. He spends nearly a third part of his life and income at his dinner, or on his whisky at a tavern; more than another third portion is spent in bed. It is past noon before he gets up to breakfast, and to spell over the *Times*, which business of the day being completed, it is time for him to dress and take his walk to the club to dinner. He scorns a man who puts his h's in the wrong place, and spits at a human being who has not had a University education. And yet I am sure that bustling waiter pushing about with a bumper of cigars; that tallow-faced young comic singer; yonder harmless and happy Snobs, enjoying the conviviality of the evening (and all the songs are quite modest now, not like the ribald old ditties which they used to sing in former days), are more useful, more honourable, and more worthy men than that whiskyfied old scholar who looks down upon them and their like.

He said he would have a sixth glass if we would stop: but we didn't; and he took his sixth glass without us. My melancholy young friend had begun another comic song, and I could bear it no more. The market carts were rattling into Covent Garden; and the illuminated clock marked all sorts of small hours as we concluded this night's pleasure.

SPEC.

A CLUB IN AN UPROAR

[March 11, 1848]

HE appearance of a London Club at a time of great excitement is well worthy the remark of a traveller in this City. The Megatherium has been in a monstrous state of frenzy during the past days. What a queer book it would be which should chronicle all the stories which have been told, or all the opinions which have been uttered there.

As a revolution brings out into light of day, and into the streets of the convulsed capital, swarms of people who are invisible but in such times of agitation, and retreat into their obscurity as soon as the earthquake is over, so you may remark in Clubs, that the stirring of any great news brings forth the most wonderful and hitherto unheard-of members, of whose faces not the *habitués*, not even the hall-porters, have any knowledge. The excitement over, they vanish, and are seen no more until the next turmoil calls them forth.

During the past week, our beloved Megatherium has been as crowded as they say Her Majesty's Palace of Pimlico at present is, where distressed foreigners, fugitives, and other Coburgs are crowded two or three in a room ; and where it has been reported during the whole of the past week that Louis-Philippe himself, in disguise, was quartered in the famous garden pavilion, and plates of dinner sent out to him from Her Majesty's table. I had the story from Bowyer of the Megatherium, who had seen and recognized the ex-King as he was looking into the palace garden from a house in Grosvenor Place opposite. We have had other wonderful stories too, whereof it is our present purpose to say a word or two.

The Club, in fact, has been in a state of perfect uproar, to the disgust of the coffee-room *habitués*, of the quiet library arm-chair occupiers, and of the newspaper-room students, who could not get their accustomed broadsheets. Old Doctor Pokey (who is in the habit of secreting newspapers about his person, and going off to peruse them in recondite corners of the building) has been wandering about, in vain endeavouring to seize hold of a few. They say that a *Morning Chronicle* was actually pulled from under his arm during the last week's excitement. The rush for second editions and evening papers is terrific. Members pounce on the news-boys and rob them. Decorum is overcome.

All the decencies of society are forgotten during this excitement. Men speak to each other without being introduced. I saw a man in ill-made trousers and with strong red whiskers and a strong northern accent, go up to Colonel the Honourable Otto Dillwater of the Guards, and make some dreadful remark about Louis Feelip, which caused the Colonel to turn pale with anger. I saw a Bishop, an Under Secretary of State, and General de Boots, listening with the utmost gravity and eagerness to little Bob Noddy, who pretended to have brought some news from the City, where they say he is a Clerk in a Fire Office.

I saw all sorts of portents and wonders. On the great Saturday night (the 26th ult.), when the news was rifest, and messenger after messenger came rushing in with wild rumours, men were seen up at midnight who were always known to go to bed at ten. A man dined in the Club who is married, and who has never been allowed to eat there for eighteen years. On Sunday, old Mr. Pugh himself, who moved that the house should be shut, no papers taken in, and the waiters marched to church under the inspection of the steward, actually came down and was seen reading the *Observer*, so eager was the curiosity which the great events excited.

In the smoking-room of the establishment, where you ordinarily meet a very small and silent party, there was hardly any seeing for the smoke, any sitting for the crowd, or any hearing in consequence of the prodigious bawling and disputing. The men uttered the most furious contradictory statements there. Young Biffin was praying that the rascally mob might be cut down to a man; while Gullet was bellowing out that the safety of France required the re-establishment of the guillotine, and that four heads must be had, or that the Revolution was not complete.

In the card-room, on the great night in question, there was only one whist-table, and at that even they were obliged to have a dummy. Captain Trumpington could not be brought to play that night; and Pamm himself trumped his partner's lead, and the best heart; such was the agitation which the great European events excited. When Dicky Cuff came in, from His Excellency Lord Pilgrimstone's evening party, a rush was made upon him for news, as if he had come from battle. Even the waiters appeared to be interested, and seemed to try to overhear the conversation.

Every man had his story, and his private information; and several of these tales I took down.

'*Saturday, five o'clock.* Jawkins has just come from the City. The French Rothschild has arrived. He escaped in a water-butt as far as Amiens, whence he went on in a coffin. A *fourgon* containing two hundred and twenty-two thousand two hundred sovereigns, and nine-and-fourpence in silver, was upset in the Rue Saint Denis. The coin was picked up, and the whole sum, with the exception of the fourpenny piece, was paid over to the Commissioners at the Hotel de Ville. Some say it was a quarter-franc. It was found sticking, afterwards, to the *sabot* of an Auvergnat, and brought in safety to the Provisional Government.

'Blankley comes in. He made his fortune last year by the railroads, has realized, and is in a frantic state of terror. "The miscreants!" he says. "The whole population is in arms. They are pouring down to the English coast; the *sans-culottes* will be upon us to-morrow, and we shall have them upon—upon my estate in Sussex, by Jove! Cobden was in a league with the Revolutionary Government, when he said there would be no war—laying a trap to lull us into security, and so give free ingress to the infernal revolutionary villains. There are not a thousand men in the country to resist them, and we shall all be butchered before a week is out—butchered, and our property confiscated. Cobden ought to be impeached and hanged. Lord John Russell ought to be impeached and hanged. Hope Guizot will be guillotined for not having used cannon, and slaughtered the ruffians before the Revolution came to a head." N.B.—Blankley was a Liberal before he made his money, and had a picture of Tom Paine in his study.

'Towzer arrives. A messenger has just come to the Foreign Office wounded in three places, and in the disguise of a fishwoman. Paris is in flames in twenty-four quarters—the mob and pikemen raging through it. Lamartine has been beheaded. The forts have declared for the King and are bombarding the town. All the English have been massacred.

'Captain Shindy says, "Nonsense! no such thing." A messenger has come to the French Embassy. The King and Family are at Versailles. The two Chambers have followed them thither, and Marshal Bugeaud has rallied a hundred and twenty thousand men. The Parisians have three days' warning: and if at the end of that time they do not yield, seven hundred guns will open on the dogs, and the whole *canaille* will be hurled to perdition.

'Pipkinson arrives. The English in Paris are congregated in the Protestant churches; a guard is placed over them. It is with the greatest difficulty that the rabble are prevented from massacring them. Lady Lunchington only escaped by writing 'Veuve d'O'Connell' on her door. It is perfectly certain that Guizot is killed. Lamartine and the rest of the Provisional Government have but a few days to live: the Communists will destroy them infallibly; and universal blood, terror, and anarchy will prevail over France, over Europe, over the world.

'Bouncer—on the best authority. Thirty thousand French entered Brussels under Lamoricière. No harm has been done to Leopold. The united French and Belgian army march on the Rhine on Monday. Rhenish Prussia is declared to form a part of the Republic. A division under General Bedeau will enter Savoy, and penetrate into Lombardy. The Pope abdicates his temporal authority. The Russians will cross the Prussian frontier with four hundred thousand men.

'Bowyer has just come from Mivart's, and says that rooms are taken there for the Pope, who has fled from his dominions, for the Countess of Landsfeld, for the King of Bavaria, who is sure to follow immediately, and for all the French Princes, and their suite and families.'

It was in this way that Rumour was chattering last week, while the great events were pending. But oh, my friends! wild and strange as these stories were, were they so wonderful as the truth ?—as an army of a hundred thousand men subdued by a rising of bare-handed mechanics ; as a great monarch, a minister notorious for wisdom, and a great monarchy blown into annihilation by a blast of national breath ; as a magnificent dynasty slinking out of existence in a cab ; as a gallant prince, with an army at his back, never so much as drawing a sword, but at a summons from a citizen of the National Guard, turning tail and sneaking away ; as a poet braving the pikes which had scared away a family of kings and princes, and standing forward, wise, brave, sensible and merciful, undismayed on the tottering pinnacle of popular power ? Was there ever a day since the beginning of history, where small men were so great, and great ones so little ? What satirist could ever have dared to invent such a story as that of the brave and famous race of Orleans flying, with nobody at their backs ; of wives and husbands separating, and the deuce take the hindmost ; of Ulysses shaving his whiskers off, and flinging away even his wig ? It is the shamefullest chapter in history—a consummation too base for ridicule.

One can't laugh at anything so miserably mean. All the Courts in Europe ought to go into mourning, or wear sackcloth. The catastrophe is too degrading. It sullies the cause of all kings, as the misconduct of a regiment does an army. It tarnishes all crowns. And if it points no other moral, and indicates no future consequences, why, Progress is a mere humbug : Railroads lead to nothing, and Signs point nowhere : and there is no To-morrow for the world.

Spec.

LOUIS PHILIPPE DERNIER ROI DES FRANCAIS

A ROUNDABOUT RIDE

[March 25, 1848]

YOUNG Hengist having kindly offered to lend me a pony, I went out for a ride with him this morning; and, being now mercifully restored to my arm-chair at home, I write down, with a rapid and faithful pen, the events of the day.

Hengist lives in the Tyburn district, that great rival, and sometime, as 'twas thought, conqueror of Belgravia, where squares, cathedrals, terraces, spring up in a night, as it were: where, as you wandered yesterday, you saw a green strip of meadow, with a washerwoman's cottage and a tea-garden; and to-day you look up, and lo! you see a portly row of whity-brown bow-windowed houses, with plate-glass windows, through the clear panes of which you may see bald-headed, comfortable old fogies reading the *Morning Herald*. Butlers loll at the doors—(by the way, the Tyburnian footmen are by no means so large or so powdery as the Mayfair and Belgravian gentry)—the road is always freshly laid down with sharp large flintstones. Missis's neat little brougham with two bay horses, and the page by the coachman's side, is creaking over the flints. The apothecary is driving here and there in a gig; the broad flagstones are dotted about with a good number of tartan jackets and hats, enclosing wholesome-looking little children. A brand-new fishmonger's shop is just open, with great large white-bellied turbots, looking very cool and helpless on the marble slabs. A genteel stucco-faced public-house is run up for the accommodation of the grooms, and the domestics, and the hodmen of the neighbourhood ; and a great bar is placed at the end of the street, beyond which is a chaos of bricks, wheelbarrows, mounds of chalk with milky-looking pools beside them, scaffoldings and brown skeletons of houses, through which the daylight shines, and you can see patches of green land beyond, which are to be swallowed up presently by the great devouring City.

This quarter, my dear friends, is what Baker Street was in the days of our youth. I make no doubt that some of the best and stupidest dinners in London are given hereabouts ; dinners where you meet a Baronet, a Knight, and a snuffy little old General ; and where the master of the house, the big bald man, leads Lady Barbara Macraw downstairs, the Earl of Strathbungo's daughter, and godmother to his seventh child. A little more furniture would make the rooms look more comfortable ; but they are very handsome as it is. The silver dish-covers are splendaceous. I wish the butler would put a little more wine into the glasses, and come round rather oftener. You are the only poor man in the room. Those awful grave fellows give each other dinners round. Their daughters come solemnly in the evening. The young fellow of the house has been at Oxford, and smokes cigars, but not in the house, and dines a good deal out at his club.

I don't wonder : I once dined with young Hengist at his father's, Major-General Sir Hercules Hengist, K.C.B., and of all the——but hospitality forbids me to reveal the secrets of the mahogany.

Having partaken there of a slight refreshment of a sponge-cake from a former dessert (and a more pretentious, stuck up, tasteless, seedy cake than a sponge-cake I don't know), and a glass of wine, we mounted our horses and rode out on a great exploring journey. We had heard of Bethnal Green and Spitalfields ; we wished to see those regions ; and we rode forth then like two cavaliers out of Mr. James's novels—the one was young, with curly chestnut ringlets, and a blonde moustache just shading his upper lip, &c.—We rode forth out of Tyburnia and down the long row of terraces to which two Universities have given their names.

At the end of Oxford Terrace, the Edgware Road cuts rapidly in, and the genteel district is over. It expires at that barrier of twopenny omnibuses : we are nearly cut in two by one of those disgusting vehicles, as we pass rapidly through the odious cordon.

We now behold a dreary district of mud, and houses on either side, that have a decayed and slatternly look, as if they had become insolvent, and subsequently taken to drinking and evil courses in their old age. There is a corner house not very far from the commencement of the New Road, which is such a picture of broken-windowed bankruptcy as is only to be seen when a house is in Chancery or in Ireland. I think the very ghosts must be mildewed that haunt that most desolate spot.

As they rode on, the two cavaliers peeped over the board of the tea-garden at the Yorkshire Jingo. The pillars of the damp arbours and the legs of the tables were reflected in the mud.

In sooth 'tis a dismal quarter. What are those whity-brown small houses with black gardens fronting, and cards of lodgings wafered into the rickety bow-windows ? Would not the very idea that you have to pass over that damp and reeking strip of ground prevent any man from taking those hopeless apartments ? Look at the shabby children paddling through the slush : and lo ! the red-haired maid-of-all-work, coming out with yesterday's paper and her mistress's beer-jug in her hand, through the creaking little garden door, on which the name of ' Sulsh ' is written on a dirty brass plate.

Who is Sulsh ? Why do I want to know that he lives there? Ha ! there is the Lying-in Hospital, which always looks so comfortable that we feel as if we should like to be in an interesting—fiddlestick ! Here is Milksop Terrace. It looks like a dowager. It has seen better days, but it holds its head up still, and has nothing to do with Marylebone Workhouse opposite, that looks as cheerful as a cheese-paring.

We rise in respectability : we come upon tall brown houses, and can look up long vistas of brick. Off with your hat ! That is Baker Street ; jolly little Upper Baker Street stretches away Regent's Park-ward ; we pass by Glum Street, Great Gaunt Street, Upper Hatchment Street ; Tressel Place, and Pall Street, dark, tragic, and respectable abodes of worthy people. Their names should be printed in a black book instead of a red book, however. I think they must have been built by an architect and undertaker.

How the omnibuses cut through the mud Citywards, and the rapid cabs with canvas-backed trunks on the top, rush towards the Great Western Railway. Yonder it lies, beyond the odious line of twopenny 'buses.

See, we are at Park Crescent. Portland Place is like a Pyramid, and has resisted time. It still looks as if Aldermen lived there, and very beneficed clergymen came to them to dine. The footmen are generally fat in Portland Place, I have remarked; fat and in red-plush breeches—different from the Belgravian gents: from the Tyburnian. Every quarter has its own expression of plush, as flowers bloom differently in different climates.

Chariots with lozenges on the panels, and elderly ladies inside, are driving through the iron gates to take the cheerful round of Regent's Park. When all Nature smiles and the skies are intolerably bright and blue, the Regency Park seems to me to have this advantage, that a cooling and agreeable mist always lies over it, and keeps off the glare.

Do people still continue to go to the Diorama? It is an entertainment congenial to the respectability of the neighbourhood. I know nothing more charming than to sit in a black room there, silent and frightened, and with a dim sense that you are turning round; and then to see the view of the Church of St. Rawhead by moonlight, while a distant barrel-organ plays the Dead March in *Saul* almost inaudibly.

Yoicks! We have passed the long defile of Albany Street; we cross the road of Tottenham—on either side of us the cheerful factories with ready-made tombstones and funereal urns; or great zinc slipper-baths and chimney-pots that look like the helmets of the Castle of Otranto. Extremely small cigar-shops, and dentists; one or two bug-destroyers, and coffee-shops that look by no means inviting, are remarked by self and Hengist as our rapid steeds gallop swiftly onwards—onwards through the Square of Euston—onwards where the towers of Pancridge rise before us—rapidly, rapidly.

Ha! he is down—is he hurt?—He is up again—it is a cab-horse on ahead, not one of ours. It is the wood-pavement. Let us turn aside and avoid the dangerous path.

SPEC.

CHILD'S PARTIES

AND A REMONSTRANCE CONCERNING THEM

[January 13 and 27, 1849 ; *Miscellanies,* Vol. II, 1856]

I

CONDESCENDING SIR,—As your publication (which an admirable critic in the *Quarterly Review* justly pronounces to be the wonder of the age) finds its way to almost every drawing-room table in this metropolis, and is read by the young and old in every family, I beseech you to give admission to the remonstrance of an unhappy parent, and to endeavour to put a stop to a practice which appears to me to be increasing daily, and is likely to operate most injuriously upon the health, morals, and comfort of society in general.

'The awful spread of Juvenile Parties, sir, is the fact to which I would draw your attention. There is no end to those entertainments, and if the custom be not speedily checked, people will be obliged to fly from London at Christmas, and hide their children during the holidays. I gave mine warning in a speech at breakfast this day, and said with tears in my eyes that if the Juvenile Party system went on, I would take a house at Margate next winter, for that, by Heavens! I could not bear another Juvenile Season in London.

'If they would but transfer Innocents' Day to the summer holidays, and let the children have their pleasures in May or June, we might get on. But now in this most ruthless and cut-throat season of sleet, thaw, frost, wind, snow, mud, and sore throats, it is quite a tempting of fate to be going much abroad ; and this is the time of all others that is selected for the amusement of our little darlings.

'As the first step towards the remedying of the evil of which I complain, I am obliged to look *Mr. Punch* himself in his venerable beard, and say, "You, sir, have, by your agents, caused not a little of the mischief. I desire that, during Christmas-time at least, Mr. Leech should be abolished, or sent to take a holiday. Judging from his sketches, I should say that he must be endowed with a perfectly monstrous organ of philoprogenitiveness; he revels in the delineation of the dearest and most beautiful little boys and girls in turned-down collars and broad sashes, and produces in your *Almanack* a picture of a child's costume ball, in which he has made the little wretches in the dresses of every age, and looking so happy, beautiful, and charming, that I have carefully kept the picture from the sight of the women and children of my own household, and—I will not say burned it, for I had not the heart to do that—but locked it away privately, lest they should conspire to have a costume ball themselves, and little Polly should insist upon appearing in the dress of Ann Bullen, or little Jacky upon turning out as an Ancient Briton."

'An odious, revolting, and disagreeable practice, sir, I say, ought not to be described in a manner so atrociously pleasing. The real satirist has no right to lead the public astray about the Juvenile Fête nuisance, and to describe a child's ball as if it was a sort of Paradise, and the little imps engaged as happy and pretty as so many cherubs. They should be drawn, one and all, as hideous—disagreeable—distorted—affected—jealous of each other—dancing awkwardly—with shoes too tight for them—over-eating themselves at supper—very unwell (and deservedly so) the next morning, with Mamma administering a mixture made after the Doctor's prescription, and which should be painted awfully black, in an immense large teacup, and (as might be shown by the horrible expression on the little patient's face) of the most disgusting flavour. Banish, I say, that Mr. Leech during Christmas-time, at least; for by a misplaced kindness and absurd fondness for children, he is likely to do them and their parents an incalculable quantity of harm.

'As every man, sir, looks at the world out of his own eyes or spectacles, or, in other words, speaks of it as he finds it himself, I will lay before you my own case, being perfectly sure that many another parent will sympathize with me. My family, already inconveniently large, is yet constantly on the increase, and it is out of the question that Mrs. Spec should go to parties, as that admirable woman has the best of occupations at home, where she is always nursing the baby. Hence it becomes the father's duty to accompany his children abroad and to give them pleasure during the holidays.

'Our own place of residence is in South Carolina Place, Clapham Road North, in one of the most healthy of the suburbs of this great City. But our relatives and acquaintances are numerous; and they are spread all over the town and its outskirts. Mrs. S. has sisters married, and dwelling respectively in Islington, Haverstock Hill, Bedford Place, Upper Baker Street, and Tyburn Gardens; besides the children's grandmother, Kensington Gravel Pits, whose parties we are all of course obliged to attend. A *very* great connexion of ours, and *nearly related* to a B-r-n-t and M.P., lives not a hundred miles from B-lg-ve Square. I could enumerate a dozen more places where our kinsmen or intimate friends are—heads of families every one of them, with their quivers more or less full of little arrows.

'What is the consequence? I herewith send it to you in the shape of these eighteen inclosed notes, written in various styles more or less correct, and corrected from Miss Fanny's, aged seven, who hopes in round-hand that her dear cousins will come and drink tea with her on New Year's Eve, her birthday,—to that of the Governess of the B-r-n-t in question, who requests the pleasure of our company at a ball, a conjurer, and a Christmas Tree. Mrs. Spec, for the valid reason above stated, cannot frequent these meetings: I am the deplorable chaperon of the young people. I am called upon to conduct my family five miles to tea at six o'clock. No count is taken of our personal habits, hours of dinner, or intervals of rest. We are made the victims of an infantile conspiracy, nor will the lady of the house hear of any revolt or denial.

'"Why," says she, with the spirit which becomes a woman and mother, "you go to your *man's* parties eagerly enough: what an unnatural wretch you must be to grudge your children their pleasures!" She looks round, sweeps all six of them into her arms, whilst the baby on her lap begins to bawl, and you are assailed by seven pairs of imploring eyes, against which there is no appeal. You must go. If you are dying of lumbago, if you are engaged to the best of dinners, if you are longing to stop at home and read Macaulay, you must give up all and go.

'And it is not to one party or two, but to almost all. You must go to the Gravel Pits, otherwise the grandmother will cut the children out of her will, and leave her property to her *other* grandchildren. If you refuse Islington, and accept Tyburn Gardens, you sneer at a poor relation, and acknowledge a rich one readily enough. If you decline Tyburn Gardens, you fling away the chances of the poor dear children in life, and the hopes of the cadetship for little Jacky. If you go to Hampstead, having declined Bedford Place, it is because you never refuse an invitation to Hampstead, where they make much of you, and Miss Maria is pretty (as *you* think, though your wife doesn't), and do not care for the Doctor in Bedford Place. And if you accept Bedford Place, you dare not refuse Upper Baker Street, because there is a coolness between the two families, and you must on no account seem to take part with one or the other.

'In this way many a man besides myself, I dare say, finds himself miserably tied down, and a helpless prisoner, like Gulliver in the hands of the Liliputians. Let us just enumerate a few of the miseries of the pitiable parental slave.

'In the first place examine the question in a pecuniary point of view. The expenses of children's toilets at this present time are perfectly frightful.

'My eldest boy, Gustavus, at home from Dr. Birch's Academy, Rodwell Regis, wears turquoise studs, fine linen shirts, white waistcoats, and shiny boots: and, when I proposed that he should go to a party in Berlin gloves, asked me if I wished that he should be mistaken for a footman?

'My second, Augustus, grumbles about getting his elder brother's clothes, nor could he be brought to accommodate himself to Gustavus's waistcoats at all, had not his mother coaxed him by the loan of her chain and watch, which latter the child broke, after many desperate attempts to wind it up.

'As for the little fellow, Adolphus, his mother has him attired in a costume partly Scotch, partly Hungarian, mostly buttons, and with a Louis Quatorze hat and scarlet feather, and she curls this child's hair with her own blessed tongs every night.

'I wish she would do as much for the girls, though: but no, Monsieur Floridor must do that: and accordingly, every day this season, that abominable little Frenchman, who is, I have no doubt, a Red Republican, and smells of cigars and hair-oil, comes over, and, at a cost of eighteenpence *par tête*, figs out my little creatures' heads with fixature, bandoline, crinoline—the deuce knows what.

'The bill for silk stockings, sashes, white frocks, is so enormous that I have not been able to pay my own tailor these three years.

'The bills for flies to 'Amstid and back, to Hizzlinton and take up, &c., is fearful. The drivers, in this extra weather, must be paid extra, and they drink extra. Having to go to Hackney in the snow, on the night of the 5th of January, our man was so hopelessly inebriated that I was compelled to get out and drive myself; and I am now, on what is called Twelfth Day (with, of course, another child's party before me for the evening), writing this from my bed, sir, with a severe cold, a violent toothache, and a most acute rheumatism.

'As I hear the knock of our medical man, whom an anxious wife has called in, I close this letter; asking leave, however, if I survive, to return to this painful subject next week. And, wishing you a *merry!* New Year, I have the honour to be, dear *Mr. Punch*,

'Your constant reader,
'SPEC.'

II

CONCEIVE, Sir, that in spite of my warning and entreaty we were invited to no less than three Child's Parties last Tuesday; to two of which a lady in this house, who shall be nameless, desired that her children should be taken. On Wednesday we had Dr. Lens's microscope; and on Thursday you were good enough to send me your box for the Haymarket Theatre; and of course Mrs. S. and the children are extremely obliged to you for the attention. I did not mind the theatre so much. I sat in the back of the box, and fell asleep. I wish there was a room with easy chairs and silence enjoined, whither parents might retire, in the houses where Children's Parties are given. But no—it would be of no use: the fiddling and pianoforte playing and scuffling and laughing of the children would keep you awake.

'I am looking out in the papers for some eligible schools where there shall be no vacations—I can't bear these festivities much longer. I begin to hate children in their evening dresses: when children are attired in those absurd best clothes, what can you expect from them but affectation and airs of fashion? One day last year, sir, having to conduct the two young ladies who then frequented juvenile parties, I found them, upon entering the fly, into which they had preceded me under convoy of their maid—I found them—in what a condition, think you? Why, with the skirts of their stiff muslin frocks actually thrown over their heads, so that they should not crumple in the carriage! A child who cannot go into society but with a muslin frock in this position, I say, had best stay in the nursery in her pinafore. If you are not able to enter the world with your dress in its proper place, I say stay at home. I blushed, sir, to see that Mrs. S. *didn't* blush when I informed her of this incident, but only laughed in a strange indecorous manner, and said that the girls must keep their dresses neat.—Neatness as much as you please, but I should have thought Neatness would wear her frock in the natural way.

'And look at the children when they arrive at their place of destination; what processes of coquetry they are made to go through! They are first carried into a room where there are pins, combs, looking-glasses, and lady's-maids, who shake the children's ringlets out, spread abroad their great immense sashes and ribbons, and finally send them full sail into the dancing-room. With what a monstrous precocity they ogle their own faces in the looking-glasses; I have seen my boys, Gustavus and Adolphus, grin into the glass, and arrange their curls or the ties of their neckcloths with as much eagerness as any grown-up man could show who was going to pay a visit to the lady of his heart. With what an abominable complacency they get out their little gloves, and examine their silk stockings! How can they be natural or unaffected when they are so preposterously conceited about their fine clothes ? The other day we met one of Gus's schoolfellows, Master Chaffers, at a party, who entered the room with a little gibus hat under his arm, and to be sure made his bow with the *aplomb* of a dancing-master of sixty ; and my boys, who I suspect envied their comrade the gibus hat, began to giggle and sneer at him ; and, further to disconcert him, Gus goes up to him and says, " Why, Chaffers, you consider yourself a deuced fine fellow, but there's a straw on your trousers." Why shouldn't there be ? And why should that poor little boy be called upon to blush because he came to a party in a hack-cab ? I, for my part, ordered the children to walk home on that night, in order to punish them for their pride. It rained. Gus wet and spoiled his shiny boots, Dol got a cold, and my wife scolded me for cruelty.

'As to the airs which the wretches give themselves about dancing, I need not enlarge upon them here, for the dangerous artist of the *Rising Generation* has already taken them in hand. Not that his satire does the children the least good : *they* don't see anything absurd in courting pretty girls, or in asserting the superiority of their own sex over the female. A few nights since, I saw Master Sultan at a juvenile ball, standing at the door of the dancing-room, egregiously displaying his muslin pocket-handkerchief, and waving it about as if he was in doubt to which of the young beauties he should cast it. " Why don't you dance, Master Sultan ? " says I. " My good sir," he answered, " just look round at those girls and say if I *can* dance ? " *Blasé* and selfish now, what will that boy be, sir, when his whiskers grow ?

'And when you think how Mrs. Mainchance seeks out rich partners for her little boys—how my own admirable Eliza has warned her children—' My dears, I would rather you should dance with your Brown cousins than your Jones cousins,' who are a little rough in their manners (the fact being, that our sister Maria Jones lives at Islington, while Fanny Brown is an Upper Baker Street lady) ;—when I have heard my dear wife, I say, instruct our boy, on going to a party at the Baronet's, by no means to neglect his cousin Adeliza, but to dance with her as soon as ever he can engage her—what can I say, sir, but that the world of men and boys is the same—that society is poisoned at its source—and that our little chubby-cheeked cherubim are instructed to be artful and egotistical, when you would think by their faces they were just fresh from heaven.

'Among the *very* little children, I confess I get a consolation as I watch them, in seeing the artless little girls walking after the boys to whom they incline, and courting them by a hundred innocent little wiles and caresses, putting out their little hands, and inviting them to dances, seeking them out to pull crackers with them, and begging them to read the mottoes, and so forth—this is as it should be—this is natural and kindly. The women, by rights, ought to court the men ; and they would if we but left them alone.[1]

' And, absurd as the games are, I own I like to see some thirty or forty of the creatures on the floor in a ring, playing at *petits jeux*, of all ages and sexes, from the most insubordinate infanthood of Master Jacky, who will crawl out of the circle, and talks louder than anybody in it, though he can't speak, to blushing Miss Lily, who is just conscious that she is sixteen—I own, I say, that I can't look at such a circlet or chaplet of children, as it were, in a hundred different colours, laughing and happy, without a sort of pleasure. How they laugh, how they twine together, how they wave about, as if the wind was passing over the flowers ! Poor little buds, shall you bloom long ?—(I then say to myself, by way of keeping up a proper frame of mind) —shall frosts nip you, or tempests scatter you, drought wither you, or rain beat you down ? And oppressed with my feelings, I go below and get some of the weak negus with which Children's Parties are refreshed.

' At those houses where the magic lantern is practised, I still sometimes get a degree of pleasure, by hearing the voices of the children in the dark, and the absurd remarks which they make as the various scenes are presented—as, in the dissolving views, Cornhill changes into Grand Cairo, as Cupid comes down with a wreath, and pops it on to the head of the Duke of Wellington, as St. Peter's at Rome suddenly becomes illuminated, and fireworks, not the least like real fireworks, begin to go off from Fort St. Angelo—it is certainly not unpleasant to hear the " O-o-o's " of the audience, and the little children chattering in the darkness. But I think I used to like the " Pull devil, pull baker," and the Doctor Syntax of our youth, much better than all your newfangled dissolving views and pyrotechnic imitations.

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[1] On our friend's manuscript there is written, in a female handwriting : ' Vulgar, immodest.—E. S.'

'As for the conjurer, I am sick of him. There is one conjurer I have met so often during this year and the last, that the man looks quite guilty when the folding doors are opened and he sees my party of children, and myself amongst the seniors in the back rows. He forgets his jokes when he beholds me: his wretched claptraps and waggeries fail him: he trembles, falters, and turns pale.

'I on my side too feel reciprocally uneasy. What right have we to be staring that creature out of his silly countenance? Very likely he has a wife and family dependent for their bread upon his antics. I should be glad to admire them if I could; but how do so? When I see him squeeze an orange or a cannon-ball right away into nothing as it were, or multiply either into three cannon-balls or oranges, I know the others are in his pocket somewhere. I know that he doesn't put out his eye when he sticks the penknife into it: or that after swallowing (as the miserable humbug pretends to do) a pocket-handkerchief, he cannot by any possibility convert it into a quantity of coloured wood-shavings. These flimsy articles may amuse children, but not *us*. I think I shall go and sit down below amongst the servants whilst this wretched man pursues his idiotic delusions before the children.

'And the supper, sir, of which our darlings are made to partake. Have they dined? I ask. Do they have a supper at home, and why do not they? Because it is unwholesome. If it is unwholesome, why do they have supper at all? I have mentioned the wretched quality of the negus. How they can administer such stuff to children I can't think. Though only last week I heard a little boy, Master Swilby, at Miss Waters's, say that he had drunk nine glasses of it, and eaten I don't know how many tasteless sandwiches and insipid cakes; after which feats he proposed to fight my youngest son.

'As for that Christmas Tree, which we have from the Germans—anybody who knows what has happened to *them* may judge what will befall us from following their absurd customs. Are we to put up pine-trees in our parlours, with wax candles and *bonbons*, after the manner of the ancient Druids? Are we——

'. . . My dear Sir, my manuscript must here abruptly terminate. Mrs. S. has just come into my study, and my daughter enters, grinning behind her, with twenty-five little notes, announcing that Master and Miss Spec request the pleasure of Miss Brown, Miss F. Brown, and M. A. Brown's company on the 25th instant. There is to be a conjurer in the back drawing-room, a magic lantern in my study, a Christmas Tree in the dining-room, dancing in the drawing-room—"And, my dear, we can have whist in our bedroom," my wife says. "You know we must be civil to those who have been so kind to our darling children."

'SPEC.'

WAITING AT THE STATION

[March 9, 1850; *Miscellanies,* Vol. II, 1856]

WE are amongst a number of people waiting for the Blackwall train at the Fenchurch Street Station. Some of us are going a little farther than Blackwall—as far as Gravesend; some of us are going even farther than Gravesend—to Port Philip, in South Australia, leaving behind the *patriae fines* and the pleasant fields of old England. It is rather a queer sensation to be in the same boat and station with a party that is going upon so prodigious a journey. One speculates about them with more than an ordinary interest, thinking of the difference between your fate and theirs, and that we shall never behold these faces again.

Some eight-and-thirty women are sitting in the large Hall of the station, with bundles, baskets, and light baggage, waiting for the steamer, and the orders to embark. A few friends are taking leave of them, bonnets are laid together, and whispering going on. A little crying is taking place;—only a very little crying,—and among those who remain, as it seems to me, not those who are going away. They leave behind them little to weep for; they are going from bitter cold and hunger, constant want and unavailing labour. Why should they be sorry to quit a mother who has been so hard to them as our country has been? How many of these women will ever see the shore again, upon the brink of which they stand, and from which they will depart in a few minutes more? It makes one sad, and ashamed too, that they should not be more sorry. But how are you to expect love where you have given such scanty kindness? If you saw your children glad at the thoughts of leaving you, and for ever: would you blame yourselves or them? It is not that the children are ungrateful, but the home was unhappy, and the parents indifferent or unkind. You are in the wrong, under whose government they only had neglect and wretchedness; not they, who can't be called upon to love such an unlovely thing as misery, or to make any other return for neglect but indifference and aversion.

You and I, let us suppose again, are civilized persons. We have been decently educated: and live decently every day, and wear tolerable clothes, and practise cleanliness: and love the arts and graces of life. As we walk down this rank of eight-and-thirty female emigrants, let us fancy that we are at Melbourne, and not in London, and that we have come down from our sheep-walks, or clearings, having heard of the arrival of forty honest, well-recommended young women, and having a natural longing to take a wife home to the bush—which of these would you like? If you were an Australian Sultan, to which of these would you throw the handkerchief? I am afraid not one of them. I fear, in our present mood of mind, we should mount horse and return to the country, preferring a solitude, and to be a bachelor, than to put up with one of these for a companion. There is no girl here to tempt you by her looks (and, world-wiseacre as you are, it is by these you are principally moved);—there is no pretty, modest, red-cheeked rustic,—no neat, trim, little *grisette*, such as what we call a gentleman might cast his eyes upon without too much derogating, and might find favour in the eyes of a man about town. No; it is a homely bevy of women with scarcely any beauty amongst them—their clothes are decent, but not the least picturesque—their faces are pale and care-worn for the most part—how, indeed, should it be otherwise, seeing that they have known care and want all their days?—there they sit upon bare benches, with dingy bundles, and great cotton umbrellas—and the truth is, you are not a hardy colonist, a feeder of sheep, feller of trees, a hunter of kangaroos—but a London man, and my lord the Sultan's cambric handkerchief is scented with Bond Street perfumery—you put it in your pocket, and couldn't give it to any one of these women.

They are not like you, indeed. They have not your tastes and feelings: your education and refinements. They would not understand a hundred things which seem perfectly simple to you. They would shock you a hundred times a day by as many deficiencies of politeness, or by outrages upon the Queen's English—by practices entirely harmless, and yet in your eyes actually worse than crimes—they have large hard hands and clumsy feet. The woman you love must have pretty soft fingers that you may hold in yours: must speak her language properly, and at least when you offer her your heart, must return hers with its *h* in the right place, as she whispers that it is yours, or you will have none of it. If she says, 'O Hedward, I ham so unappy to think I shall never beold you agin,'—though her emotion on leaving you might be perfectly tender and genuine, you would be obliged to laugh. If she said, 'Hedward, my art is yours for hever and hever' (and anybody heard her), she might as well stab you,—you couldn't accept the most faithful affection offered in such terms—you are a town-bred man, I say, and your handkerchief smells of Bond Street musk and millefleur. A sunburnt settler out of the Bush won't feel any of these exquisite tortures: or understand this kind of laughter: or object to Molly because her hands are coarse and her ankles thick: but he will take her back to his farm, where she will nurse his children, bake his dough, milk his cows, and cook his kangaroo for him.

But between you, an educated Londoner, and that woman, is not the union absurd and impossible? Would it not be unbearable for either? Solitude would be incomparably pleasanter than such a companion.—You might take her with a handsome fortune, perhaps, were you starving; but then it is because you want a house and carriage, let us say, (*your* necessaries of life), and must have them even if you purchase them with your precious person. You do as much, or your sister does as much, every day. That, however, is not the point: I am not talking about the meanness to which your worship may be possibly obliged to stoop, in order, as you say, 'to keep up your rank in society'—only stating that this immense social difference does exist. You don't like to own it: or don't choose to talk about it, and such things had much better not be spoken about at all. I hear your worship say, there must be differences in rank and so forth! Well! out with it at once, you don't think Molly is your equal—nor indeed is she in the possession of many artificial acquirements. She can't make Latin verses, for example, as you used to do at school, she can't speak French and Italian, as your wife very likely can, &c.—and in so far she is your inferior, and your amiable lady's.

But what I note, what I marvel at, what I acknowledge, what I am ashamed of, what is contrary to Christian morals, manly modesty and honesty, and to the national well-being, is that there should be that immense social distinction between the well-dressed classes (as, if you will permit me, we will call ourselves) and our brethren and sisters in the fustian jackets and pattens. If you deny it for your part, I say that you are mistaken, and deceive yourself wofully. I say that you have been educated to it through Gothic ages, and have had it handed down to you from your fathers (not that they were anybody in particular, but respectable, well-dressed progenitors, let us say for a generation or two)—from your well-dressed fathers before you. How long ago is it that our preachers were teaching the poor 'to know their station'? that it was the peculiar boast of Englishmen, that any man, the humblest among us, could, by talent, industry, and good luck, hope to take his place in the aristocracy of his country, and that we pointed with pride to Lord This, who was the grandson of a barber; and to Earl That, whose father was an apothecary? What a multitude of most respectable folks pride themselves on these things still! The gulf is not impassable, because one man in a million swims over it, and we hail him for his strength and success. He has landed on the happy island. He is one of the aristocracy. Let us clap hands and applaud. There's no country like ours for rational freedom.

If you go up and speak to one of these women, as you do (and very good-naturedly, and you can't help that confounded condescension), she curtsies and holds down her head meekly, and replies with modesty, as becomes her station, to your honour with the clean shirt and the well-made coat. 'And so she should' is what hundreds of thousands of us rich and poor say still. Both believe this to be bounden duty; and that a poor person should naturally bob her head to a rich one physically and morally.

Let us get her last curtsy from her as she stands here upon the English shore. When she gets into the Australian woods her back won't bend except to her labour; or, if it do, from old habit and the reminiscence of the old country, do you suppose her children will be like that timid creature before you ? They will know nothing of that Gothic society, with its ranks and hierarchies, its cumbrous ceremonies, its glittering antique paraphernalia, in which we have been educated ; in which rich and poor still acquiesce, and which multitudes of both still admire : far removed from these old-world traditions, they will be bred up in the midst of plenty, freedom, manly brotherhood. Do you think if your worship's grandson goes into the Australian woods, or meets the grandchild of one of yonder women by the banks of the Warra-warra, the Australian will take a hat off or bob a curtsy to the new-comer ? He will hold out his hand, and say, 'Stranger, come into my house and take a shakedown and have a share of our supper. You come out of the old country, do you ? There was some people were kind to my grandmother there, and sent her out to Melbourne. Times are changed since then—come in and welcome ! '

What a confession it is that we have almost all of us been obliged to make ! A clever and earnest-minded writer gets a commission from the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, and reports upon the state of our poor in London ; he goes amongst labouring people and poor of all kinds—and brings back what ? A picture of human life so wonderful, so awful, so piteous and pathetic, so exciting and terrible, that readers of romances own they never read anything like to it ; and that the griefs, struggles, strange adventures here depicted exceed anything that any of us could imagine. Yes ; and these wonders and terrors have been lying by your door and mine ever since we had a door of our own. We had but to go a hundred yards off and see for ourselves, but we never did. Don't we pay poor-rates, and are they not heavy enough in the name of patience ? Very true ; and we have our own private pensioners, and give away some of our superfluity, very likely. You are not unkind ; not ungenerous. But of such wondrous and complicated misery as this you confess you had no idea ? No. How should you ?—you and I—we are of the upper classes ; we have had hitherto no community with the poor. We never speak a word to the servant who waits on us for twenty years ; we condescend to employ a tradesman, keeping him at a proper distance—mind, of course, at a proper distance—we laugh at his young men if they dance, jig, and amuse themselves like their betters, and call them counter-jumpers, snobs, and what not ; of his workmen we know nothing, how pitilessly they are ground down, how they live and die, here close by us at the backs of our houses ; until some poet like Hood wakes and sings that dreadful 'Song of the Shirt'; some prophet like Carlyle rises up and denounces woe ; some clear-sighted, energetic man like the writer of the *Chronicle* travels into the poor man's country for us, and comes back with his tale of terror and wonder.

Awful, awful poor man's country ! The bell rings and these eight-and-thirty women bid adieu to it, rescued from it (as a few thousands more will be) by some kind people who are interested in their behalf. In two hours more, the steamer lies alongside the ship *Culloden*, which will bear them to their new home. Here are the berths aft for the unmarried women, the married couples are in the midships, the bachelors in the fore-part of the ship. Above and below decks it swarms and echoes with the bustle of departure. The Emigration Commissioner comes and calls over their names ; there are old and young, large families, numbers of children already accustomed to the ship, and looking about with amused unconsciousness. One was born but just now on board ; he will not know how to speak English till he is fifteen thousand miles away from home. Some of those kind people whose bounty and benevolence organized the Female Emigration Scheme, are here to give a last word and shake of the hand to their *protégées*. They hang sadly and gratefully round their patrons. One of them, a clergyman, who has devoted himself to this good work, says a few words to them at parting. It is a solemn minute indeed—for those who (with the few thousand who will follow them) are leaving the country and escaping from the question between rich and poor ; and what for those who remain ? But, at least, those who go will remember that in their misery here they found gentle hearts to love and pity them, and generous hands to give them succour, and will plant in the new country this grateful tradition of the old.—May Heaven's good mercy speed them !

SPEC.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO HIS NEPHEW

[March 24 to August 18, 1849, as 'Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town'; *Miscellanies,* Vol. II, 1856]

INTRODUCTORY

It is with the greatest satisfaction, my dear Robert, that I have you as a neighbour, within a couple of miles of me, and that I have seen you established comfortably in your chambers in Fig-Tree Court. The situation is not cheerful, it is true; and to clamber up three pairs of black creaking stairs, is an exercise not pleasant to a man who never cared for ascending mountains. Nor did the performance of the young barrister who lives under you—and, it appears, plays pretty constantly upon the French horn—give me any great pleasure, as I sat and partook of luncheon in your rooms. Your female attendant or laundress, too, struck me from her personal appearance to be a lady addicted to the use of ardent spirits; and the smell of tobacco, which you say some old college friends of yours had partaken on the night previous, was, I must say, not pleasant in the chambers, and I even thought might be remarked as lingering in your own morning-coat. However, I am an old fellow. The use of cigars has come in since my time (and, I must own, is adopted by many people of the first fashion), and these and other inconveniences are surmounted more gaily by young fellows like yourself, than by oldsters of my standing. It pleased me, however, to see the picture of the old house at home over the mantelpiece. Your college prize-books make a very good show in your bookcases; and I was glad to remark in the looking-glass the cards of both our excellent county Members. The rooms, altogether, have a reputable appearance; and I hope, my dear fellow, that the Society of the Inner Temple will have a punctual tenant.

As you have now completed your academical studies, and are about to commence your career in London, I propose, my dear Nephew, to give you a few hints for your guidance; which, although you have an undoubted genius of your own, yet come from a person who has had considerable personal experience, and I have no doubt would be useful to you if you did not disregard them, as, indeed, you will most probably do.

With your law studies it is not my duty to meddle. I have seen you established, one of six pupils in Mr. Tapeworm's Chambers in Pump Court, seated on a high-legged stool on a foggy day, with your back to a blazing fire. At your father's desire, I have paid a hundred guineas to that eminent special pleader, for the advantages which I have no doubt you will enjoy while seated on the high-legged stool in his back room, and rest contented with your mother's prediction that you will be Lord Chief Justice some day. May you prosper, my dear fellow! is all I desire. By the way, I should like to know what was the meaning of a pot of porter which entered into your chambers as I issued from them at one o'clock, and trust that it was not *your* thirst which was to be quenched with such a beverage at such an hour.

It is not, then, with regard to your duties as a law-student that I have a desire to lecture you, but in respect of your pleasures, amusements, acquaintances, and general conduct and bearing as a young man of the world.

I will rush into the subject at once, and exemplify my morality in your own person. Why, sir, for instance, do you wear that tuft to your chin, and those sham turquoise buttons to your waistcoat? A chin-tuft is a cheap enjoyment certainly, and the twiddling it about, as I see you do constantly, so as to show your lower teeth, a harmless amusement to fill up your vacuous hours. And as for waistcoat buttons, you will say, 'Do not all the young men wear them, and what can I do but buy artificial turquoise, as I cannot afford to buy real stones?'

I take you up at once and show you why you ought to shave off your tip and give up the factitious jewellery. My dear Bob, in spite of us and all the Republicans in the world, there are ranks and degrees in life and society, and distinctions to be maintained by each man according to his rank and degree. You have no more right, as I take it, to sport an imperial on your chin than I have to wear a shovel-hat with a rosette. I hold a tuft to a man's chin to be the centre of a system, so to speak, which ought all to correspond and be harmonious—the whole tune of a man's life ought to be played in that key.

Look, for instance, at Lord Hugo Fitzurse seated in the private box at the Lyceum, by the side of that beautiful creature with the black eyes and the magnificent point-lace, who you fancied was ogling you through her enormous spy-glasses. Lord Hugo has a tuft to his chin certainly, his countenance grins with a perfect vacuity behind it, and his whiskers curl crisply round one of the handsomest and stupidest countenances in the world.

But just reckon up in your own mind what it costs him to keep up that simple ornament on his chin. Look at every article of that amiable and most gentleman-like—though, I own, foolish—young man's dress, and see how absurd it is of you to attempt to imitate him. Look at his hands (I have the young nobleman perfectly before my mind's eye now); the little hands are dangling over the cushion of the box gloved as tightly and delicately as a lady's. His wristbands are fastened up towards his elbows with jewellery. Gems and rubies meander down his pink shirt-front and waistcoat. He wears a watch with an apparatus of gimcracks at his waistcoat pocket. He sits in a splendid side box, or he simpers out of the windows at White's, or you see him grinning out of a cab by the Serpentine—a lovely and costly picture, surrounded by a costly frame.

Whereas you and I, my good Bob, if we want to see a play, do not disdain an order from our friend the newspaper editor, or to take a seat in the pit. Your watch is your father's old hunting-watch. When we go in the Park we go on foot, or at best get a horse up after Easter, and just show in Rotten Row. *We* shall never look out of

White's bow-window. The amount of Lord Hugo's tailor's bill would support you and your younger brother. His valet has as good an allowance as you, besides his perquisites of old clothes. You cannot afford to wear a dandy lord's cast-off old clothes, neither to imitate those which he wears.

There is nothing disagreeable to me in the notion of a dandy any more than there is in the idea of a peacock, or a camelopard, or a prodigious gaudy tulip, or an astonishingly bright brocade. There are all sorts of animals, plants, and stuffs in Nature, from peacocks to tom-tits, and from cloth of gold to corduroy, whereof the variety is assuredly intended by Nature, and certainly adds to the zest of life. Therefore, I do not say that Lord Hugo is a useless being, or bestow the least contempt upon him. Nay, it is right gratifying and natural that he should be, and be as he is—handsome and graceful, splendid and perfumed, beautiful—whiskered and empty-headed, a sumptuous dandy, and man of fashion—and what you young men have denominated a 'Swell.'

But a cheap Swell, my dear Robert (and that little chin ornament, as well as certain other indications which I have remarked in your simple nature, lead me to insist upon this matter rather strongly with you), is by no means a pleasing object for our observation, although he is presented to us so frequently. Try, my boy, and curb any little propensity which you may have to dresses that are too splendid for your station. You do not want light kid gloves and wristbands up to your elbows, copying out Mr. Tapeworm's Pleas and Declarations: you will only blot them with lawyer's ink over your desk, and they will impede your writing: whereas Lord Hugo may decorate his hands in any way he likes, because he has little else to do with them but to drive cabs, or applaud dancing-girls' pirouettes, or to handle a knife and fork or a toothpick as becomes the position in life which he fills in so distinguished a manner. To be sure, since the days of friend Aesop, Jackdaws have been held up to ridicule for wearing the plumes of birds to whom Nature has affixed more gaudy tails; but as Folly is constantly reproducing itself, so must Satire, and our honest *Mr. Punch* has but to repeat to the men of our generation the lessons taught by the good-natured Hunchback, his predecessor.

Shave off your tuft then, my boy, and send it to the girl of your heart as a token, if you like: and I pray you abolish the jewellery, towards which I clearly see you have a propensity. As you have a plain dinner at home, served comfortably on a clean table-cloth, and not a grand service of half a dozen *entrées*, such as we get at our County Member's (and an uncommonly good dinner it is too), so let your dress be perfectly neat, polite, and cleanly, without any attempts at splendour. Magnificence is the decency of the rich—but it cannot be purchased with half a guinea a day, which, when the rent of your chambers is paid, I take to be pretty nearly the amount of your worship's income. This point, I thought, was rather well illustrated the other day, in an otherwise silly and sentimental book which I looked over at the club, called the *Foggarty Diamond* (or by some such vulgar name). Somebody gives the hero, who is a poor fellow, a diamond pin: he is obliged to buy a new stock to set off the diamond, then a new waistcoat, to correspond with the stock, then a new coat, because the old one is too shabby for the rest of his attire:—finally, the poor devil is ruined by the diamond ornament, which he is forced to sell, as I would recommend you to sell your waistcoat studs, were they worth anything.

But as you have a good figure and a gentleman-like deportment, and as every young man likes to be well attired, and ought, for the sake of his own advantage and progress in life, to show himself to the best advantage, I shall take an early opportunity of addressing you on the subject of tailors and clothes, which, at least, merit a letter to themselves.

Brown the Elder.

ON TAILORING—AND TOILETTES IN GENERAL

OUR ancestors, my dear Bob, have transmitted to you, in common with every member of our family, considerable charms of person and figure, of which fact, although you are of course perfectly aware, yet, and equally of course, you have no objection to be reminded; and with these facial and corporeal endowments, a few words respecting dress and tailoring may not be out of place; for nothing is trivial in life, and everything to the philosopher has a meaning. As in the old joke about a pudding which has two sides, namely, an inside and an outside, so a coat or a hat has its inside as well as its outside; I mean, that there is in a man's exterior appearance the consequence of his inward ways of thought, and a gentleman who dresses too grandly, or too absurdly, or too shabbily, has some oddity, or insanity, or meanness in his mind, which develops itself somehow outwardly in the fashion of his garments.

No man has a right to despise his dress in this world. There is no use in flinging any honest chance whatever away. For instance, although a woman cannot be expected to know the particulars of a gentleman's dress, any more than we to be acquainted with the precise nomenclature or proper cut of the various articles which those dear creatures wear; yet to what lady in a society of strangers do we feel ourselves most naturally inclined to address ourselves ?—to her or those whose appearance pleases us ; not to the gaudy, over-dressed dowager or miss—nor to her whose clothes, though handsome, are put on in a slatternly manner, but to the person who looks neat, and trim, and elegant, and in whose person we fancy we see exhibited indications of a natural taste, order, and propriety. If Miss Smith in a rumpled gown offends our eyesight, though we hear she is a young lady of great genius and considerable fortune, while Miss Jones in her trim and simple attire attracts our admiration ; so must women, on their side, be attracted or repelled by the appearance of gentlemen into whose company they fall. If you are a tiger in appearance, you may naturally expect to frighten a delicate and timid female ; if you are a sloven, to offend her : and as to be well with women constitutes one of the chiefest happinesses of life, the object of my worthy Bob's special attention will naturally be to neglect no precautions to win their favour.

Yes : a good face, a good address, a good dress, are each so many points in the game of life, of which every man of sense will avail himself. They help many a man more in his commerce with society than learning or genius. It is hard often to bring the former into a drawing-room : it is often too lumbering and unwieldy for any den but its own. And as a King Charles's spaniel can snooze before the fire, or frisk over the ottoman-cushions and on to the ladies' laps, when a Royal elephant would find a considerable difficulty in walking up the stairs, and subsequently in finding a seat ; so a good manner and appearance will introduce you into many a house, where you might knock in vain for admission with all the learning of Porson in your trunk.

It is not learning, it is not virtue, about which people inquire in society. It is manners. It no more profits me that my neighbour at table can construe Sanscrit and say the *Encyclopaedia* by heart, than that he should possess half a million in the Bank (unless, indeed, he gives dinners ; when, for reasons obvious, one's estimation of him, or one's desire to please him, takes its rise in different sources), or that the lady whom I hand down to dinner should be as virtuous as Cornelia or the late Mrs. Hannah More. What is wanted for the nonce is that folks should be as agreeable as possible in conversation and demeanour ; so that good humour may be said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society; the which to see exhibited in Lady X.'s honest face, let us say, is more pleasant to behold in a room than the glitter of Lady Z.'s best diamonds. And yet, in point of virtue, the latter is no doubt, a perfect dragon. But virtue is a home quality: manners are the coat it wears when it goes abroad.

Thus, then, my beloved Bob, I would have your dining-out suit handsome, neat, well-made, fitting you naturally and easily, and yet with a certain air of holiday about it, which should mark its destination. It is not because they thought their appearance was much improved by the ornament that the ancient philosophers and topers decorated their old pates with flowers (no wreath, I know, would make some people's mugs beautiful; and I confess, for my part, I would as lief wear a horse-collar or a cotton night-cap in society, as a coronet of polyanthuses or a garland of hyacinths) :—it is not because a philosopher cares about dress that he wears it; but he wears his best as a sign of a feast, as a bush is the sign of an inn. You ought to mark a festival as a red-letter day, and you put on your broad and spotless white waistcoat, your finest linen, your shiniest boots, as much as to say, 'It is a feast; here I am, clean, smart, ready with a good appetite, determined to enjoy.'

You would not enjoy a feast if you came to it unshorn, in a draggle-tailed dressing-gown. You ought to be well dressed, and suitable to it. A very odd and wise man whom I once knew, and who had not (as far as one could outwardly judge) the least vanity about his personal appearance, used, I remember, to make a point of wearing in large assemblies a most splendid gold or crimson waistcoat. He seemed to consider himself in the light of a walking bouquet of flowers, or a movable chandelier. His waistcoat was a piece of furniture to decorate the rooms: as for any personal pride he took in the adornment, he had none: for the matter of that, he would have taken the garment off, and lent it to a waiter—but this philosopher's maxim was that dress should be handsome upon handsome occasions—and I hope you will exhibit your own taste upon such. You don't suppose that people who entertain you so hospitably have four-and-twenty lights in the dining-room, and still and dry champagne every day ?—or that my friend, Mrs. Perkins, puts her drawing-room door under her bed every night, when there is no ball ? A young fellow must dress himself, as the host and hostess dress themselves, in an extra manner for extra nights. Enjoy, my boy, in honesty and manliness, the goods of this life. I would no more have you refuse to take your glass of wine, or to admire (always in honesty) a pretty girl, than dislike the smell of a rose, or turn away your eyes from a landscape. '*Neque tu choreas sperne, puer*,' as the dear old Heathen says : and, in order to dance, you must have proper pumps willing to spring and whirl lightly, and a clean pair of gloves, with which you can take your partner's pretty little hand.

As for particularizing your dress, that were a task quite absurd and impertinent, considering that you are to wear it, and not I, and remembering the variations of fashion. When I was presented to H.R.H. the Prince Regent, in the uniform of the Hammersmith Hussars, viz. a yellow jacket, pink pantaloons, and silver lace, green morocco boots, and a light blue pelisse lined with ermine, the august Prince himself, the model of grace and elegance in his time, wore a coat of which the waist-buttons were placed between his Royal shoulder-blades, and which, if worn by a man now, would cause the boys to hoot him in Pall Mall, and be a uniform for Bedlam. If buttons continue their present downward progress, a man's waist may fall down to his heels next year, or work upwards to the nape of his neck after another revolution : who knows ? Be it yours decently to conform to the custom, and leave your buttons in the hands of a good tailor, who will place them wherever fashion ordains. A few general rules, however, may be gently hinted to a young fellow who has perhaps a propensity to fall into certain errors.

Eschew violent sporting dresses, such as one sees but too often in the parks and public places on the backs of misguided young men. There is no objection to an ostler wearing a particular costume, but it is a pity that a gentleman should imitate it. I have seen in like manner young fellows at Cowes attired like the pictures we have of smugglers, buccaneers, and mariners in Adelphi melodramas. I would like my Bob to remember that his business in life is neither to handle a curry-comb nor a marline-spike, and to fashion his habit accordingly.

If your hair or clothes do not smell of tobacco, as they sometimes, it must be confessed, do, you will not be less popular among ladies. And as no man is worth a fig, or can have real benevolence of character, or observe mankind properly, who does not like the society of modest and well-bred women; respect their prejudices in this matter, and if you must smoke, smoke in an old coat, and away from the ladies.

Avoid dressing-gowns; which argue dawdling, an unshorn chin, a lax toilet, and a general lazy and indolent habit at home. Begin your day with a clean conscience in every way. Cleanliness is honesty.[1] A man who shows but a clean face and hands is a rogue and hypocrite in society, and takes credit for a virtue which he does not possess. And of all the advances towards civilization which our nation has made, and of most of which Mr. Macaulay treats so eloquently in his lately published History, as in his lecture to the Glasgow Students the other day, there is none which ought to give a philanthropist more pleasure, than to remark the great and increasing demand for bath-tubs at the ironmongers': Zinc-Institutions, of which our ancestors had a lamentable ignorance.

And I hope that these institutions will be universal in our country before long, and that every decent man in England will be a Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.

BROWN THE ELDER.

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[1] *Note to the beloved Reader.*—This hint, dear Sir, is of course not intended to apply personally to *you*, who are scrupulously neat in your person; but when you look around you and see how many people neglect the use of that admirable cosmetic, cold water, you will see that a few words in its praise may be spoken with advantage.

THE INFLUENCE OF LOVELY WOMAN UPON SOCIETY

CONSTANTLY, my dear Bob, I have told you how refining is the influence of women upon society, and how profound our respect ought to be for them. Living in chambers as you do, my dear Nephew, and not of course liable to be amused by the constant society of an old Uncle, who moreover might be deucedly bored with your own conversation—I beseech and implore you to make a point of being intimate with one or two families where you can see kind and well-bred English ladies. I have seen women of all nations in the world, but I never saw the equals of English women (meaning of course to include our cousins the MacWhirters of Glasgow, and the O'Tooles of Cork) : and I pray sincerely, my boy, that you may always have a woman for a friend.

Try, then, and make yourself the *bienvenu* in some house where accomplished and amiable ladies are. Pass as much of your time as you can with them. Lose no opportunity of making yourself agreeable to them : run their errands ; send them flowers and elegant little tokens ; show a willingness to be pleased by their attentions, and to aid their little charming schemes of shopping or dancing, or this, or that. I say to you, make yourself a lady's man as much as ever you can.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is rather slow and you know the girls' songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or smoking-room, or a pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which virtuous women are not admitted, are, rely on it, deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure. Your Club-swaggerers who are sucking the butts of billiard-cues all night call female society insipid. Sir, poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man: music does not please an unfortunate brute who does not know one tune from another—and, as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water-souchy and brown bread-and-butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated kindly woman about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment.

One of the great benefits a young man may derive from women's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend on it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves; we cut the best slices out of the joint at club-dinners for ourselves; we yawn for ourselves and light our pipes, and say we won't go out: we prefer ourselves and our ease—and the greatest good that comes to a man from woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself—somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful. Certainly I don't want my dear Bob to associate with those of the other sex whom he doesn't and can't respect: that is worse than billiards: worse than tavern brandy-and-water: worse than smoking selfishness at home. But I vow I would rather see you turning over the leaves of Miss Fiddlecombe's music-book all night, than at billiards, or smoking, or brandy-and-water, or all three.

Remember, if a house is pleasant, and you like to remain in it, that to be well with the women of the house is the great, the vital point. If it is a good house, don't turn up your nose because you are only asked to come in the evening while others are invited to dine. Recollect the debts of dinners which an hospitable family has to pay; who are you that you should always be expecting to nestle under the mahogany? Agreeable acquaintances are made just as well in the drawing-room as in the dining-room. Go to tea brisk and good-humoured. Be determined to be pleased.

Talk to a dowager. Take a hand at whist. If you are musical, and know a song, sing it like a man. Never sulk about dancing, but off with you. You will find your acquaintance enlarge. Mothers, pleased with your good humour, will probably ask you to Pocklington Square, to a little party. You will get on—you will form yourself a circle. You may marry a rich girl, or, at any rate, get the chance of seeing a number of the kind, and the pretty.

Many young men, who are more remarkable for their impudence and selfishness than their good sense, are fond of boastfully announcing that they decline going to evening parties at all, unless, indeed, such entertainments commence with a good dinner, and a quantity of claret.

I never saw my beautiful-minded friend, Mrs. Y. Z., many times out of temper, but can quite pardon her indignation when young Fred Noodle, to whom the Y. Z.'s have been very kind, and who has appeared scores of times at their elegant table in Up—r B-k-r Street, announced, in an unlucky moment of flippancy, that he did not intend to go to evening parties any more.

What induced Fred Noodle to utter this bravado I know not: whether it was that he has been puffed up by attentions from several Aldermen's families, with whom he has of late become acquainted, and among whom he gives himself the airs of a prodigious 'swell'; but having made this speech one Sunday after Church, when he condescended to call in B-k-r Street, and show off his new gloves and waistcoat, and talked in a sufficiently dandified air about the opera (the wretched creature fancies that an eight-and-sixpenny pit ticket gives him the privileges of a man of fashion) —Noodle made his bow to the ladies, and strutted off to show his new yellow kids elsewhere.

'Matilda, my love, bring the Address Book,' Mrs. Y. Z. said to her lovely eldest daughter, as soon as Noodle was gone, and the banging hall-door had closed upon the absurd youth. That graceful and obedient girl rose, went to the back drawing-room, on a table in which apartment the volume lay, and brought the book to her mamma.

Mrs. Y. Z. turned to the letter N; and under that initial discovered the name of the young fellow who had just gone out—Noodle, F., 250, Jermyn Street, St. James's. She took a pen from the table before her, and with it deliberately crossed the name of Mr. Noodle out of her book. Matilda looked at Eliza, who stood by in silent awe. The sweet eldest girl, who has a kind feeling towards every soul alive, then looked towards her mother with expostulating eyes, and said, 'Oh, Mamma!' Dear, dear Eliza! I love all pitiful hearts like thine.

But Mrs. Y. Z. was in no mood to be merciful, and gave way to a natural indignation and feeling of outraged justice. 'What business has that young man to tell me,' she exclaimed, 'that he declines going to evening parties, when he knows that after Easter we have one or two? Has he not met with constant hospitality here since Mr. Y. Z. brought him home from the Club? Has he such *beaux yeux?* or has he so much wit? or is he a man of so much note, that his company at a dinner-table becomes indispensable? He is nobody; he is not handsome; he is not clever; he never opens his mouth except to drink your Papa's claret; and he declines evening parties forsooth!—Mind, children, he is never invited into this house again.'

When Y. Z. now meets young Noodle at the Club, that kind but feeble-minded old gentleman covers up his face with the newspaper, so as not to be seen by Noodle; or sidles away with his face to the book-cases, and lurks off by the door. The other day they met on the steps, when the wretched Noodle, driven *aux abois*, actually had the meanness to ask how Mrs. Y. Z. was? The Colonel (for such he is, and of the Bombay service, too) said, 'My wife? Oh!—hum!—I'm sorry to say Mrs. Y. Z. has been very poorly indeed, lately, very poorly; and confined to her room. God bless my soul! I've an appointment at the India House, and it's past two o'clock'—and he fled.

I had the malicious satisfaction of describing to Noodle the most sumptuous dinner which Y. Z. had given the day before, at which there was a Lord present, a Foreign Minister, with his Orders, two Generals with Stars; and every luxury of the season; but at the end of our conversation, seeing the effect it had upon the poor youth, and how miserably he was cast down, I told him the truth, viz. that the above story was a hoax, and that if he wanted to get into Mrs. Y. Z.'s good graces again, his best plan was to go to Lady Flack's party, where I knew the Miss Y. Z.s would be, and dance with them all night.

Yes, my dear Bob, you boys must pay with your persons, however lazy you may be—however much inclined to smoke at the Club, or to lie there and read the last delicious new novel; or averse to going home to a dreadful black set of chambers, where there is no fire; and at ten o'clock at night creeping shuddering into your ball suit, in order to go forth to an evening party.

The dressing, the clean gloves, and cab-hire are nuisances, I grant you. The idea of a party itself is a bore, but you must go. When you are at the party, it is not so stupid; there is always something pleasant for the eye and attention of an observant man. There is a bustling dowager wheedling and manœuvring to get proper partners for her girls; there is a pretty girl enjoying herself with all her heart, and in all the pride of her beauty, than which I know no more charming object;—there is poor Miss Meggot, lonely up against the wall, whom nobody asks to dance, and with whom it is your bounden duty to waltz. There is always something to see or do, when you are there; and to evening parties, I say, you must go.

Perhaps I speak with the ease of an old fellow who is out of the business, and beholds you from afar off. My dear boy, they don't want *us* at evening parties. A stout, bald-headed man dancing is a melancholy object to himself in the looking-glass opposite, and there are duties and pleasures of all ages. Once, Heaven help us, and only once, upon my honour, and I say so as a gentleman, some boys seized upon me and carried me to the Casino, where, forthwith, they found acquaintances and partners, and went whirling away in the double-timed waltz (it is an abominable dance to me—I am an old fogy) along with hundreds more. I caught sight of a face in the crowd—the most blank, melancholy, and dreary old visage it was—my own face in the glass—there was no use in my being there. *Canities adest morosa*—no, not *morosa*—but, in fine, I had no business in the place, and so came away.

I saw enough of that Casino, however, to show me that—but my paper is full, and on the subject of women I have more things to say, which might fill many hundred more pages.

Brown the Elder.

SOME MORE WORDS ABOUT THE LADIES

Suffer me to continue, my dear Bob, our remarks about women, and their influence over you young fellows—an influence so vast, for good or for evil.

I have, as you pretty well know, an immense sum of money in the Three per Cents, the possession of which does not, I think, decrease your respect for my character, and of which, at my demise, you will possibly have your share. But if I ever hear of you as a Casino haunter, as a frequenter of Races and Greenwich Fairs, and such amusements, in questionable company, I give you my honour you shall benefit by no legacy of mine, and I will divide the portion that was, and is, I hope, to be yours, amongst your sisters.

Think, sir, of what they are, and of your mother at home, spotless and pious, loving and pure, and shape your own course so as to be worthy of them. Would you do anything to give them pain ? Would you say anything that should bring a blush to their fair cheeks, or shock their gentle natures ? At the Royal Academy Exhibition last year, when that great stupid, dandified donkey, Captain Grigg, in company with the other vulgar oaf, Mr. Gowker, ventured to stare in rather an insolent manner at your pretty little sister Fanny, who had come blushing from Miss Pinkerton's Academy, I saw how your honest face flushed up with indignation, as you caught a sight of the hideous grins and ogles of those two ruffians in varnished boots ; and your eyes flashed out at them glances of defiance and warning so savage and terrible, that the discomfited wretches turned wisely upon their heels, and did not care to face such a resolute young champion as Bob Brown. What is it that makes all your blood tingle, and fills all your heart with a vague and fierce desire to thrash somebody, when the idea of the possibility of an insult to that fair creature enters your mind ? You can't bear to think that injury should be done to a being so sacred, so innocent, and so defenceless.

You would do battle with a Goliath in her cause. Your sword would leap from its scabbard (that is, if you gentlemen from Pump Court wore swords and scabbards at the present period of time) to avenge or defend her.

Respect all beauty, all innocence, my dear Bob ; defend all defencelessness in your sister, as in the sisters of other men. We have all heard the story of the gentleman of the last century, who, when a crowd of young bucks and bloods in the Crush-room of the Opera were laughing and elbowing an old lady there--an old lady, lonely, ugly, and unprotected—went up to her respectfully and offered her his arm, took her down to his own carriage which was in waiting, and walked home himself in the rain,—and twenty years afterwards had ten thousand a year left him by this very old lady, as a reward for that one act of politeness. We have all heard that story ; nor do I think it is probable that you will have ten thousand a year left to you for being polite to a woman : but I say, be polite, at any rate. Be respectful to every woman. A manly and generous heart can be no otherwise ; as a man would be gentle with a child, or take off his hat in a church.

I would have you apply this principle universally towards women—from the finest lady of your acquaintance down to the laundress who sets your Chambers in order. It may safely be asserted that the persons who joke with servants or barmaids at lodgings, are not men of a high intellectual or moral capacity. To chuck a still-room maid under the chin, or to send off Molly the cook grinning, are not, to say the least of them, dignified acts in any gentleman. The butcher-boy who brings the leg of mutton to Molly, may converse with her over the area-railings ; or the youthful grocer may exchange a few jocular remarks with Betty at the door as he hands in to her the tea and sugar ; but not you. We must live according to our degree. I hint this to you, sir, by the way, and because the other night as I was standing on the drawing-room landing-place, taking leave of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax, after a very agreeable dinner, I heard a giggling in the hall, where you were putting on your coat, and where that uncommonly good-looking parlour-maid was opening the door. And here, whilst on this subject, and whilst Mrs. Betty is helping you on with your coat, I would say, respecting your commerce with friends' servants and your own : be thankful to them.

and they will be grateful to you in return, depend upon it. Let the young fellow who lives in lodgings respect the poor little maid who does the wondrous work of the house, and not send her on too many errands, or ply his bell needlessly : if you visit any of your comrades in such circumstances, be you, too, respectful and kind in your tone to the poor little abigail. If you frequent houses, as I hope you will, where are many good fellows and amiable ladies who cannot afford to have their doors opened or their tables attended by men, pray be particularly courteous (though by no means so marked in your attentions as on the occasion of the dinner at Mr. Fairfax's to which I have just alluded) to the women-servants. Thank them when they serve you. Give them a half-crown now and then, nay, as often as your means will permit. Those small gratuities make but a small sum in your year's expenses, and it may be said that the practice of giving them never impoverished a man yet : and on the other hand, they give a deal of innocent happiness to a very worthy, active, kind set of folks.

But let us hasten from the hall-door to the drawing-room, where fortune has cast your lot in life : I want to explain to you why I am so anxious that you should devote yourself to that amiable lady who sits in it. Sir, I do not mean to tell you that there are no women in the world, vulgar and ill-humoured, rancorous and narrow-minded, mean schemers, son-in-law hunters, slaves of fashion, hypocrites ; but I do respect, admire, and almost worship good women ; and I think there is a very fair number of such to be found in this world, and, I have no doubt, in every educated Englishman's circle of society, whether he finds that circle in palaces in Belgravia and Mayfair, in snug little suburban villas, in ancient comfortable old Bloomsbury, or in back parlours behind the shop. It has been my fortune to meet with excellent English ladies in every one of these places—wives graceful and affectionate, matrons tender and good, daughters happy and pure-minded, and I urge the society of such to you, because I defy you to think evil in their company. Walk into the drawing-room of Lady Z., that great lady : look at her charming face, and hear her voice. You know that she can't but be good, with such a face and such a voice. She is one of those fortunate beings on whom it has pleased Heaven to bestow all sorts of its most precious gifts and richest worldly favours. With what grace she receives you; with what a frank kindness and natural sweetness and dignity! Her looks, her motions, her words, her thoughts, all seem to be beautiful and harmonious quite. See her with her children—what woman can be more simple and loving? After you have talked to her for a while, you very likely find that she is ten times as well read as you are: she has a hundred accomplishments which she is not in the least anxious to show off, and makes no more account of them than of her diamonds, or of the splendour round about her—to all of which she is born, and has a happy, admirable claim of nature and possession—admirable and happy for her and for us too; for is it not a happiness for us to admire her? Does anybody grudge her excellence to that paragon? Sir, we may be thankful to be admitted to contemplate such consummate goodness and beauty: and as in looking at a fine landscape or a fine work of art, every generous heart must be delighted and improved, and ought to feel grateful afterwards, so one may feel charmed and thankful for having the opportunity of knowing an almost perfect woman. Madam, if the gout and the custom of the world permitted, I would kneel down and kiss the hem of your ladyship's robe. To see your gracious face is a comfort—to see you walk to your carriage is a holiday. Drive her faithfully, O thou silver-wigged coachman! drive to all sorts of splendours and honours and Royal festivals. And for us, let us be glad that we should have the privilege to admire her.

Now, transport yourself in spirit, my good Bob, into another drawing-room. There sits an old lady of more than fourscore years, serene and kind, and as beautiful in her age now, as in her youth, when History toasted her? What has she not seen, and is she not ready to tell? All the fame and wit, all the rank and beauty, of more than half a century, have passed through those rooms where you have the honour of making your best bow. She is as simple now as if she had never had any flattery to dazzle her: she is never tired of being pleased and being kind. Can that have been anything but a good life which after more than eighty years of it are spent, is so calm? Could she look to the end of it so cheerfully, if its long course had not been pure? Respect her, I say, for being so happy, now that she is old. We do not know what goodness and charity, what affections, what trials, may have gone to make that charming sweetness of temper, and complete that perfect manner. But if we do not admire and reverence such an old age as that, and get good from contemplating it, what are we to respect and admire ?

Or shall we walk through the shop (while N. is recommending a tall copy to an amateur, or folding up a two-pennyworth of letter-paper, and bowing to a poor customer in a jacket and apron with just as much respectful gravity as he would show while waiting upon a duke), and see Mrs. N. playing with the child in the back parlour until N. shall come in to tea ? They drink tea at five o'clock ; and are actually as well-bred as those gentlefolks who dine three hours later. Or will you please to step into Mrs. J.'s lodgings, who is waiting, and at work, until her husband comes home from Chambers ? She blushes and puts the work away on hearing the knock, but when she sees who the visitor is, she takes it with a smile from behind the sofa cushion, and behold, it is one of J.'s waistcoats on which she is sewing buttons. She might have been a countess blazing in diamonds, had Fate so willed it, and the higher her station the more she would have adorned it. But she looks as charming while plying her needle, as the great lady in the palace whose equal she is,—in beauty, in goodness, in highbred grace and simplicity : at least, I can't fancy her better, or any peeress being more than her peer.

And it is with this sort of people, my dear Bob, that I recommend you to consort, if you can be so lucky as to meet with their society—nor do I think you are very likely to find many such at the Casino ; or in the dancing-booths of Greenwich Fair on this present Easter Monday.

BROWN THE ELDER.

ON FRIENDSHIP

I

CHOICE of friends, my dear Robert, is a point upon which every man about town should be instructed, as he should be careful. And as example, they say, is sometimes better than precept, and at the risk even of appearing somewhat ludicrous in your eyes, I will narrate to you an adventure which happened to myself, which is at once ridiculous and melancholy (at least to me), and which will show you how a man, not imprudent or incautious of his own nature, may be made to suffer by the imprudent selection of a friend. Attend then, my dear Bob, to 'the History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.'

Sir, in the year 1810, I was a jolly young bachelor, as you are now (indeed, it was three years before I married your poor dear Aunt); I had a place in the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office; I had Chambers in Pump Court, *au troisième*, and led a not uncomfortable life there. I was a free and gay young fellow in those days (however much, sir, you may doubt the assertion, and think that I am changed), and not so particular in my choice of friends as subsequent experience has led me to be.

There lived in the set of Chambers opposite to mine, a Suffolk gentleman, of good family, whom I shall call Mr. Bludyer. Our boys or clerks first made acquaintance, and did each other mutual kind offices: borrowing for their respective masters' benefit, neither of whom was too richly provided with the world's goods, coals, blacking-brushes, crockery-ware, and the like; and our forks and spoons, if either of us had an entertainment in Chambers. As I learned presently that Mr. Bludyer had been educated at Oxford, and heard that his elder brother was a gentleman of good estate and reputation in his county, I could have no objection to make his acquaintance, and accepted finally his invitation to meet a large game-pie which he had brought with him from the country, and I recollect I lent my own silver tea-pot, which figured handsomely on the occasion. It is the same one which I presented to you, when you took possession of your present apartments.

Mr. Bludyer was a sporting man: it was the custom in those days with many gentlemen to dress as much like coachmen as possible; in top-boots, huge white coats with capes, Belcher neckerchiefs, and the like adornments; and at the tables of bachelors of the very first fashion, you would meet with prize-fighters and jockeys, and hear a great deal about the prize-ring, the cock-pit, and the odds. I remember my Lord Tilbury was present at this breakfast (who afterwards lamentably broke his neck in a steeplechase, by which the noble family became extinct), and for some time I confounded his lordship with Dutch Sam, who was also of the party, and, indeed, not unlike the noble viscount in dress and manner.

My acquaintance with Mr. Bludyer ripened into a sort of friendship. He was perfectly good-natured, and not ill-bred; and his jovial spirits and roaring stories amused a man who, though always of a peaceful turn, had no dislike to cheerful companions. We used to dine together about at coffee-houses, for Clubs were scarcely invented in those days, except for the aristocracy; and, in fine, were very intimate. Bludyer, a brave and athletic man, would often give a loose to his spirits of an evening, and mill a Charley or two, as the phrase then was. The young bloods of those days thought it was no harm to spend a night in the watch-house, and I assure you it has accommodated a deal of good company. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* In our own days, my good Bob, a station-house bench is not the bed for a gentleman.

I was at this time (and deservedly so, for I had been very kind to her, and my elder brother, your father, neglected her considerably) the favourite nephew of your Grand-Aunt, my Aunt, Mrs. General MacWhirter, who was left a very handsome fortune by the General, and to whom I do not scruple to confess I paid every attention to which her age, her sex, and her large income entitled her. I used to take sweetmeats to her poodle. I went and drank tea with her night after night. I accompanied her Sunday after Sunday to hear the Rev. Rowland Hill, at the Rotunda Chapel, over Blackfriars Bridge, and I used to read many of the tracts with which she liberally supplied me—in fact, do everything to comfort and console a lady of peculiar opinions and habits who had a large jointure. Your father used to say I was a sneak, but he was then a boisterous young squire; and perhaps we were not particularly good friends.

Well, sir, my dear Aunt, Mrs. General MacWhirter, made me her chief confidant. I regulated her money matters for her and acted with her bankers and lawyers; and as she always spoke of your father as a reprobate, I had every reason to suppose I should inherit the property, the main part of which passed to another branch of the Browns. I do not grudge it, Bob: I do not grudge it. Your family is large; and I have enough from my poor dear departed wife.

Now, it so happened that in June, 1811,—I recollect the Comet was blazing furiously at the time, and Mrs. MacWhirter was of opinion that the world was at an end—Mr. Bludyer, who was having his Chambers in Pump Court painted, asked permission to occupy mine, where he wished to give a lunch to some people whom he was desirous to entertain. Thinking no harm, of course I said yes; and I went to my desk at the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office at my usual hour, giving instructions to my boy to make Mr. Bludyer's friends comfortable.

As ill luck would have it, on that accursed Friday, Mrs. MacWhirter, who had never been up my staircase before in her life (for your dear Grand-Aunt was large in person, and the apoplexy, which carried her off soon after, menaced her always), having some very particular business with her solicitors in Middle Temple Lane, and being anxious to consult me about a mortgage, actually mounted my stairs, and opened the door on which she saw written the name of

Mr. Thomas Brown. She was a peculiar woman, I have said, attached to glaring colours in her dress, and from her long residence in India, seldom without a set of costly birds of Paradise in her bonnet, and a splendid Cashmere shawl.

Fancy her astonishment then, on entering my apartments at three o'clock in the afternoon, to be assailed in the first place by a strong smell of tobacco-smoke which pervaded the passage, and by a wild and ferocious bull-dog which flew at her on entering my sitting-room!

This bull-dog, sir, doubtless attracted by the brilliant colours of her costume, seized upon her, and pinned her down, screaming, so that her voice drowned that of Bludyer himself, who was sitting on the table bellowing 'A Southerly wind and a Cloudy Sky proclaim a hunting Morning'—or some such ribald trash: and the brutal owner of the dog (who was no other than the famous Mulatto boxer, Norroy, called the 'Black Prince' in the odious language of the Fancy, and who was inebriated doubtless at the moment), encouraged his dog in the assault upon this defenceless lady, and laughed at the agonies which she endured.

Mr. Bludyer, the black man, and one or two more, were arranging a fight on Moulsey Hurst when my poor Aunt made her appearance among these vulgar wretches. Although it was but three o'clock, they had sent for gin-and-water to a neighbouring tavern, and the glasses sparkled on the board—to use a verse from a Bacchanalian song which I well remember Mr. Bludyer used to yell forth—when I myself arrived from my office at my usual hour, half-past three. The black fellow, and young Captain Cavendish of the Guards, were the smokers; and it appears that at first all the gentlemen screamed with laughter; some of them called my Aunt an 'old girl'; and it was not until she had nearly fainted that the filthy mulatto called the dog off from the flounce of her yellow gown of which he had hold.

When this poor victim of vulgarity asked with a scream, Where was her nephew? new roars of laughter broke out from the coarse gin-drinkers. 'It's the old woman whom he goes to Meeting with,' cried out Bludyer. 'Come away, boys;' and he led his brutalized crew out of my Chambers into his own, where they finished, no doubt, their arrangements about the fight.

Sir, when I came home at my usual hour of half-past three, I found Mrs. MacWhirter in hysterics upon my sofa—the pipes were lying about—the tin dish-covers—the cold kidneys—the tavern cruet-stands, and wretched remnants of the orgy were in disorder on the table-cloth, stained with beer. Seeing her fainting, I wildly bade my boy to open the window, and seizing a glass of water which was on the table, I presented it to her lips.—It was gin-and-water which I proffered to that poor lady.

She started up with a scream, which terrified me as I upset the glass : and with empurpled features and a voice quivering and choking with anger, she vowed she would never forgive me. In vain I pleaded that I was ignorant of the whole of these disgraceful transactions. I went down on my knees to her, and begged her to be pacified ; I called my boy, and bade him bear witness to my innocence ; the impudent young fiend burst out laughing in my face, and I kicked him downstairs as soon as she was gone : for go she did directly to her carriage, which was in waiting in Middle Temple Lane, and to which I followed her with tears in my eyes, amidst a crowd of jeering barristers' boys and Temple porters. But she pulled up the window in my face, and would no more come back to me than Eurydice would to Orpheus.

If I grow pathetic over this story, my dear Bob, have I not reason ? Your Great-Aunt left thirty thousand pounds to your family, and the remainder to the Missionaries, and it is a curious proof of the inconsistency of women, that she, a serious person, said on her death-bed that she would have left her money to me if I had called out Mr. Bludyer, who insulted her, and with whom I certainly would have exchanged shots had I thought that Mrs. MacWhirter would have encouraged any such murder.

My wishes, dear Bob, are moderate. Your Aunt left me a handsome competency—and, I repeat, I do not grudge my brother George the money. Nor is it probable that such a calamity can happen again to any one of our family—that would be too great a misfortune. But I tell you the tale, because at least it shows you how important good company is, and that a young man about town should beware of his friends as well as of his enemies.

We will pursue the subject of friends generally in a future letter, and I am meanwhile, my dear Bob, always

Your Affectionate Uncle,
Brown the Elder.

II

The other day I saw you walking by the Serpentine with young Lord Foozle, of the Windsor Heavies, who nodded to all sorts of suspicious broughams on the ride, while you looked about (you know you did, you young rascal) for acquaintances—as much as to say—'See! here am I, Bob Brown, of Pump Court, walking with a lord.'

My dear Bob, I own that to walk with a lord, and to be seen with him, is a pleasant thing. Every man of the middle class likes to know persons of rank. If he says he don't—don't believe him. And I would certainly wish that you should associate with your superiors rather than your inferiors. There is no more dangerous or stupefying position for a man in life than to be a cock of small society. It prevents his ideas from growing: it renders him intolerably conceited. A twopenny-halfpenny Caesar, a Brummagem dandy, a coterie philosopher or wit, is pretty sure to be an ass; and, in fine, I set it down as a maxim that it is good for a man to live where he can meet his betters, intellectual and social.

But if you fancy that getting into Lord Foozle's set will do you good or advance your prospects in life, my dear Bob, you are wofully mistaken. The Windsor Heavies are a most gentleman-like, well-made, and useful set of men. The conversation of such of them as I have had the good fortune to meet, has not certainly inspired me with a respect for their intellectual qualities, nor is their life commonly of that kind which rigid ascetics would pronounce blameless. Some of the young men amongst them talk to the broughams, frequent the private boxes, dance at the Casinos; few read—many talk about horseflesh and the odds after dinner, or relax with a little lansquenet or a little billiards at Pratt's.

My boy, it is not with the eye of a moralist that your venerable old Uncle examines these youths, but rather of a natural philosopher, who inspects them as he would any other phenomenon, or queer bird, or odd fish, or fine flower. These fellows are like the flowers, and neither toil nor spin, but are decked out in magnificent apparel: and for some wise and useful purpose no doubt. It is good that there should be honest, handsome, hard-living, hard-riding, stupid young Windsor Heavies—as that there should be polite young gentlemen in the Temple, or any other variety of our genus.

And it is good that you should go from time to time to the Heavies' mess, if they ask you ; and know that worthy set of gentlemen. But beware, O Bob, how you live with them. Remember that your lot in life is to toil, and spin too—and calculate how much time it takes a Heavy or a man of that condition to do nothing. Say, he dines at 8 o'clock, and spends seven hours after dinner in pleasure. Well, if he goes to bed at 3 in the morning, that precious youth must have nine hours' sleep, which bring him to twelve o'clock next day, when he will have a headache probably, so that he can hardly be expected to dress, rally, have devilled chicken and pale ale, and get out before three. Friendship—the Club—the visits which he is compelled to pay occupy him till five or six, and what time is there left for exercise and a ride in the Park, and for a second toilette preparatory to dinner, &c. ?—He goes on his routine of pleasure, this young Heavy, as you on yours of duty—one man in London is pretty nearly as busy as another. The company of young 'swells,' then, if you will permit me the word, is not for you. You must consider that you should not spend more than a certain sum for your dinner—they need not. You wear a black coat, and they a shining cuirass and monstrous epaulets. Yours is the useful part in life and theirs the splendid—though why speak further on this subject ? Since the days of the Frog and the Bull, a desire to cope with Bulls has been known to be fatal to Frogs.

And to know young noblemen, and brilliant and notorious town bucks and leaders of fashion, has this great disadvantage—that, if you talk about them or are seen with them much, you offend all your friends of middle life. It makes men angry to see their acquaintances better off than they themselves are. If you live much with great people, others will be sure to say that you are a sneak. I have known Jack Jolliff, whose fun and spirits made him adored by the dandies (for they are just such folks as you and I, only with not quite such good brains, and perhaps better manners—simple folks who want to be amused)—I have known Jack Jolliff, I say, offend a whole roomful of men by telling us that he had been dining with a duke. *We* hadn't been to dine with a duke. We were not courted by grandees—and we disliked the man who was, and said he was a parasite, because men of fashion courted him. I don't know any means by which men hurt themselves more in the estimation of their equals than this of talking of great folks. A man may mean no harm by it—he speaks of the grandees with whom he lives, as you and I do of Jack and Tom who give us dinners. But his old acquaintances do not forgive him his superiority, and set the Tufthunted down as the Tufthunter.

I remember laughing at the jocular complaint made by one of this sort, a friend, whom I shall call Main. After Main published his *Travels in the Libyan Desert* four years ago, he became a literary lion, and roared in many of the metropolitan *salons*. He is a good-natured fellow, never in the least puffed up by his literary success ; and always said that it would not last. His greatest leonine quality, however, is his appetite ; and to behold him engaged on a Club joint, or to see him make away with pounds of turbot, and plate after plate of entrées, roasts, and sweets, is indeed a remarkable sight, and refreshing to those who like to watch animals feeding. But since Main has gone out of, and other authors have come into, fashion—the poor fellow comically grumbles. 'That year of lionization has ruined me. The people who used to ask me before don't ask me any more. They are afraid to invite me to Bloomsbury, because they fancy I am accustomed to May Fair, and May Fair has long since taken up with a new roarer—so that I am quite alone!' And thus he dines at the Club almost every day at his own charges now, and attacks the joint. I do not envy the man who comes after him to the haunch of mutton.

If Fate, then, my dear Bob, should bring you in contact with a lord or two, eat their dinners, enjoy their company, but be mum about them when you go away.

And, though it is a hard and cruel thing to say, I would urge you, my dear Bob, specially to beware of taking pleasant fellows for your friends. Choose a good disagreeable friend, if you be wise—a surly, steady, economical, rigid fellow. All jolly fellows, all delights of Club smoking-rooms and billiard-rooms, all fellows who sing a capital song, and the like, are sure to be poor. As they are free with their own money, so will they be with yours; and their very generosity and goodness of disposition will prevent them from having the means of paying you back. They lend their money to some other jolly fellows. They accommodate each other by putting their jolly names to the backs of jolly bills. Gentlemen in Cursitor Street are on the look-out for them. Their tradesmen ask for them, and find them not. Ah, Bob, it's hard times with a gentleman when he has to walk round a street for fear of meeting a creditor there, and for a man of courage, when he can't look a tailor in the face.

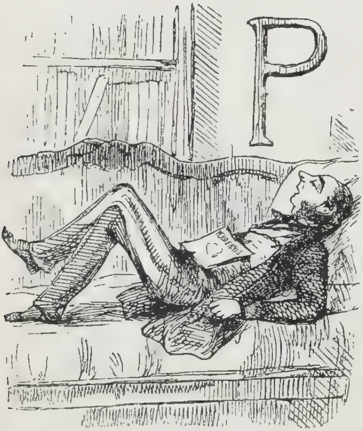
Eschew jolly fellows then, my boy, as the most dangerous and costly of company; and à propos of bills—if I ever hear of your putting your name to stamped paper—I will disown you, and cut you off with a protested shilling.

I know many men who say (whereby I have my private opinion of their own probity) that all poor people are dishonest; this is a hard word, though more generally true than some folks suppose—but I fear that all people much in debt are not honest. A man who has to wheedle a tradesman is not going through a very honourable business in life—a man with a bill becoming due to-morrow morning, and putting a good face on it in the Club, is perforce a hypocrite whilst he is talking to you—a man who has to do any meanness about money I fear me is so nearly like a rogue, that it's not much use calculating where the difference lies. Let us be very gentle with our neighbours' failings; and forgive our friends their debts, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. But the best thing of all to do with your debts is to pay them. Make none; and don't live with people who do. Why, if I dine with a man who is notoriously living beyond his means, I am a hypocrite certainly myself, and I fear a bit of a rogue too. I try to make my host believe that I believe him an honest fellow. I look his sham splendour in the face without saying, 'You are an impostor.'—Alas, Robert, I have partaken of feasts where it seemed to me that the plate, the viands, the wine, the servants, and butlers, were all sham, like Cinderella's coach and footmen, and would turn into rats and mice, and an old shoe or a cabbage-stalk, as soon as we were out of the house and the clock struck twelve.

Brown the Elder.

MR. BROWN THE ELDER TAKES MR. BROWN THE YOUNGER TO A CLUB

I



PRESUMING that my dear Bobby would scarcely consider himself to be an accomplished man about town until he had obtained an entrance into a respectable Club, I am happy to inform you that you are this day elected a Member of the Polyanthus, having been proposed by my friend, Lord Viscount Colchicum, and seconded by your affectionate uncle. I have settled with Mr. Stiff, the worthy secretary, the preliminary pecuniary arrangements regarding the entrance fee and the first annual subscription—the ensuing payments I shall leave to my worthy nephew.

You were elected, sir, with but two black balls; and every other man who was put up for ballot had four, with the exception of Tom Harico, who had more black beans than white. Do not, however, be puffed up by this victory, and fancy yourself more popular than other men. Indeed, I don't mind telling you (but, of course, I do not wish it to go any further) that Captain Slyboots and I, having suspicions of the meeting, popped a couple of adverse balls into the other candidates' boxes; so that, at least, you should, in case of mishap, not be unaccompanied in ill fortune.

Now, then, that you are a member of the Polyanthus, I trust you will comport yourself with propriety in the place: and permit me to offer you a few hints with regard to your bearing.

We are not so stiff at the Polyanthus as at some clubs I could name—and a good deal of decent intimacy takes place amongst us.—Do not therefore enter the club, as I have seen men do at the Chokers (of which I am also a member), with your eyes scowling under your hat at your neighbour, and with an expression of countenance which seems to say, 'Hang your impudence, sir! How dare you stare at *me*?' Banish that absurd dignity and swagger, which do not at all become your youthful countenance, my dear Bob, and let us walk up the steps and into the place.—See, old Noseworthy is in the bow-window reading the paper—he is always in the bow-window reading the paper.

We pass by the worthy porter and alert pages—a fifteen-hundredth part of each of whom is henceforth your paid-for property—and you see he takes down your name as Mr. R. Brown, Junior, and will know you and be civil to you until death. Ha, there is Jawkins, as usual; he has nailed poor Styles up against a pillar, and is telling him what the opinion of the City is about George Hudson, Esq., and when Sir Robert will take the government. How d'you do, Jawkins?—Satisfactory news from India? Gilbert to be made Baron Gilbert of Goojerat? Indeed, I don't introduce you to Jawkins, my poor Bob; he will do that for himself, and you will have quite enough of him, before many days are over.

Those three gentlemen sitting on the sofa are from our beloved sister island; they come here every day, and wait for the Honourable Member for Ballinafad, who is at present in the writing-room.

I have remarked, in London, however, that every Irish gentleman is accompanied by other Irish gentlemen, who wait for him as here, or at the corner of the street. These are waiting until the Honourable Member for Ballinafad can get them three places, in the Excise, in the Customs, and a little thing in the Post Office, no doubt. One of them sends home a tremendous account of parties and politics here, which appears in the *Ballinafad Banner*. He knows everything. He has just been closeted with Peel, and can vouch for it that Clarendon has been sent for. He knows who wrote the famous pamphlet, *Ways and Means for Ireland*,—all the secrets of the present Cabinet, the designs of Sir James Graham. How Lord John can live under those articles which he writes in the *Banner* is a miracle to me! I hope he will get that little thing in the Post Office soon.

This is the newspaper-room—enter the porter with the evening papers—what a rush the men make for them ! Do you want to see one ? Here is the *Standard*—nice article about the Starling Club—very pleasant, candid, gentlemanlike notice—Club composed of clergymen, atheists, authors, and artists. Their chief conversation is blasphemy : they have statues of Socrates and Mahomet on the centre-piece of the dinner-table, take every opportunity of being disrespectful to Moses, and a dignified clergyman always proposes the Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory of Confucius. Grace is said backwards, and the Catechism treated with the most irreverent ribaldry by the comic authors and the general company.—Are these men to be allowed to meet, and their horrid orgies to continue ? Have you had enough ? —let us go into the other rooms.

What a calm and pleasant seclusion the library presents after the bawl and bustle of the newspaper-room ! There is never anybody here. English gentlemen get up such a prodigious quantity of knowledge in their early life, that they leave off reading soon after they begin to shave, or never look at anything but a newspaper. How pleasant this room is,—isn't it ? with its sober draperies, and long calm lines of peaceful volumes—nothing to interrupt the quiet—only the melody of Horner's nose as he lies asleep upon one of the sofas. What is he reading ? Hah ! *Pendennis*, No. VII—hum, let us pass on. Have you read *David Copperfield*, by the way ? How beautiful it is—how charmingly fresh and simple ! In those admirable touches of tender humour—and I should call humour, Bob, a mixture of love and wit—who can equal this great genius ? There are little words and phrases in his books which are like personal benefits to the reader. What a place it is to hold in the affections of men ! What an awful responsibility hanging over a writer ! What man holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast congregations of mankind,—to grown folks—to their children, and perhaps to their children's children,—but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart ! May love and truth guide such a man always ! It is an awful prayer ; may Heaven further its fulfilment ! And then, Bob, let the *Record* revile him.—See, here's Horner waking up—How do you do, Horner ?

This neighbouring room, which is almost as quiet as the library, is the card-room, you see. There are always three or four devotees assembled in it; and the lamps are scarcely ever out in this Temple of Trumps.

I admire, as I see them, my dear Bobby, grave and silent at these little green tables, not moved outwardly by grief or pleasure at losing or winning, but calmly pursuing their game (as that pursuit is called, which is in fact the most elaborate science and study) at noon-day, entirely absorbed, and philosophically indifferent to the bustle and turmoil of the enormous working world without. Disraeli may make his best speech; the Hungarians may march into Vienna; the Protectionists come in; Louis-Philippe be restored; or the Thames set on fire; and Colonel Pam and Mr. Trumpington will never leave their table, so engaging is their occupation at it. The turning up of an ace is of more interest to them than all the affairs of all the world besides—and so they will go on until Death summons them, and their last trump is played.

It is curious to think that a century ago almost all gentlemen, soldiers, statesmen, men of science, and divines, passed hours at play every day; as our grandmothers did likewise. The poor old kings and queens must feel the desertion now, and deplore the present small number of their worshippers, as compared to the myriads of faithful subjects who served them in past times.

I do not say that other folks' pursuits are much more or less futile; but fancy a life such as that of the Colonel—eight or nine hours of sleep, eight of trumps, and the rest for business, reading, exercise, and domestic duty or affection (to be sure he's most likely a bachelor, so that the latter offices do not occupy him much)—fancy such a life, and at its conclusion at the age of seventy-five, the worthy gentleman being able to say, I have spent twenty-five years of my existence turning up trumps.

With Trumpington matters are different. Whist is a profession with him, just as much as Law is yours. He makes the deepest study of it—he makes every sacrifice to his pursuit: he may be fond of wine and company, but he eschews both, to keep his head cool and play his rubber. He is a man of good parts, and was once well-read, as you see by his conversation when he is away from the table, but he gives up reading for play—and knows that to play well a man must play every day. He makes three or four hundred a year by his whist, and well he may—with his brains, and half his industry, he could make a larger income at any other profession.

In a game with these two gentlemen, the one who has been actually seated at that card-table for a term as long as your whole life, the other who is known as a consummate practitioner, do you think it is likely you will come off a winner ? The state of your fortune is your look-out, not theirs. They are there at their posts—like knights—ready to meet all comers. If you choose to engage them, sit down. They will, with the most perfect probity, calmness, and elegance of manner, win and win of you until they have won every shilling of a fortune, when they will make you a bow, and wish you good morning. You may go and drown yourself afterwards—it is not their business. Their business is to be present in that room, and to play cards with you or anybody. When you are done with—*Bonjour*. My dear Colonel, let me introduce you to a new member, my nephew, Mr. Robert Brown.

The other two men at the table are the Honourable G. Windgall, and Mr. Chanter : perhaps you have not heard that the one made rather a queer settlement at the last Derby ; and the other has just issued from one of Her Majesty's establishments in St. George's Fields.

Either of these gentlemen is perfectly affable, good-natured, and easy of access—and will cut you for half-crowns if you like, or play you at any game on the cards. They descend from their broughams or from horseback at the Club-door with the most splendid air, and they feast upon the best dishes and wines in the place.

But do you think it advisable to play cards with them ? Which know the games best—you or they ? Which is most likely—we will not say to play foul—but to take certain little advantages in the game which their consummate experience teaches them—you or they ? Finally, is it a matter of perfect certainty, if you won, that they would pay you ?

Let us leave these gentlemen, my dear Bob, and go through the rest of the house.

I

From the library we proceed to the carved and gilded drawing-room of the Club, the damask hangings of which are embroidered with our lovely emblem, the Polyanthus, and which is fitted with a perfectly unintelligible splendour. Sardanapalus, if he had pawned one of his kingdoms, could not have had such mirrors as one of those in which I see my dear Bob admiring the tie of his cravat with such complacency, and I am sure I cannot comprehend why Smith and Brown should have their persons reflected in such vast sheets of quicksilver ; or why, if we have a mind to a sixpenny cup of tea and muffins, when we come in with muddy boots from a dirty walk, those refreshments should be served to us as we occupy a sofa much more splendid, and far better stuffed, than any Louis Quatorze ever sat upon. I want a sofa, as I want a friend, upon which I can repose, familiarly. If you can't have intimate terms and freedom with one and the other, they are of no good. A full-dress Club is an absurdity—and no man ought to come into this room except in a uniform or Court suit. I daren't put my feet on yonder sofa for fear of sullying the damask, or, worse still, for fear that Hicks the committee-man should pass, and spy out my sacrilegious boots on the cushion.

We pass through these double doors, and enter rooms of a very different character.

By the faint and sickly odour pervading this apartment, by the opened windows, by the circular stains upon the marble tables, which indicate the presence of brandies-and-waters long passed into the world of spirits, my dear Bob will have no difficulty in recognizing the smoking-room, where I dare say he will pass a good deal of his valuable time henceforth.

If I could recommend a sure way of advancement and profit to a young man about town, it would be, after he has come away from a friend's house and dinner, where he has to a surety had more than enough of claret and good things, when he ought to be going to bed at midnight, so that he might rise fresh and early for his morning's work, to stop, nevertheless, for a couple of hours at the Club, and smoke in this room and tipple weak brandy-and-water.

By a perseverance in this system, you may get a number of advantages. By sitting up till 3 of a summer morning, you have the advantage of seeing the sun rise, and as you walk home to Pump Court, can mark the quiet of the streets in the rosy glimmer of the dawn. You can easily spend in that smoking-room (as for the billiard-room adjacent, how much more can't you get rid of there), and without any inconvenience or extravagance whatever, enough money to keep you a horse. Three or four cigars when you are in the Club, your case filled when you are going away, a couple of glasses of very weak cognac and cold water, will cost you sixty pounds a year, as sure as your name is Bob Brown. And as for the smoking and tippling, plus billiards, they may be made to cost anything.

And then you have the advantage of hearing such delightful and instructive conversation in a Club smoking-room, between the hours of 12 and 3! Men who frequent that place at that hour are commonly men of studious habits and philosophical and reflective minds, to whose opinions it is pleasant and profitable to listen. They are full of anecdotes, which are always moral and well-chosen; their talk is never free, or on light subjects. I have one or two old smoking-room pillars in my eye now, who would be perfect models for any young gentleman entering life, and to whom a father could not do better than entrust the education of his son.

To drop the satirical vein, my dear Bob, I am compelled as a man to say my opinion, that the best thing you can do with regard to that smoking-room is to keep out of it; or at any rate never to be seen in the place after midnight. They are very pleasant and frank, those jolly fellows, those loose fishes, those fast young men—but the race in life is not to such fast men as these—and you who want to win must get up early of a morning, my boy. You and an old college-chum or two may sit together over your cigar-boxes in one another's chambers, and talk till all hours, and do yourselves good probably. Talking among you is a wholesome exercitation; humour comes in an easy flow; it doesn't preclude grave argument and manly interchange of thought—I own myself, when I was younger, to have smoked many a pipe with advantage in the company of Doctor Parr. Honest men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation. You may stop talking if you like—but the breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the puffing of the smoke—hence there is no awkwardness in resuming the conversation—no straining for effect—sentiments are delivered in a grave easy manner—the cigar harmonizes the society, and soothes at once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses. I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that Turks and American Indians are such monstrous well-bred men. The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish : it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent, and unaffected : in fact, dear Bob, I must out with it—I am an old smoker. At home I have done it up the chimney rather than not do it (the which I own is a crime). I vow and believe that the cigar has been one of the greatest creature comforts of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cementer of friendship. May I die if I abuse that kindly weed which has given me so much pleasure !

Since I have been a member of that Club, what numbers of men have occupied this room and departed from it, like so many smoked-out cigars, leaving nothing behind but a little disregarded ashes ! Bob, my boy, they drop off in the course of twenty years, our boon companions, and jolly fellow bottle-crackers.—I mind me of many a good fellow who has talked and laughed here, and whose pipe is put out for ever. Men, I remember as dashing youngsters but the other day, have passed into the state of old fogies : they have sons, sir, of almost our age, when first we joined the Polyanthus. Grass grows over others in all parts of the world. Where is poor Ned ? Where is poor Fred ? 'Dead' rhymes with 'Ned' and 'Fred' too—their place knows them not—their names one year appeared at the end of the Club list, under the dismal category of 'Members Deceased,' in which you and I shall rank some day. Do you keep that subject steadily in your mind ? I do not see why one shouldn't meditate upon Death in Pall Mall as well as in a howling wilderness. There is enough to remind one of it at every corner. There is a strange face looking out of Jack's old lodgings in Jermyn Street,—somebody else has got the Club chair which Tom used to occupy. He doesn't dine here and grumble as he used formerly. He has been sent for, and has not come back again—one day Fate will send for us, and we shall not return—and the people will come down to the Club as usual, saying, 'Well, and so poor old Brown's gone.'—Indeed, a smoking-room on a morning is not a cheerful spot.

Our room has a series of tenants of quite distinct characters. After an early and sober dinner below, certain *habitués* of the Polyanthus mount up to this apartment for their coffee and cigar, and talk as gravely as Sachems at a palaver. Trade and travel, politics and geography, are their discourse—they are in bed long before their successors the jolly fellows begin their night life, and the talk of the one set is as different to the conversation of the other as any talk can be.

After the grave old Sachems come other frequenters of the room—a squad of sporting men very likely; very solemn and silent personages these, who give the odds, and talk about the cup in a darkling under-tone. Then you shall have three or four barristers with high voices, seldom able to sit long without talking of their profession, or mentioning something about Westminster Hall. About eleven, men in white neckcloths drop in from dinner-parties, and show their lacquered boots and shirt-studs with a little complacency—and at midnight, after the theatres, the young rakes and *viveurs* come swaggering in, and call loudly for gin-twist.

But as for a club smoking-room after midnight, I vow again that you are better out of it: that you will waste money and your precious hours and health there; and you may frequent this Polyanthus room for a year, and not carry away from the place one single idea or story that can do you the least good in life. How much you shall take away of another sort, I do not here set down; but I have before my mind's eye the image of Old Silenus with purple face and chalkstone fingers, telling his foul old garrison legends over his gin-and-water. He is in the smoking-room every night; and I feel that no one can get benefit from the society of that old man.

What society he has he gets from this place. He sits for hours in a corner of the sofa, and makes up his parties here. He will ask you after a little time, seeing that you are a gentleman and have a good address, and will give you an exceedingly good dinner. I went once, years ago, to a banquet of his—and found all the men at his table were Polyanthuses: so that it was a house dinner in ——— Square, with Mrs. Silenus at the head of the table.

After dinner she retired and was no more seen, and Silenus amused himself by making poor Mr. Tippleton drunk. He came to the Club the next day, he amused himself by describing the arts by which he had practised upon the easy brains of poor Mr. Tippleton—(as if that poor fellow wanted any arts or persuasion to induce him to intoxicate himself), and told all the smoking-room how he had given a dinner, how many bottles of wine had been emptied, and how many Tippleton had drunk for his share. 'I kept my eye on Tip, sir,' the horrid old fellow said—'I took care to make him mix his liquors well, and before 11 o'clock I finished him and had him as drunk as a lord, sir!' Will you like to have that gentleman for a friend? He has elected himself our smoking-room king at the Polyanthus, and midnight monarch.

As he talks, in comes poor Tippleton—a kind soul—a gentleman—a man of reading and parts—who has friends at home very likely, and had once a career before him—and what is he now? His eyes are vacant; he reels into a sofa corner, and sits in maudlin silence, and hiccups every now and then. Old Silenus winks knowingly round at the whole smoking-room: most of the men sneer—some pity—some very young cubs laugh and jeer at him. Tippleton's drunk.

III

FROM the library and smoking-room regions let us descend to the lower floor. Here you behold the Coffee-room, where the neat little tables are already laid out, awaiting the influx of diners.

A great advance in civilization was made, and the honesty as well as economy of young men of the middle classes immensely promoted, when the ancient tavern system was overthrown, and those houses of meeting instituted where a man, without sacrificing his dignity, could dine for a couple of shillings. I remember in the days of my youth when a very moderate dinner at a reputable coffee-house cost a man half a guinea: when you were obliged to order a pint of wine for the good of the house; when the waiter got a shilling for his attendance; and when young gentlemen were no richer than they are now, and had to pay thrice as much as they at present need to disburse for the maintenance of their station.

Then men (who had not the half-guinea at command) used to dive into dark streets in the vicinage of Soho or Covent Garden, and get a meagre meal at shilling taverns—or Tom, the clerk, issued out from your Chambers in Pump Court and brought back your dinner between two plates from a neighbouring ham-and-beef shop. Either repast was strictly honourable, and one can find no earthly fault with a poor gentleman for eating a poor meal. But that solitary meal in Chambers was indeed a dismal refection. I think with anything but regret of those lonely feasts of beef and cabbage; and how there was no resource for the long evenings but those books, over which you had been poring all day, or the tavern with its deuced expenses, or the theatre with its vicious attractions. A young bachelor's life was a clumsy piece of wretchedness then—mismanaged and ill economized—just as your Temple Chambers or College rooms now are, which are quite behind the age in the decent conveniences which every modern tenement possesses.

And that dining for a shilling and strutting about Pall Mall afterwards was, after all, a hypocrisy. At the time when the *Trois Frères Provençaux* at Paris had two entrances, one into the place of the Palais Royal, and one into the street behind, where the sixteen-sous dinner-houses are, I have seen bucks with profuse toothpicks walk out of these latter houses of entertainment, pass up the *Trois Frères* stairs, and descend from the other door into the Palais Royal, so that the people walking there might fancy these poor fellows had been dining regardless of expense. No; what you call putting a good face upon poverty, that is, hiding it under a grin, or concealing its rags under a makeshift, is always rather a base stratagem. Your Beaux Tibbses and twopenny dandies can never be respectable altogether; and if a man is poor, I say he ought to seem poor; and that both he and Society are in the wrong if either sees any cause of shame in poverty.

That is why we ought to be thankful for Clubs. Here is no skulking to get a cheap dinner; no ordering of expensive liquors and dishes for the good of the house, or cowering sensitiveness as to the opinion of the waiter. We advance in simplicity and honesty as we advance in civilization, and it is my belief that we become better bred and less artificial, and tell more truth every day.

This, you see, is the Club coffee-room—it is three o'clock: young Wideawake is just finishing his breakfast (with whom I have nothing to do at present, but to say parenthetically, that if you *will* sit up till five o'clock in the morning, Bob, my boy, you may look out to have a headache and a breakfast at three in the afternoon). Wideawake is at breakfast—Goldsworthy is ordering his dinner—while Mr. Nudgit, whom you see yonder, is making his lunch. In those two gentlemen is the moral and exemplification of the previous little remarks which I have been making.

You must know, sir, that at the Polyanthus, in common with most Clubs, gentlemen are allowed to enjoy, gratis, in the coffee-room, bread, beer, sauces, and pickles.

After four o'clock, if you order your dinner, you have to pay sixpence for what is called the table—the clean cloth, the vegetables, cheese, and so forth: before that hour you may have lunch, when there is no table charge.

Now, Goldsworthy is a gentleman and a man of genius, who has courage and simplicity enough to be poor—not like some fellows whom one meets, and who make a *fanfaronade* of poverty, and, draping themselves in their rags, seem to cry, 'See how virtuous I am,—how honest Diogenes is!' but he is a very poor man, whose education and talents are of the best, and who in so far claims to rank with the very best people in the world. In his place in Parliament, when he takes off his hat (which is both old and well brushed), the Speaker's eye is pretty sure to meet his, and the House listens to him with the respect which is due to so much honesty and talent. He is the equal of any man, however lofty or wealthy. His social position is rather improved by his poverty, and the world, which is a manly and generous world in its impulses, however it may be in its practice, contemplates with a sincere regard and admiration Mr. Goldsworthy's manner of bearing his lack of fortune. He is going to dine for a shilling; he will have two mutton chops (and the mutton chop is a thing unknown in domestic life and in the palaces of epicures, where you may get cutlets dressed with all sorts of French sauces, but not the admirable mutton chop), and with a due allowance of the

Club bread and beer, he will make a perfectly wholesome, and sufficient, and excellent meal; and go down to the House and fire into Ministers this very night.

Now, I say, this man dining for a shilling is a pleasant spectacle to behold. I respect Mr. Goldsworthy with all my heart, without sharing those ultra-conservative political opinions, which we all know he entertains, and from which no interest, temptation, or hope of place will cause him to swerve; and you see he is waited upon with as much respect here, as old Silenus, though he order the most sumptuous banquet the cook can devise, or bully the waiters ever so.

But ah, Bob! what can we say of the conduct of that poor little Mr. Nudgit? He has a bedchamber in some court unknown in the neighbourhood of the Polyanthus. He makes a breakfast with the Club bread and beer: he lunches off the same supplies—and being of an epicurean taste, look what he does—he is actually pouring a cruet of anchovy sauce over his bread to give it a flavour; and I have seen the unconscionable little gourmand sidle off to the pickle jars when he thought nobody was observing, and pop a walnut or half a dozen of pickled onions into his mouth, and swallow them with a hideous furtive relish.

He disappears at dinner-time, and returns at half-past seven or eight o'clock, and wanders round the tables when the men are at their dessert and generous over their wine. He has a number of little stories about the fashionable world to tell, and is not unentertaining. When you dine here, sometimes give Nudgit a glass or two out of your decanter, Bob, my boy, and comfort his poor old soul. He was a gentleman once and had money, as he will be sure to tell you. He is mean and feeble, but not unkind—a poor little parasite not to be unpitied. Mr. Nudgit, allow me to introduce you to a new member, my nephew, Mr. Robert Brown.

At this moment old Silenus swaggers in, bearing his great waistcoat before him, and walking up to the desk where the coffee-room clerk sits and where the bills of fare are displayed. As he passes, he has to undergo the fire of Mr. Goldsworthy's eyes, which dart out at him two flashes of the most killing scorn. He has passed by the battery without sinking, and lays himself alongside the desk. Nudgit watches him, and will presently go up smirking humbly to join him.

'Hunt,' he says, 'I want a table, my table, you know, at seven—dinner for eight—Lord Hobanob dines with me—send the butler—What's in the bill of fare? Let's have clear soup and turtle—I've sent it in from the City—dressed fish and turbot,' and with a swollen, trembling hand he writes down a pompous bill of fare.

As I said, Nudgit comes up simpering, with a newspaper in his hand.

'Hullo, Nudg!' says Mr. Silenus, 'how's the beer? Pickles good to-day?'

Nudgit smiles in a gentle deprecatory manner.

'Smell out a good dinner, hey, Nudg?' says Dives.

'If any man knows how to give one, you do,' answers the poor beggar. 'I wasn't a bad hand at ordering a dinner myself once; what's the fish in the list to-day?' and with a weak smile he casts his eye over the bill of fare.

'Lord Hobanob dines with me and *he* knows what a good dinner is, I can tell you,' says Mr. Silenus, 'so does Cramley.'

'Both well-known epicures,' says Nudgit.

'I'm going to give Hobanob a return dinner to his at the Rhododendrum. He bet me that Batifol, the *chef* at the Rhododendrum, did better than our man can. Hob's dinner was last Wednesday, and I don't say it wasn't a good one; or that taking Grosbois by surprise is giving him quite fair play—but we'll see, Nudgit. *I* know what Grosbois can do.'

'I should think you did, indeed, Silenus,' says the other.

'I see your mouth's watering. I'd ask you, only I know you're engaged. You're always engaged, Nudgit.—Not to-day? Well, then, you may come; and I say, Mr. Nudgit, we'll have a wet evening, sir, mind you that.'

Mr. Bowls, the butler, here coming in, Mr. Silenus falls into conversation with him about wines and icing. I am glad poor Nudgit has got his dinner. He will go and walk in the Park to get up an appetite. And now, Mr. Bob, having shown you over your new house, I too will bid you for the present farewell.

BROWN THE ELDER.

A WORD ABOUT BALLS IN SEASON

WHEN my good friend, *Mr. Punch*, some time since, asked me to compile a series of conversations for young men in the dancing world, so that they might be agreeable to their partners, and advance their own success in life, I consented with a willing heart to my venerable friend's request, for I desire nothing better than to promote the amusement and happiness of all young people; and nothing, I thought, would be easier than to touch off a few light, airy, graceful little sets of phrases, which young fellows might adopt or expand, according to their own ingenuity and leisure.

Well, sir, I imagined myself, just for an instant, to be young again, and that I had a neat waist instead of that bow-window with which Time and Nature have ornamented the castle of my body, and brown locks instead of a bald pate (there was a time, sir, when my hair was not considered the worst part of me, and I recollect when I was a young man in the Militia, and when pigtails finally went out in our corps, who it was that longed to have my *queue*—it was found in her desk at her death, and my poor dear wife was always jealous of her),—I just chose, I say, to fancy myself a young man, and that I would go up in imagination and ask a girl to dance with me. So I chose Maria—a man might go farther and fare worse than choose Maria, Mr. Bob.

'My dear Miss E.,' says I, 'may I have the honour of dancing the next set with you?'

'The next *what?*' says Miss E., smiling, and turning to Mrs. E., as if to ask what a set meant.

'I forgot,' says I; 'the next quadrille, I would say.'

'It is rather slow dancing quadrilles,' says Miss E.; 'but if I must, I must.'

'Well, then, a waltz, will that do? I know nothing prettier than a waltz played not too quick.'

'What!' says she, 'do you want a horrid old three-timed waltz, like that which the little figures dance upon the barrel-organs? You silly old creature: you are good-natured, but you are in your dotage. All these dances are passed away. You might as well ask me to wear a gown with a waist up to my shoulders, like that in which mamma was married; or a hoop and high heels, like grandmamma in the picture; or to dance a gavotte or a minuet. Things are changed, old gentleman—the fashions of your time are gone, and—and the bucks of your time will go too, Mr. Brown. If I want to dance, here is Captain Whiskerfield, who is ready; or young Studdington, who is a delightful partner. He brings a little animation into our balls; and when he is not in society, dances every night at Vauxhall and the Casino.'

I pictured to myself Maria giving some such reply to my equally imaginative demand—for of course I never made the request, any more than she did the answer—and, in fact, dear Bob, after turning over the matter of ball-room conversations in my mind, and sitting with pen and ink before me for a couple of hours, I found that I had nothing at all to say on the subject, and have no more right to teach a youth what he is to say in the present day to his partner, than I should have had in my own boyhood to instruct my own grandmother in the art of sucking eggs. We should pay as much reverence to youth as we should to age; there are points in which you young folks are altogether our superiors: and I can't help constantly crying out to persons of my own years, when busied about their young people—leave them alone; don't be always meddling with their affairs, which they can manage for themselves; don't be always insisting upon managing their boats, and putting your oars in the water with theirs.

So I have the modesty to think that *Mr. Punch* and I were a couple of conceited old fogies, in devising the above plan of composing conversation for the benefit of youth, and that young folks can manage to talk of what interests them, without any prompting on our part. To say the truth, I have hardly been to a ball these three years. I saw the head of the stair at H. E.'s the T—— Ambassador in Br——ne Square, the other night, but retired without even getting a sight of, or making my bow to Her Excellency; thinking wisely, that *mon lait de poule et mon bonnet de nuit* much better became me at that hour of midnight, than the draught in a crowded passage, and the sight of ever so many beauties.

But though I don't go myself to these assemblies, I have intelligence amongst people who go: and hear from the girls and their mammas what they do, and how they enjoy themselves. I must own that some of the new arrangements please me very much, as being natural and simple, and, in so far, superior to the old mode.

In my time, for instance, a ball-room used to be more than half filled with old male and female fogies, whose persons took up a great deal of valuable room, who did not in the least ornament the walls against which they stood, and who would have been much better at home in bed. In a great country-house where you have a hall fireplace in which an ox might be roasted conveniently, the presence of a few score more or less of stout old folks can make no difference; there is room for them at the card-tables, and round the supper-board, and the sight of their honest red faces and white waistcoats lining the wall cheers and illuminates the Assembly Room.

But it is a very different case when you have a small house in Mayfair, or in the pleasant district of Pimlico and Tyburn; and accordingly I am happy to hear that the custom is rapidly spreading of asking none but dancing people to balls. It was only this morning that I was arguing the point with our cousin Mrs. Crowder, who was greatly irate because her daughter Fanny had received an invitation to go with her aunt, Mrs. Timmins, to Lady Tutbury's ball, whereas poor Mrs. Crowder had been told that she could on no account get a card.

Now Blanche Crowder is a very large woman naturally, and with the present fashion of flounces in dress, this balloon of a creature would occupy the best part of a little back drawing-room; whereas Rosa Timmins is a little bit of a thing, who takes up no space at all, and furnishes the side of a room as prettily as a bank of flowers could. I tried to convince our cousin upon this point, this embonpoint I may say, and of course being too polite to make remarks personal to Mrs. Crowder, I playfully directed them elsewhere.

'Dear Blanche,' said I, 'don't you see how greatly Lady Tutbury would have to extend her premises if all the relatives of all her dancers were to be invited? She has already flung out a marquee over the leads, and actually included the cistern—what can she do more? If all the girls were to have chaperons, where could the elders sit? Tutbury himself will not be present. He is a large and roomy man, like your humble servant, and Lady Tut has sent him off to Greenwich or the Star and Garter for the night, where, I have no doubt, he and some other stout fellows will make themselves comfortable. At a ball amongst persons of moderate means and large acquaintance in London, room is much more precious than almost anybody's company, except that of the beauties and the dancers. Look at Lord Trampleton, that enormous hulking monster (who nevertheless dances beautifully, as all big men do), when he takes out his favourite partner, Miss Wirledge, to polk, his arm, as he whisks her round and round, forms radii of a circle of very considerable diameter. He almost wants a room to himself. Young men and women now, when they dance, dance really; it is no lazy sauntering, as of old, but downright hard work—after which they want air and refreshment. How can they get the one, when the rooms are filled with elderly folks; or the other, when we are squeezing round the supper-tables, and drinking up all the available champagne and seltzer-water? No, no; the present plan, which I hear is becoming general, is admirable for London. Let there be half a dozen of good, active, bright-eyed chaperons and duennas, little women, who are more active, and keep a better look-out than your languishing voluptuous beauties' (I said this, casting at the same time a look of peculiar tenderness towards Blanche Crowder), 'let them keep watch and see that all is right—that the young men don't dance too often with the same girl, or disappear on to the balcony, and that sort of thing; let them have good large roomy family coaches to carry the young women home to their mammas. In a word, at a ball, let there be for the future no admittance except upon business. In all the affairs of London life, that is the rule, depend upon it.'

'And pray who told you, Mr. Brown, that I didn't wish to dance myself ?' says Blanche, surveying her great person in the looking-glass (which could scarcely contain it) and flouncing out of the room ; and I actually believe that the unconscionable creature, at her age and size, is still thinking that she is a fairy, and that the young fellows would like to dance round the room with her. Ah, Bob ! I remember that grotesque woman a slim and graceful girl. I remember others tender and beautiful, whose bright eyes glitter, and whose sweet voices whisper no more. So they pass away—youth and beauty, love and innocence, pass away and perish. I think of one now, whom I remember the fairest and the gayest, the kindest and the purest ; her laughter was music—I can hear it still, though it will never echo any more. Far away, the silent tomb closes over her. Other roses than those of our prime grow up and bloom, and have their day. Honest youth, generous youth, may yours be as pure and as fair !

I did not think when I began to write it, that the last sentence would have finished so ; but life is not altogether jocular, Mr. Bob, and one comes upon serious thoughts suddenly as upon a funeral in the street. Let us go back to the business we are upon, namely balls, whereof it, perhaps, has struck you that your uncle has very little to say.

I saw one announcement in the morning fashionable print to-day, with a fine list of some of the greatest folks in London, and had previously heard from various quarters how eager many persons were to attend it, and how splendid an entertainment it was to be. And so the morning paper announced that Mrs. Hornby Madox threw open her house in So-and-So Street, and was assisted in receiving her guests by Lady Fugleman.

Now this is a sort of entertainment and arrangement than which I confess I can conceive nothing more queer, though I believe it is by no means uncommon in English society. Mrs. Hornby Madox comes into her fortune of ten thousand a year—wishes to be presented in the London world, having lived in the country previously—spares no expense to make her house and festival as handsome as may be, and gets Lady Fugleman to ask the company for her—not the honest Hornbys, not the family Madoxes, not the jolly old squires and friends and relatives of her family, and from her county ; but the London dandies and the

London society: whose names you see chronicled at every party, and who, being Lady Fugleman's friends, are invited by her ladyship to Mrs. Hornby's house.

What a strange notion of society does this give—of friendship, of fashion, of what people will do to be in the fashion! Poor Mrs. Hornby comes into her fortune, and says to her old friends and family, 'My good people, I am going to cut every one of you. You were very well as long as we were in the country, where I might have my natural likings and affections. But, henceforth, I am going to let Lady Fugleman choose my friends for me. I know nothing about you any more. I have no objection to you, but if you want to know me you must ask Lady Fugleman: if she says yes, I shall be delighted; if no, *Bonjour*.'

This strange business goes on daily in London. Honest people do it, and think not the least harm. The proudest and noblest do not think they demean themselves by crowding to Mrs. Goldcalf's parties, and strike quite openly a union between her wealth and their titles, to determine as soon as the former ceases. There is not the least hypocrisy about this at any rate—the terms of the bargain are quite understood on every hand.

But oh, Bob! see what an awful thing it is to confess, and would not even hypocrisy be better than this daring cynicism, this open heartlessness—Godlessness I had almost called it? Do you mean to say, you great folks, that your object in society is not love, is not friendship, is not family union and affection—is not truth and kindness;—is not generous sympathy and union of Christian (pardon me the word, but I can indicate my meaning by no other)—of Christian men and women, parents and children,—but that you assemble and meet together, not caring or trying to care for one another,—without a pretext of goodwill—with a daring selfishness openly avowed? I am sure I wish Mrs. Goldcalf or the other lady no harm, and have never spoken to, or set eyes on, either of them, and I do not mean to say, Mr. Robert, that you and I are a whit better than they are, and doubt whether they have made the calculation for themselves of the consequences of what they are doing. But as sure as two and two make four, a person giving up of his own accord his natural friends and relatives, for the sake of the fashion, seems to me to say, I acknowledge myself to be heartless; I turn my back on my friends, I disown my relatives, and I dishonour my father and mother.

And so no more at present, dear Bob, from your affectionate

Brown the Elder.

A WORD ABOUT DINNERS

ENGLISH Society, my beloved Bob, has this eminent advantage over all other—that is, if there be any society left in the wretched distracted old European continent—that it is above all others a dinner-giving society. A people like the Germans, that dines habitually, and with what vast appetite I need not say, at one o'clock in the afternoon—like the Italians, that spends its evenings in Opera boxes—like the French, that amuses itself of nights with *eau sucrée* and intrigue—cannot, believe me, understand Society rightly. I love and admire my nation for its good sense, its manliness, its friendliness, its morality in the main—and these, I take it, are all expressed in that noble institution, the dinner.

The dinner is the happy end of the Briton's day. We work harder than the other nations of the earth. We do more, we live more in our time, than Frenchmen or Germans. Every great man amongst us likes his dinner, and takes to it kindly. I could mention the most august names of poets, statesmen, philosophers, historians, judges, and divines, who are great at the dinner-table as in the field, the closet, the senate, or the bench. Gibbon mentions that he wrote the first two volumes of his history whilst a placeman in London, lodging in

St. James's, going to the House of Commons, to the Club, and to dinner every day. The man flourishes under that generous and robust regimen; the healthy energies of society are kept up by it; our friendly intercourse is maintained; our intellect ripens with the good cheer, and throws off surprising crops, like the fields about Edinburgh, under the influence of that admirable liquid, claret. The best wines are sent to this country therefore; for no other deserves them as ours does.

I am a diner-out, and live in London. I protest, as I look back at the men and dinners I have seen in the last week, my mind is filled with manly respect and pleasure. How good they have been! how admirable the entertainments! how worthy the men!

Let me, without divulging names, and with a cordial gratitude, mention a few of those whom I have met and who have all done their duty.

Sir, I have sat at table with a great, a world-renowned statesman. I watched him during the progress of the banquet—I am at liberty to say that he enjoyed it like a man.

On another day, it was a celebrated literary character. It was beautiful to see him at his dinner: cordial and generous, jovial and kindly, the great author enjoyed himself as the great statesman—may he long give us good books and good dinners!

Yet another day, and I sat opposite to a Right Reverend Bishop. My lord, I was pleased to see good thing after good thing disappear before you; and think no man ever better became that rounded episcopal apron. How amiable he was! how kind! He put water into his wine. Let us respect the moderation of the Church.

And then the men learned in the law: how they dine! what hospitality, what splendour, what comfort, what wine! As we walked away very gently in the moonlight, only three days since, from the ———s', a friend of my youth and myself, we could hardly speak for gratitude: 'Dear sir,'—we breathed fervently, 'ask us soon again.' One never has too much at those perfect banquets—no hideous headaches ensue, or horrid resolutions about adopting Revalenta Arabica for the future—but contentment with all the world, light slumbering, joyful waking to grapple with the morrow's work. Ah, dear Bob, those lawyers have great merits! There is a dear old judge at whose family table, if I could see you seated, my desire in life would be pretty nearly fulfilled. If you make yourself agreeable there, you will be in a fair way to get on in the world. But you are a youth still. Youths go to balls: men go to dinners.

Doctors, again, notoriously eat well; when my excellent friend Sangrado takes a bumper, and saying, with a shrug and a twinkle of his eye, '*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor,*' tosses off the wine, I always ask the butler for a glass of that bottle.

The inferior clergy, likewise, dine very much and well. I don't know when I have been better entertained, as far as creature comforts go, than by men of very Low Church principles; and one of the very best repasts that ever I saw in my life was at Darlington, given by a Quaker.

Some of the best wine in London is given to his friends by a poet of my acquaintance. All artists are notoriously fond of dinners, and invite you, but not so profusely. Newspaper editors delight in dinners on Saturdays, and give them, thanks to the present position of Literature, very often and good. Dear Bob, I have seen the mahoganies of many men.

Every evening between 7 and 8 o'clock, I like to look at the men dressed for dinner, perambulating the western districts of our city. I like to see the smile on their countenances lighted up with an indescribable self-importance and good humour; the askance glances which they cast at the little street-boys and foot-passengers who eye their shiny boots; the dainty manner in which they trip over the pavement on those boots, eschewing the mud-pools and dirty crossings; the refreshing whiteness of their linen; the coaxing twiddle which they give to the ties of their white chokers—the caress of a fond parent to an innocent child.

I like walking myself. Those who go in cabs or broughams, I have remarked, have not the same radiant expression which the pedestrian exhibits. A man in his own brougham has anxieties about the stepping of his horse, or the squaring of the groom's elbows, or a doubt whether Jones's turn-out is not better; or whether something is not wrong in the springs; or whether he shall have the brougham out if the night is rainy. They always look tragical behind the glasses. A cab diner-out has commonly some cares, lest his sense of justice should be injured by the overcharge of the driver (these fellows are not uncommonly exorbitant in their demands upon gentlemen whom they set down at good houses); lest the smell of tobacco left by the last occupants of the vehicle (five medical students, let us say, who have chartered the vehicle, and smoked cheroots from the London University to the playhouse in the Haymarket) should infest the clothes of Tom Lavender who is going to Lady Rosemary's; lest straws should stick unobserved to the glutinous lustre of his boots—his shiny ones, and he should appear in Dives's drawing-room like a poet with a *tenui avena*, or like Mad Tom in the play. I hope, my dear Bob, if a straw should ever enter a drawing-room in the wake of your boot, you will not be much disturbed in mind. Hark ye, in confidence: I have seen ——[1] in a hack-cab. There is no harm in employing one. There is no harm in anything natural, any more.

I cannot help here parenthetically relating a story which occurred in my own youth, in the year 1815, at the time when I first made my own entrée into society (for everything must have a beginning, Bob; and though we have been gentlemen long before the Conqueror, and have always consorted with gentlemen, yet we had not always attained that *haute volée* of fashion which has distinguished some of us subsequently); I recollect, I say, in 1815, when the Marquis of Sweetbread was good enough to ask me and the late Mr. Ruffles to dinner, to meet Prince Schwartzenberg and the Hetman Platoff. Ruffles was a man a good deal about town in those days, and certainly in very good society.

I was myself a young one, and thought Ruffles was rather inclined to patronize me: which I did not like. 'I would have you to know, Mr. Ruffles,' thought I, 'that, after all, a gentleman can but be a gentleman; that though we Browns have no handles to our names, we are quite as well-bred as some folks who possess those ornaments'—and in fine I determined to give him a lesson. So when he called for me in the hackney-coach at my lodgings in

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[1] Mr. Brown's MS. here contains a name of such prodigious dignity out of the P—r-ge, that we really do not dare to print it.

Swallow Street, and we had driven under the porte-cochère of Sweetbread House, where two tall and powdered domestics in the uniform of the Sweetbreads, viz. a spinach-coloured coat, with waistcoat and the rest of delicate yellow or melted-butter colour, opened the doors of the hall—what do you think, sir, I did ? In the presence of these gentlemen, who were holding on at the door, I offered to toss up with Ruffles heads or tails, who should pay for the coach ; and then purposely had a dispute with the poor Jarvey about the fare. Ruffles's face of agony during this transaction I shall never forget. Sir, it was like the Laocoon. Drops of perspiration trembled on his pallid brow, and he flung towards me looks of imploring terror that would have melted an ogre. A better fellow than Ruffles never lived—he is dead long since, and I don't mind owning to this harmless little deceit.

A person of some note—a favourite Snob of mine—I am told, when he goes to dinner, adopts what he considers a happy artifice, and sends his cab away at the corner of the street ; so that the gentleman in livery may not behold its number, or that the lord with whom he dines, and about whom he is always talking, may not be supposed to know that Mr. Smith came in a hack-cab.

A man who is troubled with a shame like this, Bob, is unworthy of any dinner at all. Such a man must needs be a sneak and a humbug, anxious about the effect which he is to produce : uneasy in his mind : a donkey in a lion's skin : a small pretender—distracted by doubts and frantic terrors of what is to come next. Such a man can be no more at ease in his chair at dinner than a man is in the fauteuil at the dentist's (unless indeed he go to the admirable Mr. Gilbert in Suffolk Street, who is dragged into this essay for the benefit of mankind alone, and who, I vow, removes a grinder with so little pain, that all the world should be made aware of him)—a fellow, I say, ashamed of the original from which he sprang, of the cab in which he drives, awkward, therefore, affected, and unnatural, can never hope or deserve to succeed in society.

The great comfort of the society of great folks is, that they do not trouble themselves about your twopenny little person, as smaller persons do, but take you for what you are—a man kindly and good-natured, or witty and sarcastic, or learned and eloquent, or a good raconteur, or a very handsome man (and in '15 some of the Browns were—but I am speaking of five-and-thirty years ago), or an excellent gourmand and judge of wines—or what not. Nobody sets you so quickly at your ease as a fine gentleman. I have seen more noise made about a knight's lady than about the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe herself: and Lady Mountararat, whose family dates from the Deluge, enters and leaves a room, with her daughters, the lovely Ladies Eve and Lilith d'Arc, with much less pretension and in much simpler capotes and what-do-you-call-'ems, than Lady de Mogyns or Mrs. Shindy, who quit an assembly in a whirlwind as it were, with trumpets and alarums like a stage king and queen.

But my pen can run no further, for my paper is out, and it is time to dress for dinner. Let us resume this theme next week, dear youth, and believe me in the meantime to be your affectionate

Brown the Elder.

ON SOME OLD CUSTOMS OF THE DINNER-TABLE

OF all the sciences which have made a progress in late years, I think, dear Bob (to return to the subject from which I parted with so much pleasure last week), that the art of dinner-giving has made the most delightful and rapid advances. Sir, I maintain, even now with a matured age and appetite, that the dinners of this present day are better than those we had in our youth, and I can't but be thankful at least once in every day for this decided improvement in our civilization. Those who remember the usages of five-and-twenty years back will be ready, I am sure, to acknowledge this progress. I was turning over at the Club yesterday a queer little book written at that period, which, I believe, had some authority at the time, and which records some of those customs which obtained, if not in good London Society, at least in some companies, and parts of our island. Sir, many of these practices seem as antiquated now as the usages described in the accounts of Homeric feasts, or Queen Elizabeth's banquets and breakfasts. Let us be happy to think they are gone.

The book in question is called *The Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty*, a queer baronet, who appears to have lived in the first quarter of the century, and whose opinions the antiquarian may examine, not without profit—a strange barbarian indeed it is, and one wonders that such customs should ever have been prevalent in our country.

Fancy such opinions as these having ever been holden by any set of men among us. Maxim 2: 'It is laid down in fashionable life that you must drink champagne after white cheeses, water after red.' . . . 'Ale is to be avoided, in case a wet night is to be expected, as should cheese also.' Maxim 4: 'A fine singer, after dinner, is to be avoided, for he is a great bore, and stops the wine . . . One of the best rules (to put him down) is to applaud him most vociferously as soon as he has sung the first verse, as if all was over, and say to the gentleman farthest from you at table that you admire the conclusion of this song very much.' Maxim 25: 'You meet people occasionally who tell you it is bad taste to give champagne at dinner—port and Teneriffe being such superior drinking,' &c., &c. I am copying out of a book printed three months since, describing ways prevalent when you were born. Can it be possible, I say, that England was ever in such a state ?

Was it ever a maxim in 'fashionable life' that you were to drink champagne after white cheeses ? What was that [maxim in] fashionable life about drinking and about cheese ? The maxim in fashionable life is to drink what you will. It is too simple now to trouble itself about wine or about cheese. Ale again is to be avoided, this strange Doherty says, if you expect a wet night—and in another place says, 'the English drink a pint of porter at a draught.'—What English ? gracious powers ! Are we a nation of coalheavers ? Do we ever have a wet night ? Do we ever meet people occasionally who say that to give champagne at dinner is bad taste, and that port and Teneriffe are such superior drinking? Fancy Teneriffe, my dear boy—I say fancy a man asking you to drink Teneriffe at dinner; the mind shudders at it—he might as well invite you to swallow the Peak.

And then consider the maxim about the fine singer who is to be avoided. What! was there a time in most people's memory when folks at dessert began to sing? I have heard such a thing at a tenants' dinner in the country; but the idea of a fellow beginning to perform a song at a dinner-party in London fills my mind with terror and amazement; and I picture to myself any table which I frequent, in Mayfair, in Bloomsbury, in Belgravia, or where you will, and the pain which would seize upon the host and the company if some wretch were to commence a song.

We have passed that savage period of life. We do not want to hear songs from guests, we have the songs done for us: as we don't want our ladies to go down into the kitchen and cook the dinner any more. The cook can do it better and cheaper. We do not desire feats of musical or culinary skill—but simple, quiet, easy, unpretending conversation.

In like manner, there was a practice once usual, and which still lingers here and there, of making complimentary speeches after dinner; that custom is happily almost entirely discontinued. Gentlemen do not meet to compliment each other profusely, or to make fine phrases. Simplicity gains upon us daily. Let us be thankful that the florid style is disappearing.

I once shared a bottle of sherry with a commercial traveller at Margate who gave a toast or a sentiment as he filled every glass. He would not take his wine without this queer ceremony before it. I recollect one of his sentiments, which was as follows: 'Year is to 'er that doubles our joys, and divides our sorrows—I give you woman, sir,'—and we both emptied our glasses. These lumbering ceremonials are passing out of our manners, and were found only to obstruct our free intercourse. People can like each other just as much without orations, and be just as merry without being forced to drink against their will.

And yet there are certain customs to which one clings still; for instance, the practice of drinking wine with your neighbour, though wisely not so frequently indulged in as of old, yet still obtains and I trust will never be abolished.

For though, in the old time, when Mr. and Mrs. Fogy had sixteen friends to dinner, it became an unsupportable *corvée* for Mr. F. to ask sixteen persons to drink wine, and a painful task for Mrs. Fogy to be called upon to bow to ten gentlemen, who desired to have the honour to drink her health, yet, employed in moderation, that ancient custom of challenging your friends to drink is a kindly and hearty old usage, and productive of many most beneficial results.

I have known a man of a modest and reserved turn (just like your old uncle, dear Bob, as no doubt you were going to remark), when asked to drink by the host, suddenly lighten up, toss off his glass, get confidence, and begin to talk right and left. He wanted but the spur to set him going. It is supplied by the butler at the back of his chair.

It sometimes happens, again, that a host's conversational powers are not brilliant. I own that I could point out a few such whom I have the honour to name among my friends—gentlemen, in fact, who wisely hold their tongues because they have nothing to say which is worth the hearing or the telling, and properly confine themselves to the carving of the mutton and the ordering of the wines. Such men, manifestly, should always be allowed, nay encouraged, to ask their guests to take wine. In putting that question, they show their goodwill, and cannot possibly betray their mental deficiency. For example, let us suppose Jones, who has been perfectly silent all dinner-time, oppressed, doubtless, by that awful Lady Tiara, who sits swelling on his right hand, suddenly rallies, singles me out, and with a loud cheering voice, cries, 'Brown, my boy, a glass of wine.' I reply, 'With pleasure, my dear Jones.' He responds as quick as thought, 'Shall it be hock or champagne, Brown ?' I mention the wine which I prefer. He calls to the butler, and says, 'Some champagne or hock' (as the case may be, for I don't choose to commit myself),—'some champagne or hock to Mr. Brown ;' and finally he says, 'Good health !' in a pleasant tone. Thus, you see, Jones, though not a conversationist, has had the opportunity of making no less than four observations, which, if not brilliant or witty, are yet manly, sensible, and agreeable. And I defy any man in the metropolis, be he the most accomplished, the most learned, the wisest, or the most eloquent, to say more than Jones upon a similar occasion.

If you have had a difference with a man, and are desirous to make it up, how pleasant it is to take wine with him! Nothing is said but that simple phrase which has just been uttered by my friend Jones; and yet it means a great deal. The cup is a symbol of reconciliation. The other party drinks up your goodwill as you accept his token of returning friendship—and thus the liquor is hallowed which Jones has paid for: and I like to think that the grape which grew by Rhine or Rhone was born and ripened under the sun there, so as to be the means of bringing two good fellows together. I once heard the head physician of a hydropathic establishment on the sunny banks of the first-named river, give the health of His Majesty the King of Prussia, and, calling upon the company to receive that august toast with a 'donnerndes Lebehoch,' toss off a bumper of sparkling water. It did not seem to me a genuine enthusiasm. No, no, let us have toast and wine, not toast and water. It was not in vain that grapes grew on the hills of Father Rhine.

One seldom asks ladies now to take wine,—except when, in a confidential whisper to the charming creature whom you have brought down to dinner, you humbly ask permission to pledge her, and she delicately touches her glass with a fascinating smile, in reply to your glance,—a smile, you rogue, which goes to your heart. I say, one does not ask ladies any more to take wine: and I think, this custom being abolished, the contrary practice should be introduced, and that the ladies should ask the gentlemen. I know one who did, *une grande dame de par le monde*, as honest Brantôme phrases it, and from whom I deserved no such kindness—but, sir, the effect of that graceful act of hospitality was such, that she made a grateful slave for ever of one who was an admiring rebel previously, who would do anything to show his gratitude, and who now knows no greater delight than when he receives a card which bears her respected name.[1]

A dinner of men is well now and again, but few well-regulated minds relish a dinner without women. There are some wretches who, I believe, still meet together for the sake of what is called 'the spread,' who dine each other round and round, and have horrid delights in turtle, early peas, and other culinary luxuries—but I pity the condition as I avoid the banquets of those men. The only substitute for ladies at dinners, or consolation for want of them, is—smoking. Cigars, introduced with the coffee, do, if anything can, make us forget the absence of the other sex. But what a substitute is that for her who doubles our joys, and divides our griefs! for woman!—as my friend the traveller said.

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[1] Upon my word, Mr. Brown, this is too broad a hint.—*Punch.*

Brown the Elder.

GREAT AND LITTLE DINNERS

It has been said, dear Bob, that I have seen the mahoganies of many men, and it is with no small feeling of pride and gratitude that I am enabled to declare also that I hardly remember in my life to have had a bad dinner. Would to Heaven that all mortal men could say likewise! Indeed, and in the presence of so much want and misery as pass under our ken daily, it is with a feeling of something like shame and humiliation that I make the avowal; but I have robbed no man of his meal that I know of, and am here speaking of very humble as well as very grand banquets, the which I maintain are, when there is a sufficiency, almost always good.

Yes, all dinners are good, from a shilling upwards. The plate of boiled beef which Mary, the neat-handed waitress, brings or used to bring you in the Old Bailey—I say used, for, ah me! I speak of years long past, when the cheeks of Mary were as blooming as the carrots which she brought up with the beef, and she may be a grandmother by this time, or a pallid ghost, far out of the regions of beef;—from the shilling dinner of beef and carrots to the grandest banquet of the season—everything is good. There are no degrees in eating. I mean that mutton is as good as venison—beefsteak, if you are hungry, as good as turtle—bottled ale, if you like it, to the full as good as champagne;—there is no delicacy in the world which Monsieur Francatelli or Monsieur Soyer can produce, which I believe to be better than toasted cheese. I have seen a dozen of epicures at a grand table forsake every French and Italian delicacy for boiled leg of pork and peas pudding. You can but be hungry, and eat and be happy.

What is the moral I would deduce from this truth, if truth it be? I would have a great deal more hospitality practised than is common among us—more hospitality and less show. Properly considered, the quality of dinner is twice blest: it blesses him that gives, and him that takes: a dinner with friendliness is the best of all friendly meetings—a pompous entertainment, where no love is, the least satisfactory.

Why, then, do we of the middle classes persist in giving entertainments so costly, and beyond our means? This will be read by many mortals who are aware that they live on leg of mutton themselves, or worse than this, have what are called meat teas, than which I cannot conceive a more odious custom; that ordinarily they are very sober in their way of life; that they like in reality that leg of mutton better than the condiments of that doubtful French artist who comes from the pastrycook's, and presides over the mysterious stewpans in the kitchen; why, then, on their company dinners should they flare up in the magnificent manner in which they universally do?

Everybody has the same dinner in London, and the same soup, saddle of mutton, boiled fowls and tongue, entrées, champagne, and so forth. I own myself to being no better nor worse than my neighbours in this respect, and rush off to the confectioner's for sweets, &c.; hire sham butlers and attendants; have a fellow going round the table with still and dry champagne, as if I knew his name, and it was my custom to drink those wines every day of my life. I am as bad as my neighbours; but why are we so bad, I ask?—why are we not more reasonable?

If we receive very great men or ladies at our houses, I will lay a wager that they will select mutton and gooseberry tart for their dinner; forsaking the entrées which the men in white Berlin gloves are handing round in the

Birmingham plated dishes. Asking lords and ladies, who have great establishments of their own, to French dinners and delicacies, is like inviting a grocer to a meal of figs, or a pastrycook to a banquet of raspberry tarts. They have had enough of them. And great folks, if they like you, take no count of your feasts, and grand preparations, and can but eat mutton like men.

One cannot have sumptuary laws nowadays, or restrict the gastronomical more than any other trade: but I wish a check could be put upon our dinner-extravagances by some means, and am confident that the pleasures of life would greatly be increased by moderation. A man might give two dinners for one, according to the present pattern. Half your money is swallowed up in a dessert, which nobody wants in the least, and which I always grudge to see arriving at the end of plenty. Services of culinary kickshaws swallow up money, which gives nobody pleasure, except the pastrycook, whom they enrich. Everybody entertains as if he had three or four thousand a year.

Some one with a voice potential should cry out against this overwhelming luxury. What is mere decency in a very wealthy man is absurdity—nay, wickedness, in a poor one: a frog by nature, I am an insane, silly creature, to attempt to swell myself to the size of the ox, my neighbour. Oh that I could establish in the middle classes of London an Anti-entrée and Anti-dessert movement! I would go down to posterity not ill-deserving of my country in such a case, and might be ranked among the social benefactors. Let us have a meeting at Willis's Rooms, ladies and gentlemen, for the purpose, and get a few philanthropists, philosophers, and bishops or so, to speak! As people, in former days, refused to take sugar, let us get up a society which shall decline to eat dessert and made-dishes.[1]

In this way, I say, every man who now gives a dinner might give two; and take in a host of poor friends and relatives, who are now excluded from his hospitality. For dinners are given mostly in the middle classes by way of revenge; and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson ask Mr. and Mrs. Johnson because the latter have asked them. A man at this rate who gives four dinners of twenty persons in the course of the season, each dinner costing him something very near upon thirty pounds, receives in return, we will say, forty dinners from the friends whom he has himself invited. That is, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson pay a hundred and twenty pounds, as do all their friends, for forty-four dinners of which they partake. So that they may calculate that every time they dine with their respective friends, they pay about twenty-eight shillings per *tête*. What a sum this is, dear Johnson, for you and me to spend upon our waistcoats! What does poor Mrs. Johnson care for all these garish splendours, who has had her dinner at two with her dear children in the nursery? Our custom is not hospitality or pleasure, but to be able to cut off a certain number of acquaintance from the dining list.

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[1] Mr. Brown here enumerates three entrées, which he confesses he can *not* resist, and likewise preserved cherries at dessert: but the principle is good, though the man is weak.

One of these dinners of twenty, again, is scarcely ever pleasant as far as regards society. You may chance to get near a pleasant neighbour and neighbouress, when your corner of the table is possibly comfortable. But there can be no general conversation. Twenty people cannot engage together in talk. You would want a speaking-trumpet to communicate from your place by the lady of the house (for I wish to give my respected reader the place of honour) to the lady at the opposite corner at the right of the host. If you have a joke or a *mot* to make, you cannot utter it before such a crowd. A joke is nothing which can only get a laugh out of a third part of the company. The most eminent wags of my acquaintance are dumb in these great parties; and your *raconteur* or story-teller, if he is prudent, will invariably hold his tongue. For what can be more odious than to be compelled to tell a story at the top of your voice, to be called on to repeat it for the benefit of a distant person who has only heard a part of the anecdote? There are stories of mine which would fail utterly were they narrated in any but an undertone; others in which I laugh, am overcome by emotion, and so forth—what I call my *intimes* stories. Now it is impossible to do justice to these except in the midst of a general hush, and in a small circle; so that I am commonly silent. And as no anecdote is positively new in a party of twenty, the chances are so much against you that somebody should have heard the story before, in which case you are done.

In these large assemblies, a wit, then, is of no use, and does not have a chance: a *raconteur* does not get a fair hearing, and both of these real ornaments of a dinner-table are thus utterly thrown away. I have seen Jack Jolliffe, who can keep a table of eight or ten persons in a roar of laughter for four hours, remain utterly mute in a great entertainment, smothered by the numbers and the dowager on each side of him: and Tom Yarnold, the most eminent of conversationists, sit through a dinner as dumb as the footman behind him. They do not care to joke unless there is a sympathizing society, and prefer to be silent rather than throw their good things away.

What I would recommend, then, with all my power, is that dinners should be more simple, more frequent, and should contain fewer persons. Ten is the utmost number that a man of moderate means should ever invite to his table; although in a great house, managed by a great establishment, the case may be different. A man and woman may look as if they were glad to see ten people; but in a great dinner they abdicate their position as host and hostess,—are mere creatures in the hands of the sham butlers, sham footmen, and tall confectioners' emissaries who crowd the room,—and are guests at their own table, where they are helped last, and of which they occupy the top and bottom. I have marked many a lady watching with timid glances the large artificial *major-domo*, who officiates for that night only, and thought to myself, 'Ah, my dear madam, how much happier might we all be if there were but half the splendour, half the made-dishes, and half the company assembled.'

If any dinner-giving person who reads this shall be induced by my representations to pause in his present career, to cut off some of the luxuries of his table, and, instead of giving one enormous feast to twenty persons, to have three simple dinners for ten, my dear Nephew will not have been addressed in vain. Everybody will be bettered; and while the guests will be better pleased, and more numerous, the host will actually be left with money in his pocket.

BROWN THE ELDER.

ON LOVE, MARRIAGE, MEN, AND WOMEN

I

Bob Brown is in love, then, and undergoing the common lot! And so, my dear lad, you are this moment enduring the delights and tortures, the jealousy and wakefulness, the longing and raptures, the frantic despair and elation, attendant upon the passion of love. In the year 1812 (it was before I contracted my alliance with your poor dear Aunt, who never caused me any of the disquietudes above enumerated) I myself went through some of those miseries and pleasures which you now, O my Nephew, are enduring. I pity and sympathize with you. I am an old cock now, with a feeble strut and a faltering crow. But I was young once: and remember the time very well. Since that time, *amavi amantes:* if I see two young people happy, I like it: as I like to see children enjoying a pantomime. I have been the confidant of numbers of honest fellows, and the secret watcher of scores of little pretty intrigues in life. Miss Y., I know why you go so eagerly to balls now, and Mr. Z., what has set you off dancing at your mature age. Do you fancy, Mrs. Alpha, that I believe you walk every day at half-past eleven by the Serpentine for nothing, and that I don't see young O'Mega in Rotten Row? . . . And so, my poor Bob, you are shot.

If you lose the object of your desires, the loss won't kill you; you may set that down as a certainty. If you win, it is possible that you will be disappointed; that point also is to be considered. But hit or miss, good luck or bad—I should be sorry, my honest Bob, that thou didst not undergo the malady. Every man ought to be in love a few times in his life, and to have a smart attack of the fever. You are the better for it when it is over: the better for your misfortune if you endure it with a manly heart; how much the better for success if you win it and a good wife into the bargain! Ah, Bob! there is a stone in the burying-ground at Funchal which I often and often think of—many hopes and passions lie beneath it, along with the fairest and gentlest creature in the world—it's not Mrs. Brown that lies there. After life's fitful fever, she sleeps in Marylebone burying-ground, poor dear soul! Emily Blenkinsop *might* have been Mrs. Brown, but—but let us change the subject.

Of course you will take advice, my dear Bob, about your flame. All men and women do. It is notorious that they listen to the opinions of all their friends, and never follow their own counsel. Well, tell us about this girl. What are her qualifications, expectations, belongings, station in life, and so forth!

About beauty I do not argue. I take it for granted. A man sees beauty, or that which he likes, with eyes entirely his own. I don't say that plain women get husbands as readily as the pretty girls—but so many handsome girls are unmarried, and so many of the other sort wedded, that there is no possibility of establishing a rule, or of setting up a standard. Poor dear Mrs. Brown was a far finer woman than Emily Blenkinsop, and yet I loved Emily's little finger more than the whole hand which your Aunt Martha gave me—I see the plainest women exercising the greatest fascinations over men—in fine, a man falls in love with a woman because it is fate, because she is a woman; Bob, too, is a man, and endowed with a heart and a beard.

Is she a clever woman? I do not mean to disparage you, my good fellow, but you are not a man that is likely to set the Thames on fire; and I should rather like to see you fall to the lot of a clever woman. A set has been made against clever women from all times. Take all Shakespeare's heroines—they all seem to me pretty much the same, affectionate, motherly, tender, that sort of thing. Take Scott's ladies, and other writers'—each man seems to draw from one model—an exquisite slave is what we want for the most part, a humble, flattering, smiling, child-loving, tea-making, pianoforte-playing being, who laughs at our jokes however old they may be, coaxes and wheedles us in our humours, and fondly lies to us through life. I never could get your poor Aunt into this system, though I confess I should have been a happier man had she tried it.

There are many more clever women in the world than men think for—our habit is to despise them ; we believe they do not think because they do not contradict us ; and are weak because they do not struggle and rise up against us. A man only begins to know women as he grows old ; and for my part my opinion of their cleverness rises every day.

When I say I know women, I mean I know that I don't know them. Every single woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself. Say they are not clever ? Their hypocrisy is a perpetual marvel to me, and a constant exercise of cleverness of the finest sort. You see a demure-looking woman perfect in all her duties, constant in house-bills and shirt-buttons, obedient to her lord, and anxious to please him in all things ; silent, when you and he talk politics, or literature, or balderdash together, and if referred to, saying, with a smile of perfect humility, 'Oh, women are not judges upon such and such matters ; we leave learning and politics to men.' 'Yes, poor Polly,' says Jones, patting the back of Mrs. J.'s head good-naturedly, 'attend to the house, my dear ; that's the best thing you can do, and leave the rest to us.' Benighted idiot ! She has long ago taken your measure and your friends' ; she knows your weaknesses and ministers to them in a thousand artful ways. She knows your obstinate points, and marches round them with the most curious art and patience, as you will see an ant on a journey turn round an obstacle. Every woman manages her husband : every person who manages another is a hypocrite. Her smiles, her submission, her good humour, for all which we value her,—what are they but admirable duplicity ? We expect falseness from her, and order and educate her to be dishonest. Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail ; say that he frown, I'll answer with a smile ;—what are these but lies, that we exact from our slaves ? lies, the dexterous performance of which we announce to be the female virtues : brutal Turks that we are ! I do not say that Mrs. Brown ever obeyed me—on the contrary : but I should have liked it, for I am a Turk like my neighbour.

I will instance your mother now. When my brother comes in to dinner after a bad day's sport, or after looking over the bills of some of you boys, he naturally begins to be surly with your poor dear mother, and to growl at the mutton. What does she do ? She may be hurt, but she doesn't show it. She proceeds to coax, to smile, to turn the conversation, to stroke down Bruin, and get him in a good humour. She sets him on his old stories, and she and all the girls—poor dear little Sapphiras !—set off laughing ; there is that story about the goose walking into church, which your father tells, and your mother and sisters laugh at, until I protest I am so ashamed that I hardly know where to look. On he goes with that story time after time : and your poor mother sits there and knows that I know she is a humbug, and laughs on ; and teaches all the girls to laugh too. Had that dear creature been born to wear a nose-ring and bangles instead of a muff and bonnet ; and had she a brown skin in the place of that fair one with which Nature has endowed her, she would have done Suttee, after your brown Brahmin father had died, and thought women very irreligious too, who refused to roast themselves for their masters and lords. I do not mean to say that the late Mrs. Brown would have gone through the process of incremation for me —far from it : by a timely removal she was spared from the grief which her widowhood would have doubtless caused her, and I acquiesce in the decrees of Fate in this instance, and have not the least desire to have preceded her.

I hope the ladies will not take my remarks in ill part. If I die for it, I must own that I don't think they have fair play. In the bargain we make with them I don't think they get their rights. And as a labourer notoriously does more by the piece than he does by the day, and a free man works harder than a slave, so I doubt whether we get the most out of our women by enslaving them as we do by law and custom. There are some folks who would limit the range of women's duties to little more than a kitchen range—others who like them to administer to our delectation in a ball-room, and permit them to display dimpled shoulders and flowing ringlets—just as you have one horse for a mill, and another for the Park. But in whatever way we like them, it is for our use somehow that we have women brought up ; to work for us, or to shine for us, or to dance for us, or what not. It would not have been thought shame of our fathers fifty years ago, that they could not make a custard or a pie, but our mothers would have been rebuked had they been ignorant on these matters. Why should not you and I be ashamed now because we cannot make our own shoes, or cut out our own breeches ? We know better : we can get cobblers and tailors to do that—and it was we who made the laws for women, who, we are in the habit of saying, are not so clever as we are.

My dear Nephew, as I grow old and consider these things, I know which are the stronger, men or women ; but which are the cleverer, I doubt.

II

LONG years ago, indeed it was at the Peace of Amiens, when with several other young bucks I was making the grand tour, I recollect how sweet we all of us were upon the lovely Duchess of Montepulciano at Naples, who to be sure was not niggardly of her smiles in return. There came a man amongst us, however, from London, a very handsome young fellow, with such an air of fascinating melancholy in his looks, that he cut out all the other suitors of the Duchess in the course of a week, and would have married her very likely, but that war was declared while this youth was still hankering about his Princess, and he was sent off to Verdun, whence he did not emerge for twelve years, and until he was as fat as a porpoise, and the Duchess was long since married to General Count Raff, one of the Emperor's heroes.

I mention poor Tibbits to show the curious difference of manner which exists among us ; and which, though not visible to foreigners, is instantly understood by English people. Brave, clever, tall, slim, dark, and sentimental-looking, he passed muster in a foreign saloon, and as I must own to you, cut us fellows out : whereas we English knew instantly that the man was not well-bred, by a thousand little signs, not to be understood by the foreigner. In his early youth, for instance, he had been cruelly deprived of his *h*'s by his parents, and though he tried to replace them in after-life, they were no more natural than a glass eye, but stared at you as it were in a ghastly manner out of the conversation, and pained you by their horrid intrusions. Not acquainted with these refinements of our language, foreigners did not understand what Tibbits's errors were, and doubtless thought it was from envy that we conspired to slight the poor fellow.

I mention Mr. Tibbits, because he was handsome, clever, honest, and brave, and in almost all respects our superior; and yet laboured under disadvantages of manner which unfitted him for certain society. It is not Tibbits the man, it is not Tibbits the citizen, of whom I would wish to speak lightly; his morals, his reading, his courage, his generosity, his talents are undoubted—it is the social Tibbits of whom I speak: and as I do not go to balls, because I do not dance, or to meetings of the Political Economy Club, or other learned associations, because taste and education have not fitted me for the pursuits for which other persons are adapted, so Tibbits' sphere is not in drawing-rooms, where the *h*, and other points of etiquette, are rigorously maintained.

I say thus much because one or two people have taken some remarks of mine in ill part, and hinted that I am a Tory in disguise: and an aristocrat that should be hung up to a lamp-post. Not so, dear Bob;—there is nothing like the truth, about whomsoever it may be. I mean no more disrespect towards any fellow man by saying that he is not what is called in Society well-bred, than by stating that he is not tall or short, or that he cannot dance, or that he does not know Hebrew, or whatever the case may be. I mean that if a man works with a pickaxe or shovel all day, his hands will be harder than those of a lady of fashion, and that his opinion about Madame Sontag's singing, or the last new novel, will not probably be of much value. And though I own my conviction that there are some animals which frisk advantageously in ladies' drawing-rooms, whilst others pull stoutly at the plough, I do not most certainly mean to reflect upon a horse for not being a lap-dog, or see that he has any cause to be ashamed that he is [not] other than a horse.

And, in a word, as you are what is called a gentleman yourself, I hope that Mrs. Bob Brown, whoever she may be, is not only by nature, but by education, a gentlewoman. No man ought ever to be called upon to blush for his wife. I see good men rush into marriage with ladies of whom they are afterwards ashamed ; and in the same manner charming women linked to partners, whose vulgarity they try to screen. Poor Mrs. Botibol, what a constant hypocrisy your life is, and how you insist upon informing everybody that Botibol is the best of men ! Poor Jack Jinkins ! what a female is that you brought back from Bagnigge Wells to introduce to London society ! a handsome, tawdry, flaunting, watering-place belle ; a boarding-house beauty : tremendous in brazen ornaments and cheap finery.

If you marry, dear Bob, I hope Mrs. Robert B. will be a lady not very much above or below your own station.

I would sooner that you should promote your wife than that she should advance you. And though every man can point you out instances where his friends have been married to ladies of superior rank, who have accepted their new position with perfect grace, and made their husbands entirely happy ; as there are examples of maid-servants decorating coronets, and sempstresses presiding worthily over Baronial Halls ; yet I hope Mrs. Robert Brown will not come out of a palace or a kitchen : but out of a house something like yours, out of a family something like yours, with a snug jointure something like that modest portion which I dare say you will inherit.

I remember when Arthur Rowdy (who I need not tell you belongs to the firm of Stumpy, Rowdy & Co., of Lombard Street, bankers) married Lady Cleopatra ; what a grand match it was thought by the Rowdy family : and how old Mrs. Rowdy in Portman Square was elated at the idea of her son's new connexion. Her daughters were to go to all the parties in London ; and her house was to be filled with the very greatest of great folks. We heard of nothing but dear Lady Stonehenge from morning till night ; and the old frequenters of the house were perfectly pestered with stories of dear Lady Zenobia and dear Lady Cornelia, and of the dear Marquis, whose masterly translation of *Cornelius Nepos* had placed him among the most learned of our nobility.

When Rowdy went to live in Mayfair, what a wretched house it was into which he introduced such of his friends as were thought worthy of presentation to his new society !

The rooms were filled with young dandies of the Stonehenge connexion—beardless bucks from Downing Street, gay young sprigs of the Guards—their sisters and mothers, their kith and kin. They overdrew their accounts at Rowdy's bank, and laughed at him in his drawing-room; they made their bets and talked their dandy talk over his claret, at which the poor fellow sat quite silent. Lady Stonehenge invaded his nursery, appointed and cashiered his governess and children's maids; established her apothecary in permanence over him: quarrelled with old Mrs. Rowdy, so that the poor old body was only allowed to see her grandchildren by stealth, and have secret interviews with them in the garden of Berkeley Square; made Rowdy take villas at Tunbridge, which she filled with her own family; massacred her daughter's visiting-book, in the which Lady Cleopatra, a good-natured woman, at first admitted some of her husband's relatives and acquaintance; and carried him abroad upon excursions, in which all he had to do was to settle the bills with the courier. And she went so far as to order him to change his side of the House and his politics, and adopt those of Lord Stonehenge, which were of the age of the Druids, his lordship's ancestors; but here the honest British merchant made a stand and conquered his mother-in-law, who would have smothered him the other day for voting for Rothschild. If it were not for the Counting House in the morning and the House of Commons at night, what would become of Rowdy? They say he smokes there, and drinks when he smokes. He has been known to go to Vauxhall, and has even been seen, with a comforter over his nose, listening to *Sam Hall* at the Cider Cellars. All this misery and misfortune came to the poor fellow for marrying out of his degree. The clerks at Lombard Street laugh when Lord Mistletoe steps out of his cab and walks into the bank-parlour; and Rowdy's private account invariably tells tales of the visit of his young scapegrace of a brother-in-law.

III

LET us now, beloved and ingenuous youth, take the other side of the question, and discourse a little while upon the state of that man who takes unto himself a wife inferior to him in degree. I have before me in my acquaintance many most pitiable instances of individuals who have made this fatal mistake.

Although old fellows are as likely to be made fools as young in love matters, and Dan Cupid has no respect for the most venerable age, yet I remark that it is generally the young men who marry vulgar wives. They are on a reading tour for the Long Vacation, they are quartered at Ballinafad, they see Miss Smith or Miss O'Shaughnessy every day, healthy, lively, jolly girls with red cheeks, bright eyes, and high spirits—they come away at the end of the vacation, or when the regiment changes its quarters, engaged men, family rows ensue, mothers cry out, papas grumble, Miss pines and loses her health at Baymouth or Ballinafad—consent is got at last, Jones takes his degree, Jenkins gets his company; Miss Smith and Miss O'Shaughnessy become Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Jenkins.

For the first year it is all very well. Mrs. Jones is a great bouncing handsome creature, lavishly fond of her adored Jones, and caring for no other company but his. They have a cottage at Bayswater. He walks her out every evening. He sits and reads the last new novel to her whilst she works slippers for him, or makes some little tiny caps, and for—dear Julia, dear Edward!—they are all in all to one another.

Old Mrs. Smith of course comes up from Swansea at the time when the little caps are put into requisition, and takes possession of the cottage at Bayswater. Mrs. Jones, senior calls upon Mrs. Edward Jones's mamma, and, of course, is desirous to do everything that is civil to the family of Edward's wife.

Mrs. Jones finds in the mother-in-law of her Edward a large woman with a cotton umbrella, who dines in the middle of the day, and has her beer, and who calls Mrs. Jones 'mum.' What a state they are in in Pocklington Square about this woman! How can they be civil to her? Whom can they ask to meet her? How the girls, Edward's sisters, go on about her! Fanny says she ought to be shown to the housekeeper's room when she calls; Mary proposes that Mrs. Shay the washerwoman should be invited on the day when Mrs. Smith comes to dinner, and Emma (who was Edward's favourite sister, and who considers herself jilted by his marriage with Julia) points out the most dreadful thing of all, that Mrs. Smith and Julia are exactly alike, and that in a few years Mrs. Edward Jones will be the very image of that great enormous unwieldy horrid old woman.

Closeted with her daughter, of whom and of her baby she has taken possession, Mrs. Smith gives her opinion about the Joneses:—They may be very good, but they are too fine ladies for *her;* and they evidently think she is not good enough for *them:* they are sad worldly people, and have never sat under a good minister, that is clear: they talked French before her on the day she called in Pocklington Gardens, 'And though they were laughing at me, I'm sure I can pardon them,' Mrs. Smith says. Edward and Julia have a little altercation about the manner in which his family has treated Mrs. Smith, and Julia bursting into tears as she clasps her child to her bosom, says, 'My child, my child, will you be taught to be ashamed of your mother?'

Edward flings out of the room in a rage. It is true that Mrs. Smith is not fit to associate with his family, and that her manners are not like theirs; that Julia's eldest brother, who is a serious tanner at Cardiff, is not a pleasant companion after dinner: and that it is not agreeable to be called 'Ned' and 'old cove' by her younger brother, who is an attorney's clerk in Gray's Inn, and favours Ned by asking him to lend him a 'sov.,' and by coming to dinner on Sundays. It is true that the appearance of that youth at the first little party the Edward Joneses gave after their marriage, when Natty disgracefully inebriated himself, caused no little scandal amongst his friends, and much wrath on the part of old Jones, who said, 'That little scamp call my daughters by their Christian names!—a little beggar that is not fit to sit down in my hall. If ever he dares to call at my house I'll tell Jobbins to fling a pail of water over him.' And it is true that Natty called many times in Pocklington Square, and complained to Edward that he, Nat, could neither see his Mar nor the gurls, and that the old gent cut up uncommon stiff.

So you see Edward Jones has had his way, and got a handsome wife, but at what expense? He and his family are separated. His wife brought him nothing but good looks. Her stock of brains is small. She is not easy in the new society into which she has been brought, and sits quite mum both at the grand parties which the old Joneses give in Pocklington Square, and at the snug little entertainments which poor Edward Jones tries on his own part. The women of the Jones' set try her in every way, and can get no good from her: Jones's male friends, who are civilized beings, talk to her, and receive only monosyllables in reply. His house is a stupid one; his acquaintances drop off; he has no circle at all at last, except, to be sure, that increasing family circle which brings up old Mrs. Smith from Swansea every year.

What is the lot of a man at the end of a dozen years who has a wife like this? She is handsome no longer, and she never had any other merit. He can't read novels to her all through his life, while she is working slippers—it is absurd. He can't be philandering in Kensington Gardens with a lady who does not walk out now except with two nursemaids and the twins in a go-cart. He is a young man still, when she is an old woman. Love is a mighty fine thing, dear Bob, but it is not the life of a man. There are a thousand other things for him to think of besides the red lips of Lucy, or the bright eyes of Eliza. There is business, there is friendship, there is society, there are taxes, there is ambition, and the manly desire to exercise the talents which are given us by Heaven, and reap the prize of our desert. There are other books in a man's library besides Ovid; and after dawdling ever so long at a woman's knee, one day he gets up and is free. We have all been there:

we have all had the fever: the strongest and the smallest, from Sampson, Hercules, Rinaldo, downwards; but it burns out, and you get well.

Ladies who read this, and who know what a love I have for the whole sex, will not, I hope, cry out at the above observations, or be angry because I state that the ardour of love declines after a certain period. My dear Mrs. Hopkins, you would not have Hopkins to carry on the same absurd behaviour which he exhibited when he was courting you? or in place of going to bed and to sleep comfortably, sitting up half the night to write to you bad verses? You would not have him racked with jealousy if you danced or spoke with any one else at a ball; or neglect all his friends, his business, his interest in life, in order to dangle at your feet? No, you are a sensible woman; you know that he must go to his counting-house, that he must receive and visit his friends, and that he must attend to his and your interest in life. You are no longer his goddess, his fairy, his peerless paragon, whose name he shouted as Don Quixote did that of Dulcinea. You are Jane Hopkins, you are thirty years old, you have got a parcel of children, and Hop loves you and them with all his heart. He would be a helpless driveller and ninny were he to be honeymooning still, whereas he is a good honest fellow, respected on 'Change, liked by his friends, and famous for his port wine.

Yes, Bob, the fever goes, but the wife doesn't. Long after your passion is over, Mrs. Brown will be at your side, good soul, still; and it is for that, as I trust, long subsequent period of my worthy Bob's life, that I am anxious. How will she look when the fairy brilliancy of the honeymoon has faded into the light of common day?

You are of a jovial and social turn, and like to see the world, as why should you not? It contains a great number of kind and honest folks, from whom you may hear a thousand things wise and pleasant. A man ought to like his neighbours, to mix with his neighbours, to be popular with his neighbours. It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends. You can't be talking to Mrs. Brown for ever and ever: you will be a couple of old geese if you do.

She ought then to be able to make your house pleasant to your friends. She ought to attract them to it by her grace, her good breeding, her good humour. Let it be said of her, 'What an uncommonly nice woman Mrs. Brown is.' Let her be, if not a clever woman, an appreciator of cleverness in others, which perhaps clever folks like better. Above all, let her have a sense of humour, my dear Bob, for a woman without a laugh in her (like the late excellent Mrs. Brown) is the greatest bore in existence. Life without laughing is a dreary blank. A woman who cannot laugh is a wet blanket on the kindly nuptial couch. A good laugh is sunshine in a house. A quick intelligence, a brightening eye, a kind smile, a cheerful spirit,—these I hope Mrs. Bob will bring to you in her trousseau, to be used afterwards for daily wear. Before all things, my dear Nephew, try and have a cheerful wife.

What, indeed, does not that word ' cheerfulness ' imply ? It means a contented spirit, it means a pure heart, it means a kind and loving disposition ; it means humility and charity ; it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self. Stupid people, people who do not know how to laugh, are always pompous and self-conceited, that is, bigoted ; that is, cruel ; that is, ungentle, uncharitable, unchristian. Have a good, jolly, laughing, kind woman, then, for your partner, you who are yourself a kind and jolly fellow ; and when you go to sleep, and when you wake, I pray there may be a smile under each of your honest nightcaps.

Brown the Elder.

OUT OF TOWN

I

I HAVE little news, my dear Bob, wherewith to entertain thee from this city, from which almost everybody has fled within the last week, and which lies in a state of torpor. I wonder what the newspapers find to talk about day after day, and how they come out every morning. But for a little distant noise of cannonading from the Danube and the Theiss, the whole world is silent, and London seems to have hauled down her flag, as Her Majesty has done at Pimlico, and the Queen of cities has gone out of town.

You, in pursuit of Miss Kicklebury, are probably by this time at Spa or Hamburg. Watch her well, Bob, and see what her temper is like. See whether she flirts with the foreigners much, examine how she looks of a morning (you will have a hundred opportunities of familiarity, and can drop in and out of a friend's apartments at a German watering-place as you never can hope to do here), examine her conduct with her little sisters, if they are of the party, whether she is good and playful with them, see whether she is cheerful and obedient to old Lady Kick (I acknowledge a hard task)—in fine, try her manners and temper, and see whether she wears them all day, and only puts on her smiles with her fresh bonnet, to come out on the parade at music time. I, meanwhile, remain behind, alone in our airy and great Babylon.

As an old soldier when he gets to his ground begins straightway *à se caser*, as the French say, makes the most of his circumstances, and himself as comfortable as he can, an old London man, if obliged to pass the dull season in town, accommodates himself to the time, and forages here and there in the deserted city, and manages to make his own tent snug. A thousand means of comfort and amusement spring up, whereof a man has no idea of the existence, in the midst of the din and racket of the London season. I, for my part, am grown to that age, sir, when I like the quiet time the best: the gaiety of the great London season is too strong and noisy for me; I like to talk to my beloved metropolis when she has done dancing at crowded balls, and squeezing at concerts, and chattering at conversaziones, and gorging at great dinners—when she is calm, contemplative, confidential, and at leisure.

Colonel Padmore of our club being out of town, and too wise a man to send his favourite old cob to grass, I mounted him yesterday, and took a ride in Rotten Row, and in various parts of the city, where but ten days back all sorts of life, hilarity, and hospitality, were going on. What a change it is now in the Park, from that scene which the modern Pepys, and that ingenious youth who signs his immortal drawings with a D surmounted by a dicky-bird, depicted only a few weeks ago! Where are the thousands of carriages that crawled along the Serpentine shore, and which give an observant man a happy and wholesome sense of his own insignificance—for you shall be a man long upon the town, and pass five hundred equipages without knowing the owners of one of them? Where are the myriads of horsemen who trampled the Row?—the splendid dandies whose boots were shiny, whose chins were tufted, whose shirts were astounding, whose manners were frank and manly, whose brains were somewhat small? Where are the stout old capitalists and bishops on their cobs (the Bench, by the way, cuts an uncommonly good figure on horseback)? Where are the dear rideresses, above all? Where is she the gleaming of whose red neck-ribbon in the distance made your venerable uncle's heart beat, Bob? He sees her now prancing by, severe and beautiful—a young Diana, with pure bright eyes! Where is Fanny, who wore the pretty grey hat and feather, and rode the pretty grey mare? Fanny changed her name last week, without ever so much as sending me a piece of cake! The gay squadrons have disappeared: the ground no longer thrills with the thump of their countless hoofs. Watteau-like groups in shot silks no longer compose themselves under the green boughs of Kensington Gardens: the scarlet trumpeters have blown themselves away thence; you don't behold a score of horsemen in the course of an hour's ride; and Mrs. Catherine Highflyer, whom a fortnight since you never saw unaccompanied by some superb young Earl and *roué* of the fashion, had yesterday so little to do with her beautiful eyes, that she absolutely tried to kill your humble servant with them as she cantered by me in at the barriers of the Row, and looked round, firing Parthian shots behind her. But Padmore's cob did not trot, nor did my blood run, any the quicker, Mr. Bob; man and beast are grown too old and steady to be put out of our pace by any Mrs. Highflyer of them all; and though I hope, if I live to be a hundred, never to be unmoved by the sight of a pretty girl, it is not thy kind of beauty, O ogling and vain Delilah, that can set me cantering after thee.

By the way, one of the benefits I find in the dull season is at my own lodgings. When I ring the bell now, that uncommonly pretty young woman, the landlady's daughter, condescends to come in and superintend my comfort, and whisk about amongst the books and tea-things, and wait upon me in general: whereas in the full season, when young Lord Claude Lollypop is here attending to his arduous duties in Parliament, and occupying his accustomed lodgings on the second floor, the deuce a bit will Miss Flora ever deign to bring a message or a letter to old Mr. Brown on the first, but sends me in Muggins, my old servant, whose ugly face I have known any time these thirty years, or the blowsy maid-of-all-work with her sandy hair in papers.

Again, at the Club, how many privileges does a man lingering in London enjoy, from which he is precluded in the full season! Every man in every Club has three or four special aversions—men who somehow annoy him, as I have no doubt but that you and I, Bob, are hated by some particular man, and for that excellent reason for which the poet disliked Dr. Fell—the appearance of old Banquo, in the same place, in the same arm-chair, reading the newspaper day after day and evening after evening; of Mr. Plodder threading among the coffee-room tables and taking note of every man's dinner; of old General Hawkshaw, who makes that constant noise in the Club, sneezing, coughing, and blowing his nose—all these men, by their various defects or qualities, have driven me half mad at times, and I have thought to myself, oh, that I could go to the Club without seeing Banquo—oh, that Plodder would not come and inspect my mutton chop—oh, that fate would remove Hawkshaw and his pocket-handkerchief for ever out of my sight and hearing ! Well, August arrives, and one's three men of the sea are off one's shoulders. Mr. and Mrs. Banquo are at Leamington, the paper says ; Mr. Plodder is gone to Paris to inspect the dinners at the *Trois Frères ;* and Hawkshaw is coughing away at Brighton where the sad sea waves murmur before him. The Club is your own. How pleasant it is ! You can get the *Globe* and *Standard* now without a struggle ; you may see all the Sunday papers ; when you dine it is not like dining in a street dinned by the tramp of waiters perpetually passing with clanking dishes of various odours, and jostled by young men who look scowlingly down upon your dinner as they pass with creaking boots. They are all gone—you sit in a vast and agreeable apartment with twenty large servants at your orders—if you were a Duke with a thousand pounds a day you couldn't be better served or lodged. Those men, having nothing else to do, are anxious to prevent your desires and make you happy—the butler bustles about with your pint of wine—if you order a dish, the *chef* himself will probably cook it : what mortal can ask more ?

I once read in a book purporting to give descriptions of London, and life and manners, an account of a family in the lower ranks of genteel life, who shut up the front windows of their house, and lived in the back rooms, from which they only issued for fresh air surreptitiously at midnight, so that their friends might suppose that they were out of town. I suppose that there is some foundation for this legend. I suppose that some people *are* actually afraid to be seen in London, when the persons who form their society have quitted the metropolis : and that Mr. and Mrs. Higgs being left at home at Islington, when Mr. and Mrs. Biggs, their next-door neighbours, have departed for Margate or Gravesend, feel pangs of shame at their own poverty, and envy at their friends' better fortune. I have seen many men and cities, my dear Bob, and noted their manners : and for servility I will back a free-born Englishman of the respectable classes against any man of any nation in the world. In the competition for social rank between Higgs and Biggs, think what a strange standard of superiority is set up !—a shilling steamer to Gravesend, and a few shrimps more or less on one part or the other, settles the claim. Perhaps in what is called high life, there are disputes as paltry, aims as mean, and distinctions as absurd : but my business is with this present folly of being ashamed to be in London. Ashamed, sir ! I like being in London at this time, and have so much to say regarding the pleasures of the place in the dead season, that I hope to write you another letter regarding it next week.

II

CAREERING during the season from one party to another, from one great dinner of twenty covers to another of eighteen guests ; from Lady Hustlebury's rout of Mrs. Packington's soirée —friendship, to a man about town, becomes impossible from February to August : it is only his acquaintances he can cultivate during those six months of turmoil.

In the last fortnight, one has had leisure to recur to more tender emotions : in other words, as nobody has asked me to dinner, I have been about seeking dinners from my old friends. And very glad are they to see you : very kindly and hospitable are they disposed to be, very pleasant are those little calm *réunions* in the quiet summer evenings, when the beloved friend of your youth and you sip a bottle of claret together leisurely without candles, and ascend to the drawing-room where the friend of your youth's wife sits blandly presiding over the tea-pot. What matters that it is the metal teapot, the silver utensils being packed off to the banker's.

What matters that the hangings are down, and the lustre in a brown-holland bag? Intimacy increases by this artless confidence—you are admitted to a family *en déshabillé*. In an honest man's house, the wine is never sent to the banker's; he can always go to the cellar for that. And so we drink and prattle in quiet—about the past season, about our sons at college, and what not. We become intimate again, because Fate, which has long separated us, throws us once more together. I say the dull season is a kind season: gentle and amiable, friendly and full of quiet enjoyment.

Among these pleasant little meetings, for which the present season has given time and opportunity, I shall mention one, sir, which took place last Wednesday, and which during the very dinner itself I vowed I would describe, if the venerable *Mr. Punch* would grant me leave and space, in the columns of a journal which has for its object the promotion of mirth and goodwill.

In the year eighteen hundred and something, sir, there lived at a villa, at a short distance from London, a certain gentleman and lady who had many acquaintances and friends, among whom was your humble servant. For to become acquainted with this young woman was to be her friend, so friendly was she, so kind, so gentle, so full of natural genius, and graceful feminine accomplishment. Whatever she did, she did charmingly; her life was decorated with a hundred pretty gifts, with which, as one would fancy, kind fairies had endowed her cradle; music and pictures seemed to flow naturally out of her hand, as she laid it on the piano or the drawing-board. She sang exquisitely, and with a full heart, and as if she couldn't help it any more than a bird. I have an image of this fair creature before me now, a calm, sunshiny evening, a green lawn flaring with roses and geraniums, and a half-dozen gentlemen sauntering thereon in a state of great contentment, or gathered under the verandah, by the open French window: near by she sits singing at the piano. She is in a pink dress: she has *gigot* sleeves; a little child in a prodigious sash is playing about at her mother's knee. She sings song after song; the sun goes down behind the black fir-trees that belt the lawn, and Missy in the blue sash vanishes to the nursery; the room darkens in the twilight; the stars appear in the heaven—and the tips of the cigars glow in the balcony; she sings song after song, in accents soft and low, tender and melodious—we are never tired of hearing her. Indeed, Bob, I can hear her still—the stars of those calm nights still shine in my memory, and I have been humming one of her tunes with my pen in my mouth, to the surprise of Mr. Dodder, who is writing at the opposite side of the table, and wondering at the lackadaisical expression which pervades my venerable mug.

You will naturally argue from the above pathetic passage, that I was greatly smitten by Mrs. Nightingale (as we will call this lady, if you will permit me). You are right, sir. For what is an amiable woman made, but that we should fall in love with her? I do not mean to say that you are to lose your sleep, or give up your dinner, or make yourself unhappy in her absence; but when the sun shines (and it is not too hot) I like to bask in it: when the bird sings, to listen; and to admire that which is admirable, with an honest and hearty enjoyment. There were a half-dozen men at the period of which I speak, who wore Mrs. Nightingale's colours, and we used to be invited down from London of a Saturday and Sunday, to Thornwood, by the hospitable host and hostess there, and it seemed like going back to school, when we came away by the coach of a Monday morning: we talked of her all the way back to London, to separate upon our various callings when we got into the smoky city. Salvator Rodgers, the painter, went to his easel; Woodward, the barrister, to his chambers; Piper, the doctor, to his patient (for he then had only one), and so forth. Fate called us each to his business, and has sent us upon many a distant errand since that day. But from that day to this, whenever we meet, the remembrance of the holidays at Thornwood has been always a bond of union between us: and we have always had Mrs. Nightingale's colours put away amongst the cherished relics of old times.

N. was a West India merchant, and his property went to the bad. He died at Jamaica. Thornwood was let to other people who knew us not. The widow with a small jointure retired, and educated her daughter abroad. We had not heard of her for years and years, nor until she came to town about a legacy a few weeks since.

In those years and years what changes have taken place? Sir Salvator Rodgers is a member of the Royal Academy.

Woodward, the barrister, has made a fortune at the Bar; and in seeing Doctor Piper in his barouche, as he rolls about Belgravia and Mayfair, you at once know what a man of importance he has become.

On last Monday week, sir, I received a letter in a delicate female handwriting, with which I was not acquainted, and which Miss Flora, the landlady's daughter, condescended to bring me, saying that it had been left at the door by two ladies in a brougham.

'—Why did you not let them come upstairs?' said I, in a rage, after reading the note.

'We don't know what sort of people goes about in broughams,' said Miss Flora, with a toss of her head; 'we don't want no ladies in *our* house;' and she flung her impertinence out of the room.

The note was signed Frances Nightingale,—whereas *our* Nightingale's name was Louisa. But this Frances was no other than the little thing in the large blue sash, whom we remembered at Thornwood, ever so many years ago. The writer declared that she recollected me quite well, that her mamma was most anxious to see an old friend, and that they had apartments at No. 166, Clarges Street, Piccadilly, whither I hastened off to pay my respects to Mrs. Nightingale.

When I entered the room, a tall and beautiful young woman with blue eyes, and a serene and majestic air, came up to shake hands with me: and I beheld in her, without in the least recognizing, the little Fanny of the blue sash. Mamma came out of the adjoining apartment presently. We had not met since—since all sorts of events had occurred—her voice was not a little agitated. Here was that fair creature whom we had admired so. Sir, I shall not say whether she was altered or not. The tones of her voice were as sweet and kind as ever:—and we talked about Miss Fanny as a subject in common between us, and I admired the growth and beauty of the young lady, though I did not mind telling her to her face (at which to be sure the girl was delighted) that she never in my eyes would be half so pretty as her mother.

Well, sir, upon this day arrangements were made for the dinner which took place on Wednesday last, and to the remembrance of which I determined to consecrate this present page.

It so happened that everybody was in town of the old set of whom I have made mention, and everybody was disengaged. Sir Salvator Rodgers (who has become such a swell since he was knighted and got the cordon of the order of the George and Blue Boar of Russia, that we like to laugh at him a little) made his appearance at eight o'clock, and was perfectly natural and affable. Woodward, the lawyer, forgot his abominable law and his money about which he is always thinking: and finally Dr. Piper, of whom we despaired because his wife is mortally jealous of every lady whom he attends, and will hardly let him dine out of her sight, had pleaded Lady Rackstraw's situation as a reason for not going down to Wimbledon Common till night—and so we six had a meeting.

The door was opened to us by a maid who looked us hard in the face as we went upstairs, and who was no other than little Fanny's nurse in former days, come like us to visit her old mistress. We all knew her except Woodward, the lawyer, and all shook hands with her except him. Constant study had driven her out of the lawyer's memory. I don't think he ever cared for Mrs. Nightingale as much as the rest of us did, or indeed that it is in the nature of that learned man to care for any but one learned person.

And what do you think, sir, this dear and faithful widow had done to make us welcome? She remembered the dishes that we used to like ever so long ago, and she had every man's favourite dish for him. Rodgers used to have a passion for herrings—there they were: the lawyer, who has an enormous appetite, which he gratifies at other people's expense, had a shoulder of mutton and onion sauce, which the lean and hungry man devoured almost entirely: mine did not come till the second course—it was baked plum-pudding—I was affected when I saw it, sir—I choked almost when I ate it. Piper made a beautiful little speech, and made an ice compound, for which he was famous, and we drank it just as we used to drink it in old times, and to the health of the widow.

How should we have had this dinner, how could we all have assembled together again, if everybody had not been out of town, and everybody had not been disengaged? Just for one evening, the scattered members of an old circle of friendship returned and met round the old table again—

round this little green island we moor for the night at least,—to-morrow we part company, and each man for himself sails over the *ingens aequor*.

Since I wrote the above, I find that everybody really *is* gone away. The widow left town on Friday. I have been on my round just now, and have been met at every step by closed shutters and the faces of unfamiliar char-women. No. 9 is gone to Malvern. Nos. 37, 15, 25, 48, and 36A are gone to Scotland. The solitude of the Club begins to be unbearable, and I found Muggins this morning preparing a mysterious apparatus of travelling boot-trees, and dusting the portmanteaus.

If you are not getting on well with the Kicklemburys at Hamburg I recommend you to go to Spa. Mrs. Nightingale is going thither, and will be at the Hôtel d'Orange ; where you may use my name and present yourself to her : and I may hint to you in confidence that Miss Fanny will have a very pretty little fortune.

Brown the Elder.

THE PROSER

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO

ON A LADY IN AN OPERA BOX

[April 20, 1850; *Miscellanies,* Vol. II, 1856]

GOING the other night to the Conservatoire at Paris, where there was a magnificent assemblage of rank and fashion gathered together to hear the delightful performance of Madame Sontag, the friend who conferred upon me the polite favour of a ticket to the stalls also pointed out to me who were the most remarkable personages round about us. There were ambassadors, politicians, and gentlemen military and literary; there were beauties, French, Russian, and English; there were old ladies who had been beauties once, and who, by the help of a little distance and politeness (and if you didn't use your opera-glass, which is a cruel detector of paint and wrinkles), looked young and handsome still: and plenty of old bucks in the stalls and boxes, well wigged, well gloved, and brilliantly waistcoated, very obsequious to the ladies, and satisfied with themselves and the world.

Up in the second tier of boxes I saw a very stout, jolly, good-humoured-looking lady, whose head-dress and ringlets and general appurtenances were unmistakably English—and whom, were you to meet her at Timbuctoo, or in the seraglio of the Grand Sultan amongst a bevy of beauties collected from all the countries of the earth, one would instantly know to be a British female. I do not mean to say that, were I the Padishah, I would select that moon-faced houri out of all the lovely society, and make her the Empress or Grand Signora of my dominions ; but simply that there *is* a character about our countrywomen which leads one to know, recognize, and admire, and wonder at them among all women of all tongues and countries. We have our British Lion ; we have our Britannia ruling the waves : we have our British female—the most respectable, the most remarkable, of the women of this world. And now we have come to the woman who gives the subject, though she is not herself the subject, of these present remarks.

As I looked at her with that fond curiosity and silent pleasure and wonder which she (I mean the great British Female) always inspires in my mind, watching her smiles, her ways and motions, her allurements and attractive gestures—her head bobbing to this friend whom she recognized in the stalls—her jolly fat hand wagging a welcome to that acquaintance in a neighbouring box—my friend and guide for the evening caught her eye, and made her a respectful bow, and said to me with a look of much meaning, 'That is Mrs. Trotter-Walker.' And from that minute I forgot Madame Sontag, and thought only of Mrs. T.-W.

'So that,' said I, 'is Mrs. Trotter-Walker ! You have touched a chord in my heart. You have brought back old times to my memory, and made me recall some of the griefs and disappointments of my early days.'

'Hold your tongue, man ! ' says Tom, my friend. 'Listen to the Sontag ; how divinely she is singing ! how fresh her voice is still ! '

I looked up at Mrs. Walker all the time with unabated interest. 'Madam,' thought I, 'you look to be as kind and good-natured a person as eyes ever lighted upon. The way in which you are smiling to that young dandy with the double eyeglass, and the *empressement* with which he returns the salute, shows that your friends are persons of rank and elegance, and that you are esteemed by them—giving them, as I am sure from your kind appearance you do, good dinners and pleasant balls. But I wonder what would you think if you knew that I was looking at you ?

I behold you for the first time: there are a hundred pretty young girls in the house, whom an amateur of mere beauty would examine with much greater satisfaction than he would naturally bestow upon a lady whose prime is past; and yet the sight of you interests me, and tickles me so to speak, and my eyeglass can't remove itself from the contemplation of your honest face.'

What is it that interests me so? What do you suppose interests a man the most in this life? Himself, to be sure. It is at himself he is looking through his opera-glass—himself who is concerned, or he would not be watching you so keenly. And now let me confess why it is that the lady in the upper box excites me so, and why I say, 'That is Mrs. Trotter-Walker, is it?' with an air of such deep interest.

Well then. In the year eighteen hundred and thirty odd, it happened that I went to pass the winter at Rome, as we will call the city. Major-General and Mrs. Trotter-Walker were also there; and until I heard of them there, I had never heard that there were such people in existence as the General and the lady—the lady yonder with the large fan in the upper boxes. Mrs. Walker, as became her station in life, took, I dare say, very comfortable lodgings, gave dinners and parties to her friends, and had a night in the week for receptions.

Much as I have travelled and lived abroad, these evening *réunions* have never greatly fascinated me. Man cannot live upon lemonade, wax candles, and weak tea. Gloves and white neckcloths cost money, and those plaguy shiny boots are always so tight and hot. Am I made of money that I can hire a coach to go to one of these *soirées* on a rainy Roman night; or can I come in goloshes, and take them off in the ante-chamber? I am too poor for cabs, and too vain for goloshes. If it had been to see the girl of my heart (I mean at the time when there were girls, and I had a heart), I couldn't have gone in goloshes. Well, not being in love, and not liking weak tea and lemonade, I did not go to evening parties that year at Rome: nor, of later years at Paris, Vienna, Copenhagen, Islington, or wherever I may have been.

What, then, were my feelings when my dear and valued friend, Mrs. Coverlade (she is a daughter of that venerable peer, the Right Honourable the Lord Commandine), who was passing the winter too at Rome, said to me, ‘ My dear Dr. Pacifico, what have you done to offend Mrs. Trotter-Walker ? ’

‘ I know no person of that name,’ I said. ‘ I knew Walker of the Post Office, and poor Trotter who was a captain in our regiment, and died under my hands at the Bahamas. But with the Trotter-Walkers I haven’t the honour of an acquaintance.’

‘ Well, it is not likely that you will have that honour,’ Mrs. Coverlade said. ‘ Mrs. Walker said last night that she did not wish to make your acquaintance, and that she did not intend to receive you.’

‘ I think she might have waited until I asked her, Madam,’ I said. ‘ What have I done to her ? I have never seen or heard of her : how should I want to get into her house ? or attend at her Tuesdays—confound her Tuesdays ! ’ I am sorry to say I said, ‘ Confound Mrs. Walker’s Tuesdays,’ and the conversation took another turn, and it so happened that I was called away from Rome suddenly, and never set eyes upon Mrs. Walker, or indeed thought about her from that day to this.

Strange endurance of human vanity ! a million of much more important conversations have escaped one since then, most likely—but the memory of this little mortification (for such it is, after all) remains quite fresh in the mind, and unforgotten, though it is a trifle, and more than half a score of years old. We forgive injuries, we survive even our remorse for great wrongs that we ourselves commit ; but I doubt if we ever forgive slights of this nature put upon us, or forget circumstances in which our self-love had been made to suffer.

Otherwise, why should the remembrance of Mrs. Trotter-Walker have remained so lively in this bosom ? Why should her appearance have excited such a keen interest in these eyes ? Had Venus or Helen (the favourite beauty of Paris) been at the side of Mrs. T.-W., I should have looked at the latter more than at the Queen of Love herself. Had Mrs. Walker murdered Mrs. Pacifico, or inflicted some mortal injury upon me, I might forgive her—but for a slight ? Never, Mrs. Trotter-Walker ; never, by Nemesis, never !

And now, having allowed my personal wrath to explode, let us calmly moralize for a minute or two upon this little circumstance; for there is no circumstance, however little, that won't afford a text for a sermon. Why was it that Mrs. General Trotter-Walker refused to receive Dr. S. Pacifico at her parties? She had noticed me probably somewhere where I had not remarked her; she did not like my aquiline countenance, my manner of taking snuff, my blucher boots, or what not; or she had seen me walking with my friend Jack Raggett, the painter, on the Pincio—a fellow with a hat and beard like a bandit, a shabby paletot, and a great pipe between his teeth. I was not genteel enough for her circle—I assume that to be the reason; indeed, Mrs. Coverlade, with a good-natured smile at my coat, which I own was somewhat shabby, gave me to understand as much.

You little know, my worthy kind lady, what a loss you had that season at Rome, in turning up your amiable nose at the present writer. I could have given you appropriate anecdotes (with which my mind is stored) of all the courts of Europe (besides of Africa, Asia, and St. Domingo), which I have visited. I could have made the General die of laughing after dinner with some of my funny stories, of which I keep a book, without which I never travel. I am content with my dinner: I can carve beautifully, and make jokes upon almost any dish at table. I can talk about wine, cookery, hotels all over the Continent:—anything you will. I have been familiar with Cardinals, Red Republicans, Jesuits, German Princes, and Carbonari; and what is more, I can listen and hold my tongue to admiration. Ah, Madam, what did you lose in refusing to make the acquaintance of Solomon Pacifico, M.D.!

And why? because my coat was a trifle threadbare; because I dined at the Lepre, with Raggett and some of those other bandits of painters, and had not the money to hire a coach and horses.

Gentility is the death and destruction of social happiness amongst the middle classes in England. It destroys naturalness (if I may coin such a word) and kindly sympathies. The object of life, as I take it, is to be friendly with everybody. As a rule, and to a philosophical cosmopolite, every man ought to be welcome. I do not mean to your intimacy or affection, but to your society; as there is, if we would or could but discover it, something notable, something worthy of observation, of sympathy, of wonder and amusement in every fellow mortal. If I had been Mr. Pacifico, travelling with a courier and a carriage, would Mrs. Walker have made any objection to me? I think not. It was the blucher boots and the worn hat, and the homely companion of the individual, which were unwelcome to this lady. If I had been the disguised Duke of Pacifico, and not a retired army surgeon, would she have forgiven herself for slighting me? What stores of novels, what *foison* of plays, are composed upon this theme,—the queer old character in the wig and cloak throws off coat and spectacles, and appears suddenly with a star and crown,—a Haroun Alraschid, or other Merry Monarch. And straightway we clap our hands and applaud—what?—the star and garter.

But disguised emperors are not common nowadays. You don't turn away monarchs from your door, any more than angels, unawares. Consider, though, how many a good fellow you may shut out and sneer upon! what an immense deal of pleasure, frankness, kindness, good fellowship, we forgo for the sake of our confounded gentility, and respect for outward show! Instead of placing our society upon an honest footing, we make our aim almost avowedly sordid. Love is of necessity banished from your society when you measure all your guests by a money-standard.

I think of all this—a harmless man—seeing a good-natured looking, jolly woman in the boxes yonder, who thought herself once too great a person to associate with the likes of me. If I give myself airs to my neighbour, may I think of this too, and be a little more humble! And you, honest friend, who read this—have you ever pooh-poohed a man as good as you? If you fell into the society of people whom you are pleased to call your inferiors, did you ever sneer? If so, change I into U, and the fable is narrated for your own benefit, by your obedient servant,

SOLOMON PACIFICO.

ON THE PLEASURES OF BEING A FOGY

[May 4, 1850; *Miscellanies,* Vol. II, 1856]

Whilst I was riding the other day by the beautiful Serpentine River upon my excellent friend Heavyside's grey cob, and in company of the gallant and agreeable Augustus Toplady, a carriage passed from which looked out a face of such remarkable beauty that Augustus and myself quickened our pace to follow the vehicle, and to keep for awhile those charming features in view. My beloved and unknown young friend who peruse these lines, it was very likely your face which attracted your humble servant; recollect whether you were not in the Park upon the day I allude to, and if you were, whom else could I mean but you? I don't know your name; I have forgotten the arms on the carriage, or whether there were any; and as for women's dresses, who can remember them? but your dear kind countenance was so pretty and good-humoured and pleasant to look at, that it remains to this day faithfully engraven on my heart, and I feel sure that you are as good as you are handsome. Almost all handsome women are good: they cannot choose but be good and gentle with those sweet features and that charming graceful figure. A day in which one sees a *very* pretty woman should always be noted as a holyday with a man, and marked with a white stone. In this way, and at this season in London, to be sure, such a day comes seven times in the week, and our calendar, like that of the Roman Catholics, is all Saints' days.

Toplady, then, on his chestnut horse, with his glass in his eye, and the tips of his shiny boots just touching the stirrup, and your slave, the present writer, rode after your carriage, and looked at you with such notes of admiration expressed in their eyes, that you remember you blushed, you smiled, and then began to talk to that very nice-looking elderly lady in the front seat, who of course was your mamma. You turned out of the ride—it was time to go home and dress for dinner,—you were gone. Good luck go with you, and with all fair things which thus come and pass away !

Top caused his horse to cut all sorts of absurd capers and caracoles by the side of your carriage. He made it dance upon two legs, then upon other two, then as if he would jump over the railings and crush the admiring nursery-maids and the rest of the infantry. I should think he got his animal from Batty's, and that, at a crack of Widdicomb's whip, he could dance a quadrille. He ogled, he smiled, he took off his hat to a Countess's carriage that happened to be passing in the other line, and so showed his hair ; he grinned, he kissed his little finger-tips and flung them about as if he would shake them off—whereas the other party, on the grey cob—the old gentleman—powdered along at a resolute trot, and never once took his respectful eyes off you while you continued in the ring.

When you were gone (you see by the way in which I linger about you still, that I am unwilling to part with you) Toplady turned round upon me with a killing triumphant air, and stroked that impudent little tuft he has on his chin, and said, 'I say, old boy, it was the chestnut she was looking at, and not the *gway*.' And I make no doubt he thinks you are in love with him to this minute.

'You silly young jackanapes,' said I ; 'what do I care whether she was looking at the grey or the chestnut ? I was thinking about the girl ; you were thinking about yourself, and be hanged to your vanity ! ' And with this thrust in his little chest, I flatter myself I upset young Toplady, that triumphant careering rider.

It was natural that he should wish to please ; that is, that he should wish other people to admire him. Augustus Toplady is young (still) and lovely. It is not until a late period of life that a genteel young fellow, with a Grecian nose and a suitable waist and whiskers, begins to admire other people besides himself.

That, however, is the great advantage which a man possesses whose morning of life is over, whose reason is not taken prisoner by any kind of blandishments, and who knows and feels that he is a FOGY. As an old buck is an odious sight, absurd, and ridiculous before gods and men ; cruelly, but deservedly, quizzed by you young people, who are not in the least duped by his youthful airs or toilette artifices ; so an honest, good-natured, straightforward, middle-aged, easily-pleased Fogy is a worthy and amiable member of society, and a man who gets both respect and liking.

Even in the lovely sex, who has not remarked how painful is that period of a woman's life when she is passing out of her bloom, and thinking about giving up her position as a beauty ? What sad injustice and stratagems she has to perpetrate during the struggle! She hides away her daughters in the schoolroom, she makes them wear cruel pinafores, and dresses herself in the garb which they ought to assume. She is obliged to distort the calendar, and to resort to all sorts of schemes and arts to hide, in her own person, the august and respectable marks of time. Ah ! what is this revolt against nature but impotent blasphemy ? Is not Autumn beautiful in its appointed season, that we are to be ashamed of her and paint her yellowing leaves pea-green ? Let us, I say, take the fall of the year as it was made, serenely and sweetly, and await the time when Winter comes and the nights shut in. I know, for my part, many ladies who are far more agreeable and more beautiful too, now that they are no longer beauties ; and, by converse, I have no doubt that Toplady about whom we were speaking just now, will be a far pleasanter person when he has given up the practice, or desire, of killing the other sex, and has sunk into a mellow repose as an old bachelor or a married man.

The great and delightful advantage that a man enjoys in the world, after he has abdicated all pretensions as a conqueror and enslaver of females, and both formally, and of his heart, acknowledges himself to be a Fogy, is that he now comes for the first time to enjoy and appreciate duly the society of women. For a young man about town, there is only one woman in the whole city—(at least very few indeed of the young Turks, let us hope, dare to have two or three strings to their wicked bows)—he goes to ball after ball in pursuit of that one person ; he sees no other eyes but hers; hears no other voice; cares for no other petticoat but that in which his charmer dances: he pursues her—is refused—is accepted and jilted: breaks his heart, mends it, of course, and goes on again after some other beloved being, until in the order of fate and nature he marries and settles, or remains unmarried, free, and a Fogy. Until then we know nothing of women—the kindness and refinement and wit of the elders; the artless prattle and dear little chatter of the young ones; all these are hidden from us until we take the Fogy's degree: nay, even perhaps from married men, whose age and gravity entitle them to rank amongst Fogies; for every woman, who is worth anything, will be jealous of her husband up to seventy or eighty, and always prevent his intercourse with other ladies. But an old bachelor, or better still, an old widower, has this delightful entrée into the female world: he is free to come; to go; to listen; to joke; to sympathize; to talk with mamma about her plans and troubles; to pump from Miss the little secrets that gush so easily from her pure little well of a heart; the ladies do not *gêner* themselves before him, and he is admitted to their mysteries like the Doctor, the Confessor, or the Kislar Aga.

What man, who can enjoy this pleasure and privilege, ought to be indifferent to it? If the society of one woman is delightful, as the young fellows think, and justly, how much more delightful is the society of a thousand! One woman, for instance, has brown eyes, and a geological or musical turn; another has sweet blue eyes, and takes, let us say, the Gorham side of the controversy, at present pending; a third darling, with long-fringed lashes hiding eyes of hazel, lifts them up ceiling-wards in behalf of Miss Sellon, thinks the Lord Chief Justice has hit the poor young lady very hard in publishing her letters, and proposes to quit the Church next Tuesday or Wednesday, or whenever Mr. Oriel is ready—and, of course, a man may be in love with one or the other of these. But it is manifest that brown eyes will remain brown eyes to the end, and that, having no other interest but music or geology, her conversation on those points may grow more than sufficient. Sapphira, again, when she has said her say with regard to the Gorham affair, and proved that the other party are but Romanists in disguise, and who is interested on no other subject, may possibly tire you—so may Hazelia, who is working altar-cloths all day, and would desire no better martyrdom than to walk barefoot in a night procession up Sloane Street and home by Wilton Place, time enough to get her poor *meurtris* little feet into white-satin slippers for the night's ball—I say, if a man can be wrought up to rapture, and enjoy bliss in the company of any one of these young ladies, or any other individuals in the infinite variety of Miss-kind—how much real sympathy, benevolent pleasure, and kindly observation may he enjoy, when he is allowed to be familiar with the whole charming race, and behold the brightness of all their different eyes, and listen to the sweet music of their various voices !

ON THE BENEFITS OF BEING A FOGY

[May 18, 1850 ; *Miscellanies,* Vol. II, 1856]

In possession of the right and privilege of garrulity which is accorded to old age, I cannot allow that a single side of paper should contain all that I have to say in respect to the manifold advantages of being a Fogy. I am a Fogy, and have been a young man. I see twenty women in the world constantly to whom I would like to have given a lock of my hair in days when my pate boasted of that ornament ; for whom my heart felt tumultuous emotions, before the victorious and beloved Mrs. Pacifico subjugated it. If I had any feelings now, Mrs. P. would order them and me to be quiet : but I have none ; I am tranquil—yes, really tranquil (though, as my dear Leonora is sitting opposite to me at this minute, and has an askance glance from her novel to my paper as I write—even if I were *not* tranquil, I should say that I was), but I *am* quiet : I have passed the hot stage : and I do not know a pleasanter and calmer feeling of mind than that of a respectable person of the middle age, who can still be heartily and generously fond of all the women about whom he was in a passion and a fever in early life. If you cease liking a woman when you cease loving her, depend on it, that one of you is a bad one. You are parted, never mind with what pangs on either side, or by what circumstances of fate, choice, or necessity,—you have no money or she has too much, or she likes somebody else better, and so forth ; but an honest Fogy should always, unless reason be given to the contrary, think well of the woman whom he has once thought well of, and remember her with kindness and tenderness, as a man remembers a place where he has been very happy.

A proper management of his recollections thus constitutes a very great item in the happiness of a Fogy. I, for my part, would rather remember ——, and ——, and—— (I dare not mention names, for isn't my Leonora pretending to read *The Initials*, and peeping over my shoulder ?) than be in love over again. It is because I have suffered prodigiously from that passion that I am interested in beholding others undergoing the malady. I watch it in all ball-rooms (over my cards, where I and the old ones sit), and dinner-parties. Without sentiment, there would be no flavour in life at all. I like to watch young folks who are fond of each other, be it the housemaid furtively engaged smiling and glancing with John through the area railings ; be it Miss and the Captain whispering in the embrasure of the drawing-room window—*amant* is interesting to me because of *amavi*—of course it is Mrs. Pacifico I mean.

All Fogies of good breeding and kind condition of mind, who go about in the world much, should remember to efface themselves—if I may use a French phrase—they should not, that is to say, thrust in their old mugs on all occasions. When the people are marching out to dinner, for instance, and the Captain is sidling up to Miss, Fogy, because he is twenty years older than the Captain, should not push himself forward to arrest that young fellow, and carry off the disappointed girl on his superannuated rheumatic old elbow. When there is anything of this sort going on (and a man of the world has possession of the *carte du pays* with half an eye), I become interested in a picture, or have something particular to say to pretty Polly the parrot, or to little Tommy, who is not coming in to dinner, and while I am talking to him, Miss and the Captain make their little arrangement. In this way I managed only last week to let young Billington and the lovely Blanche Pouter get together ; and walked downstairs with my hat for the only partner of my arm. Augustus Toplady now, because he was a Captain of Dragoons almost before Billington was born, would have insisted upon his right of precedence over Billington, who only got his troop the other day.

Precedence ! Fiddlestick ! Men squabble about precedence because they are doubtful about their condition, as Irishmen will insist upon it that you are determined to insult and trample upon their beautiful country, whether you are thinking about it or no; men young to the world mistrust the bearing of others towards them, because they mistrust themselves. I have seen many sneaks and much cringing of course in the world; but the fault of gentlefolks is generally the contrary—an absurd doubt of the intentions of others towards us, and a perpetual assertion of our twopenny dignity, which nobody is thinking of wounding.

As a young man, if the lord I knew did not happen to notice me, the next time I met him, I used to envelop myself in my dignity and treat his lordship with such a tremendous hauteur and killing coolness of demeanour, that you might have fancied I was an Earl at least, and he a menial upon whom I trampled. Whereas he was a simple, good-natured creature who had no idea of insulting or slighting me, and, indeed, scarcely any idea about any subject, except racing and shooting. Young men have this uneasiness in society, because they are thinking about themselves: Fogies are happy and tranquil, because they are taking advantage of, and enjoying, without suspicion, the good nature and good offices of other well-bred people.

Have you not often wished for yourself, or some other dear friend, ten thousand a year? It is natural that you should like such a good thing as ten thousand a year; and all the pleasures and comforts which it brings. So also it is natural that a man should like the society of people well-to-do in the world; who make their houses pleasant, who gather pleasant persons about them, who have fine pictures on their walls, pleasant books in their libraries, pleasant parks and town and country houses, good cooks and good cellars: if I were coming to dine with you, I would rather have a good dinner than a bad one; if So-and-so is as good as you and possesses these things, he, in so far, is better than you who do not possess them: therefore I had rather go to his house in Belgravia than to your lodgings in Kentish Town. That is the rationale of living in good company. An absurd, conceited, high-and-mighty young man hangs back, at once insolent and bashful; an honest, simple, quiet, easy, clear-sighted Fogy steps in and takes the goods which the gods provide, without elation as without squeamishness.

It is only a few men who attain simplicity in early life. This man has his conceited self-importance to be cured of; that has his conceited bashfulness to be 'taken out of him,' as the phrase is. You have a disquiet which you try to hide, and you put on a haughty guarded manner. You are suspicious of the goodwill of the company round about you, or of the estimation in which they hold you. You sit mum at table. It is not your place to 'put yourself forward.' You are thinking about yourself; that is, you are suspicious about that personage and everybody else: that is, you are not frank; that is, you are not well-bred; that is, you are not agreeable. I would instance my young friend Mumford as a painful example—one of the wittiest, cheeriest, cleverest, and most honest of fellows in his own circle; but having the honour to dine the other day at Mr. Hobanob's, where his Excellency the Crimean Minister and several gentlemen of honour and wit were assembled, Mumford did not open his mouth once for the purposes of conversation, but sat and ate his dinner as silently as a brother of La Trappe.

He was thinking with too much distrust of himself (and of others by consequence) as Toplady was thinking of himself in the little affair in Hyde Park to which I have alluded in the former chapter. When Mumford is an honest Fogy, like some folks, he will neither distrust his host, nor his company, nor himself; he will make the best of the hour and the people round about him; he will scorn tumbling over head and heels for his dinner, but he will take and give his part of the good things, join in the talk and laugh unaffectedly, nay, actually tumble over head and heels, perhaps, if he has a talent that way; not from a wish to show off his powers, but from a sheer good humour and desire to oblige. Whether as guest or as entertainer, your part and business in society is to make people as happy and as easy as you can; the master gives you his best wine and welcome—you give, in your turn, a smiling face, a disposition to be pleased and to please; and my good young friend who read this, don't doubt about yourself, or think about your precious person. When you have got on your best coat and waistcoat, and have your dandy shirt and tie arranged—consider these as so many settled things, and go forward and through your business.

That is why people in what is called the great world are commonly better bred than persons less fortunate in their condition : not that they are better in reality, but from circumstances they are never uneasy about their position in the world : therefore they are more honest and simple : therefore they are better bred than Growler, who scowls at the great man a defiance and a determination that he will *not* be trampled upon : or poor Fawner, who goes quivering down on his knees, and licks my lord's shoes. But I think in our world—at least in my experience—there are even more Growlers than Fawners.

It will be seen by the above remark that a desire to shine or to occupy a marked place in society does not constitute my idea of happiness, or become the character of a discreet Fogy. Time, which has dimmed the lustre of his waistcoats, allayed the violence of his feelings, and sobered down his head with grey, should give to the whole of his life a quiet neutral tinge ; out of which calm and reposeful condition an honest old Fogy looks on the world, and the struggle there of women and men. I doubt whether this is not better than struggling yourself, for you preserve your interest, and do not lose your temper. Succeeding ? What is the great use of succeeding ? Failing ? Where is the great harm ? It seems to you a matter of vast interest at one time of your life whether you shall be a lieutenant or a colonel—whether you shall or shall not be invited to the Duchess's party—whether you shall get the place you and a hundred other competitors are trying for—whether Miss will have you or not : what the deuce does it all matter a few years afterwards ? Do you, Jones, mean to intimate a desire that History should occupy herself with your paltry personality ? The Future does not care whether you were a captain or a private soldier. You get a card to the Duchess's party ; it is no more or less than a ball or breakfast like other balls or breakfasts. You are half-distracted because Miss won't have you and takes the other fellow, or you get her (as I did Mrs. Pacifico) and find that she is quite a different thing from what you expected. Psha ! These things appear as naught—when Time passes—Time the consoler—Time the anodyne—Time the grey calm satirist, whose sad smile seems to say, Look, O man, at the vanity of the objects you pursue, and of yourself who pursue them !

But on the one hand, if there is an alloy in all success, is there not a something wholesome in all disappointment? To endeavour to regard them both benevolently is the task of the philosopher; and he who can do so is a very lucky Fogy.

ON A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG LADY

[June 8, 1850]

SOME time ago I had the fortune to witness at the house of Erminia's brother a rather pretty and affecting scene: whereupon, as my custom is, I would like to make a few moral remarks. I must premise that I knew Erminia's family long before the young lady was born. Victorina her mother, Boa her aunt, Chinchilla her grandmother—I have been intimate with every one of these ladies: and at the table of Sabilla, her married sister, with whom Erminia lives, have a cover laid for me whenever I choose to ask for it.

Everybody who has once seen Erminia remembers her. Fate is beneficent to a man before whose eyes at the parks, or churches, or theatres, or public or private assemblies it throws Erminia. To see her face is a personal kindness for which one ought to be thankful to Fortune; who might have shown you Caprella, with her whiskers, or Felissa, with her savage eyes, instead of the calm and graceful, the tender and beautiful Erminia. When she comes into the room, it is like a beautiful air of Mozart breaking upon you: when she passes through a ball-room, everybody turns and asks who is that Princess, that fairy lady? Even the women, especially those who are the most beautiful themselves, admire her. By one of those kind freaks of favouritism which Nature takes, she has endowed this young lady with almost every kind of perfection: has given her a charming face, a perfect form, a pure heart, a fine perception and wit, a pretty sense of humour, a laugh and a voice that are as sweet as music to hear, for innocence and tenderness ring in every accent, and a grace of movement which is a curiosity to watch, for in every attitude of motion or repose her form moves or settles into beauty, so that a perpetual grace accompanies her. I have before said that I am an old Fogy. On the day when I leave off admiring, I hope I shall die. To see Erminia, is not to fall in love with her: there are some women too handsome, as it were, for that: and I would as soon think of making myself miserable because I could not marry the moon, and make the silver-bowed Goddess Diana Mrs. Pacifico, as I should think of having any personal aspirations towards Miss Erminia.

Well then, it happened the other day that this almost peerless creature, on a visit to the country, met that great poet, Timotheus, whose habitation is not far from the country house of Erminia's friend, and who, upon seeing the young lady, felt for her that admiration which every man of taste experiences upon beholding her, and which, if Mrs. Timotheus had not been an exceedingly sensible person, would have caused a jealousy between her and the great bard her husband. But, charming and beautiful herself, Mrs. Timotheus can even pardon another woman for being so; nay, with perfect good sense, though possibly with a *little* factitious enthusiasm, she professes to share to its fullest extent the admiration of the illustrious Timotheus for the young beauty.

After having made himself well acquainted with Erminia's perfections, the famous votary of Apollo and leader of the tuneful choir did what might be expected from such a poet under such circumstances, and began to sing. This is the way in which Nature has provided that poets should express their emotions. When they see a beautiful creature they straightway fall to work with their ten syllables and eight syllables, with duty rhyming to beauty, vernal to eternal, riddle to fiddle, or what you please, and turn out to the best of their ability, and with great pains and neatness on their own part, a copy of verses in praise of the adorable object. I myself may have a doubt about the genuineness of the article produced, or of the passion which vents itself in this way, for how can a man who has to assort carefully his tens and eights, to make his epithets neat and melodious, to hunt here and there for rhymes, and to bite the tip of his pen, or pace the gravel walk in front of his house searching for ideas—I doubt, I say, how a man who must go through the above process before turning out a decent set of verses, can be actuated by such strong feelings as you and I, when, in the days of our youth, with no particular preparation, but with our hearts full of manly ardour, and tender and respectful admiration, we went to the Saccharissa for the time being, and poured out our souls at her feet. That sort of eloquence comes spontaneously; that poetry doesn't require rhyme-jingling and metre-sorting, but rolls out of you you don't know how, as much, perhaps, to your own surprise as to that of the beloved object whom you address. In my time, I know whenever I began to make verses about a woman, it was when my heart was no longer very violently smitten about her, and the verses were a sort of mental dram and artificial stimulus with which a man worked himself up to represent enthusiasm and perform passion. Well, well; I see what you mean; I *am* jealous of him. Timotheus's verses were beautiful, that's the fact—confound him!—and I wish I could write as well, or half as well indeed, or do anything to give Erminia pleasure. Like an honest man and faithful servant, he went and made the best thing he could, and laid this offering at Beauty's feet. What can a gentleman do more? My dear Mrs. Pacifico here remarks that I never made *her* a copy of verses. Of course not, my love. I am not a verse-making man, nor are you that sort of object—that sort of target, I may say—at which, were I a poet, I would choose to discharge those winged shafts of Apollo.

When Erminia got the verses and read them, she laid them down, and with one of the prettiest and most affecting emotions which I ever saw in my life, she began to cry a little. The verses of course were full of praises of her beauty. 'They all tell me that,' she said; 'nobody cares for anything but that,' cried the gentle and sensitive creature, feeling within that she had a thousand accomplishments, attractions, charms, which her hundred thousand lovers would not see, whilst they were admiring her mere outward figure and head-piece.

I once heard of another lady, '*de par le monde*,' as honest Des Bourdeilles says, who after looking at her plain face in the glass, said, beautifully and pathetically, 'I am sure I should have made a good wife to any man, if he could but have got over my face!' and bewailing her maidenhood in this touching and artless manner, saying that she had a heart full of love, if anybody would accept it, full of faith and devotion, could she but find some man on whom to bestow it; she but echoed the sentiment which I have mentioned above, and which caused in the pride of her beauty the melancholy of the lonely and victorious beauty. 'We are full of love and kindness, ye men!' each says; 'of truth and purity. We don't care about *your* good looks. Could we but find the right man, the man who loved us for ourselves, we would endow him with all the treasures of our hearts, and devote our lives to make him happy.' I admire and reverence Erminia's tears, and the simple heart-stricken plaint of the other forsaken lady. She is Jephthah's daughter condemned by no fault of her own, but doomed by Fate to disappear from among women. The other is a queen in her splendour to whom all the Lords and Princes bow down and pay worship. 'Ah!' says she, 'it is to the Queen you are kneeling, all of you. I am a woman under this crown and this ermine. I want to be loved, and not to be worshipped: and to be allowed to love is given to everybody but me.'

How much finer a woman's nature is than a man's (by an Ordinance of Nature for the purpose no doubt devised), how much purer and less sensual than ours, is [seen] in that fact so consoling to misshapen men, to ugly men, to little men, to giants, to old men, to poor men, to men scarred with the small-pox, or ever so ungainly or unfortunate—that their ill looks or mishaps don't influence women regarding them, and that the awkwardest fellow has a chance for a prize. Whereas, when we, brutes that we are, enter a room, we sidle up naturally towards the prettiest woman; it is the pretty face and figure which attracts us; it is not virtue, or merit, or mental charms, be they ever so great. When one reads the fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast, no one is at all surprised at Beauty's being moved by Beast's gallantry, and devotion, and true-heartedness, and rewarding him with her own love at last. There was hardly any need to make him a lovely young Prince in a gold dress under his horns and bearskin. Beast as he was, but good Beast, loyal Beast, brave, affectionate, upright, generous, enduring Beast, she would have loved his ugly mug without any attraction at all. It is her nature to do so, God bless her. It was a man made the story, one of those twopenny-halfpenny men-milliner moralists, who think that to have a handsome person and a title are the greatest gifts of fortune, and that a man is not complete unless he is a lord and has glazed boots. Or it may have been that the transformation alluded to did not actually take place, but was only spiritual, and in Beauty's mind, and that, seeing before her loyalty, bravery, truth, and devotion, they became in her eyes lovely, and that she hugged her Beast with a perfect contentment to the end.

When ugly Wilkes said that he was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England ; meaning that the charms of his conversation would make him in that time at a lady's side as agreeable and fascinating as a beau, what a compliment he paid the whole sex ! How true it is (not of course applicable to *you*, my dear reader and lucky dog who possess both wit and the most eminent personal attractions, but of the world in general), *We* look for Beauty : women for Love.

So, fair Erminia, dry your beautiful eyes and submit to your lot, and to that adulation which all men pay you ; in the midst of which court of yours the sovereign must perforce be lonely. That solitude is a condition of your life, my dear young lady, which many would like to accept, nor will your dominion last much longer than my Lord Farncombe's, let us say, at the Mansion House, whom Time and the inevitable November will depose. Another potentate will ascend his throne : the toast-master will proclaim another name than his, and the cup will be pledged to another health. As with Xerxes and all his courtiers and army at the end of a few years, as with the flowers of the field, as with Lord Farncombe, so with Erminia : were I Timotheus of the tuneful quire, I might follow out this simile between Lord Mayors and Beauties, and with smooth rhymes and quaint antithesis make a verse offering to my fair young lady. But, Madam, your faithful Pacifico is not a poet, only a proser : and it is in truth, and not in numbers, that he admires you.

ON AN INTERESTING FRENCH EXILE

[June 15, 1850]

As he walks the streets of London in this present season, everybody must have remarked the constant appearance, in all thoroughfares and public places, of very many well-dressed foreigners. With comely beards, variegated neckcloths, and varnished little boots, with guide-books in their hands, or a shabby guide or conductor accompanying a smart little squad of half a dozen of them, these honest Continentals march through the city and its environs, examine Nelson on his indescribable pillar, the Duke of York impaled between the Athenaeum and the United Service Clubs—*les docks*, *le tunnel* (*monument du génie Français*), Greenwich *avec son parc et ses whites-bates*, *les monumens de la cité*, *les Squarrs du West End*, &c. The sight of these peaceful invaders is a very pleasant one. One would like to hear their comments upon our city and institutions, and to be judged by that living posterity; and I have often thought that an ingenious young Englishman, such as there are many now among us, possessing the two languages perfectly, would do very well to let his beard grow, and to travel to Paris, for the purpose of returning thence with a company of excursionists, who arrive to pass '*une semaine à Londres*,' and of chronicling the doings and opinions of the party. His Excellency the Nepaulese Ambassador, and Lieutenant Futty Jung, know almost as much about our country as many of those other foreigners who live but four hours' distance from us; and who are transported to England and back again at the cost of a couple of hundred francs. They are conducted to our theatres, courts of justice, Houses of Parliament, churches; not understanding, for the most part, one syllable of what they hear: their eager imaginations fancy an oration or a dialogue, which supplies the words delivered by the English speakers, and replaces them by figures and sentiments of their own *façon*, and they believe, no doubt, that their reports are pretty accurate, and that they have actually heard and understood something.

To see the faces of these good folks of a Sunday—their dreary bewilderment and puzzled demeanour as they walk the blank streets (if they have not the means of flight to Richemont or Amstedd, or some other pretty environs of the town where *gazon* is plentiful and ale cheap), is always a most queer and comic sight. Has not one seen that peculiar puzzled look in certain little amusing manikins at the Zoological Gardens, and elsewhere, when presented with a nut which they can't crack, or examining a looking-glass of which they can't understand the mystery—that look so delightfully piteous and ludicrous ? I do not mean to say that all Frenchmen are like the active and ingenious animals alluded to, and make a simious comparison odious to a mighty nation ; this, in the present delicate condition of the diplomatic relations between the two countries, and while Lord Stanley's questions are pending respecting papers which have reference to the affairs of a celebrated namesake of mine, would be a dangerous and unkind simile ; but that, as our proverbial dullness and ferocity often shows itself in the resemblance between the countenances of our people and our *boules-dogues*, so the figure and motions of the Frenchman bear an occasional likeness to the lively ring-tail, or the brisk and interesting marmoset. They can't crack many of our nuts ; an impenetrable shell guards them from our friends' teeth. I saw last year, at Paris, a little play called *Une Semaine à Londres*, intending to ridicule the amusements of the excursionists, and, no doubt, to satirize the manners of the English. Very likely the author had come to see London—so had M. Gautier—so had M. Valentino, the first of whom saw ‘ vases chiselled by Benvenuto ’ in the pot from which Mrs. Jones at Clapham poured out the poet's tea ; the second, from a conversation in English, of which he didn't understand a syllable, with a young man in Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's shop, found out that the shopman was a Red Republican, and that he and most of his fellows were groaning under the tyranny of the aristocracy. Very likely, we say, the author of *Une Semaine à Londres* had travelled hither. There is no knowing what he did not see ; he saw the barge of the Queen pulling to Greenwich, whither Her Majesty was going to *manger un excellent sandwidg ;* he saw the *bateaux* of the *blanchisseuses* on the river ; and with these and a hundred similar traits, he strove to paint our manners for the behalf of his countrymen.

I was led into the above and indeed the ensuing reflections, upon reading an article in the *Times* newspaper last week, on citizen Ledru Rollin's work on the decadence of this unhappy country; and on a subsequent reference to the work itself. That great citizen protests that he has cracked the British nut, and, having broken his grinders at it, pronounces the kernel utterly poisonous, bitter, and rotten. No man, since the days of Pittetcobourg, has probably cursed us with a more hearty ill-will, not O'Connell himself (whom the ex-tribune heartily curses and abuses too) abused us more in his best days. An enthusiastic malevolence, a happy instinct for blundering, an eye that naturally distorts the objects which its bloodshot glances rest upon, and a fine natural ignorance, distinguish the prophet who came among us when his own country was too hot to hold him, and who bellows out to us his predictions of hatred and ruin. England is an assassin and corrupter (roars our friend); it has nailed Ireland to the cross (this is a favourite image of the orator; he said, two years ago in Paris, that *he* was nailed to the cross for the purpose of saving the nation!); that, while in France the press is an apostleship, in England it is a business; that the Church is a vast aristocratic corruption, the Prelate of Canterbury having three million francs of revenue, and the Bishop of Hawkins having died worth six millions two hundred and fifty thousand; that the commercial aristocracy is an accursed power, making 'Rule Britannia' resound in distant seas, from the height of its victorious masts; and so forth. I am not going to enter into an argument or quarrel with the accuracy of details so curious—my purpose in writing is that of friendly negotiator and interposer of good offices, and my object eminently pacific.

But though a man paints an odious picture, and writes beneath it, as the boys do, 'This is England,' that is no reason that the portrait should be like. Mr. Spec, for instance, who tried to draw Erminia as a figure-head for the Proser of last week, made a face which was no more like hers than it was like mine; and how should he, being himself but a wretched performer, and having only once seen the young lady, at an Exhibition, where I pointed her out? As with Spec and Erminia, so with Ledru and Britannia. I doubt whether the Frenchman has ever seen at all the dear old country of ours, which he reviles, and curses, and abuses.

How is Ledru to see England? We may wager that he does not know a word of the language, any more than nine hundred and ninety-nine of a thousand Frenchmen. What do they want with Jordan when they have Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, which they consider to be the finest and most cleansing waters of the world ? In the reader's acquaintance with Frenchmen, how many does he know who can speak our language decently ? I have, for my part, and for example, seen many of the refugees whom the troubles of '48 sent over among us, and not met one who, in the couple of years' residence, has taken the trouble to learn our language tolerably, who can understand it accurately when spoken, much more express himself in it with any fluency. And without any knowledge of Mr. Rollin, who blunders in every page of his book, who does not make the least allusion to our literature, one may pretty surely argue that this interesting exile does not know our language, and could not construe, without enormous errors, any half-dozen sentences in the *Times*. When Macaulay was busy with his great chapters on King William, he thoroughly learned Dutch, in order to understand, and have at first-hand, the dispatches of the Prince of Orange. Have you heard of many Frenchmen swallowing a language or two before they thought of producing a history ? Can Thiers read a page of Napier ? No more than Ledru can, or communicate in our native language with any Englishman, of any party, from Lord John Manners to Mr. Julian Harney.

How many houses has Ledru visited of the ruffian aristocrats who are plundering the people, of the priests who are cheating them, of the middle classes who are leagued with the aristocracy, or of the people themselves ? Is he intimate with any three English families ? with any single nobleman, with any one parson, tradesman, or working man ? He quotes a great mass of evidence against England from the *Morning Chronicle :* did he translate from the *Chronicle* himself, or get a secretary ? Can he translate ? If he will, without the aid of a dictionary, sit down in our office, and translate this paper fairly into French, he shall have the last volume of *Punch* gilt, and presented to him gratis.

The chances are that this exile never sees our society at all ; that he gets his dinner at a French table d'hôte, where other unfortunates of his nation meet and eat, and grumble ; that he goes to a French café, or coffee-shop used by Frenchmen, to read the French newspapers; that he buys his cigars at a French house; that he takes his walk between the Quadrant and Leicester Square; and that he takes his amusement at the French play, or at an hotel in Leicester Place, where there is a billiard- and a smoking-room, and where the whiskered Red men can meet and curse *l'infame Angleterre.*

Marius sitting in the ruins of Carthage, and scowling on his pursuers, is a grand figure enough; but a French tribune looking upon *our* Carthage, standing alone we may fancy against the desolate statue yonder in Leicester Square, is the most dismal, absurd, ludicrous image imaginable. 'Thou hireling soldier' (says he, folding his arms against the statue, and knitting his brows with an awful air), 'thou shuddering Cimbrian slave, tell thy master that thou hast seen Caius Marius, banished and a fugitive, seated on the ruins of,' &c. The minion of despots whom he addresses does not care in the least about his scowls, or his folded arms, or his speech; not he—Policeman X points with his staff, thinks within himself that it's only a Frenchman, and tells him to move on.

To an exile of this sort what a daily humiliation London must be! How small he appears amongst the two millions! Who the deuce cares for him? The Government does not even pay him the compliment of the slightest persecution, or set so much as a spy or a policeman as a guard of honour at his door. Every man he meets of the two millions has his own business to mind. Yonder man can't attend to Marius: he is Chowler, and has got to 'chaw up' Peel. The next can't listen; he is Cobden, who is so pressed that he cannot even receive Captain Aaron Smith, who has something particular to say to him. A third is engaged; it is Lord Ashley, who has the bettering of the working classes at heart, and the model houses to visit. A fourth gives Marius a little sympathy, but must pass on: it is Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, Author of *The Mysteries of London* and *The People's Instructor*, who is going to beard Lord John at the meeting, and ask his lordship what his lordship is going to do for the millions? One and all they have their own affairs to mind. Who cares about Marius? Get along, Marius, and play a pool at billiards, and smoke a cigar, and curse England to the other braves. Move on, Marius, and don't block up the way.

ON AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER

[June 29, 1850]

As you sit in the great drawing-room at the Megatherium or any other club, I dare say you will remark that as each man passes the great mirror in the middle room, be he ever so handsome or homely, so well or ill dressed, so hurried or busy, he nevertheless has time for a good survey of himself in the glass, and a deliberate examination of his clothes and person. He is anxious to know what the glass thinks of him. We are anxious to know what all reflective persons think of us. Hence our constant pleasure in reading books of travel by foreigners: by Hajji Babas and Persian Princes; by Ledru Rollins or German philosophers; by Americans who come to England; and the like. If the black gentleman in St. Paul's Churchyard, who was called away from his broom the other day, and lifted up into the Nepaulese General's carriage in the quality of interpreter, writes his account of London life, its crossings and sweepings, I have no doubt we shall all read it; and as for the Americans, I think a smart publisher might bring over a traveller from the States every season, at least, so constant is our curiosity regarding ourselves, so pleased are we to hear ourselves spoken of, of such an unfailing interest are We to Us.

Thus, after reading Ledru Rollin's book the other day, and taking the dismal view supplied of ourselves by that cracked, and warped, and dingy old Estaminet looking-glass, I, for one, was glad to survey my person in such a bright and elegant New York mirror as that of Mr. Parker Willis; and seized eagerly, at a railway station, upon a new volume by that gentleman, bearing the fascinating title of *People I have Met.* Parker Willis is no other than that famous and clever N. P. Willis of former days, whose reminiscences have delighted so many of us, and in whose company one is always sure to find amusement of some sort or the other. Sometimes it is amusement at the writer's wit and smartness, his brilliant descriptions, and wondrous flow and rattle of spirits; sometimes it is wicked amusement, and, it must be confessed, at Willis's own expense—amusement at the immensity of N. P.'s blunders, amusement at the prodigiousness of his self-esteem ; amusement always, with him or at him ; with or at Willis the poet, Willis the man, Willis the dandy, Willis the lover—now the Broadway Crichton, once the ruler of fashion, and heart-enslaver of Bond Street, and the Boulevard, and the Corso, and the Chiaja, and the Constantinople Bazaar. It is well for the general peace of families that the world does not produce many such men ; there would be no keeping our wives and daughters in their senses were such fascinators to make frequent apparitions amongst us ; but it is comfortable that there should have been a Willis ; and (since the appearance of the Proser) a literary man myself, and anxious for the honour of that profession, I am proud to think that a man of our calling should have come, should have seen, should have conquered, as Willis has done.

'There is more or less of truth,' he nobly says, 'in every one of the stories' which he narrates here in *People I have Met*—more or less, to be sure there is—and it is on account of this more or less of truth that I, for my part, love and applaud this hero and poet so : and recommend every man who reads *Punch* to lay out a shilling and read Willis. We live in our country and don't know it : Willis walks into it and dominates it at once. To know a Duchess, for instance, is given to very few of us. He sees things that are not given to us to see. We see the Duchess pass by in her carriage, and gaze with much reverence on the strawberry leaves on the panels and her Grace within : whereas the odds are that that lovely Duchess has had at one time or the other a desperate flirtation with Willis the Conqueror : perhaps she is thinking of him at this very minute as her jewelled hand presses her perfumed cambric handkerchief to her fair and coroneted brow, and she languidly stops to purchase a ruby bracelet at Gunter's, or to sip an ice at Howell and James's. He must have whole mattresses stuffed with the blonde, or raven, or auburn memories of England's fairest daughters. When the female English aristocracy reads this title of *People I have Met*, I can fancy the whole female peerage of Willis's time in a shudder : and the melancholy Marchioness, and the abandoned Countess, and the heart-stricken Baroness, trembling as each gets the volume, and asking of her guilty conscience, 'Gracious goodness, is the monster going to show up *me ?*'

'The greater number of his stories,' Willis says, 'embody such passages in the personal history of the eminent men and women of Europe as the author came to the knowledge of, by conversance with the circles in which they moved'—and this is the point, rather than their own liveliness, elegance of style, and intrinsic merit, which makes them so valuable to English readers. We can't hope for the facilities accorded to him. As at Paris, by merely exhibiting his passport, a foreigner will walk straight into an exhibition, which is only visible to a native on certain days in the year; so with English aristocratic society, to be admitted into that Elysium you had best be a stranger. Indeed, how should it be otherwise? A lady of fashion, however benevolently disposed, can't ask everybody to her house in Grosvenor Square or Carlton Gardens. Say there are five hundred thousand people in London (a moderate calculation) who have heard of Lady P.'s Saturday evening parties and would like to attend them: where could her ladyship put the thousandth part of them? We on the outside must be content to hear at second hand of the pleasures which the initiated enjoy.

With strangers it is different, and they claim and get admittance as strangers. Here, for instance, is an account of one Brown, an American (though, under that modest mask of Brown, I can't help fancying that I see the features of an N. P. W. himself): Brown arrived in London with a budget of introductions like the postman's bag on Valentine's Day; he 'began with a most noble Duke' (the sly rogue), and, of course, was quickly 'on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of May Fair.'

'"As I was calling myself to account, the other day, over my breakfast," said Brown, filling his glass, and pushing the bottle, "it occurred to me that my round of engagements required some little variation. There's a '*toujours perdrix*,' even among lords and ladies, particularly when you belong as much to their sphere, and are as likely to become a part of it, as the fly revolving in aristocratic dust on the wheel of my lord's carriage. I thought, perhaps, I had better see some other sort of people.

'"I had, under a *presse-papier* on the table, about a hundred letters of introduction—the condemned remainder, after the selection, by advice, of four or five only. I determined to cut this heap like a pack of cards, and follow up the trump.

'"John Mimpson, Esq., *House of* Mimpson *and* Phipps, *Mark Lane, London.*"

'The gods had devoted me to the acquaintance of Mr. (and probably Mrs.) John Mimpson.'

After a 'dialogue of accost,' Brown produced his introductory letter to Mimpson, whom he finely describes as having 'that *highly-washed look* peculiar to London city men;' and Mimpson asked Brown to lunch and sleep at his villa at Hampstead the next day, whither the American accordingly went in a 'poshay' with 'a pair of Newman's posters.' Brown might, as he owns, have performed this journey in an omnibus for sixpence, whereas the chaise would cost four dollars at least, but the stranger preferred the more costly and obsolete contrivance.

'Mrs. Mimpson was in the garden. The dashing footman who gave me the information led me through a superb drawing-room, and out at a glass door upon the lawn, and left me to make my own way to the lady's presence.

'It was a delicious spot, and I should have been very glad to ramble about by myself till dinner; but, at a turn in the grand walk, I came suddenly upon two ladies.

'I made my bow, and begged leave to introduce myself as "Mr. Brown."

'With a very slight inclination of the head, and no smile whatever, one of the ladies asked me if I had walked from town, and begged her companion (without introducing me to her) to show me in to lunch. The spokester was a stout and tall woman, who had rather an aristocratic nose, and was not handsome; but, to give her her due, she had made a narrow escape of it. She was dressed very showily, and evidently had great pretensions; but, that she was not at all glad to see Mr. Brown, was as apparent as was at all necessary. As the other and younger lady who was to accompany me, however, was very pretty, though dressed very plainly, and had, withal, a look in her eye which assured me she was amused with my unwelcome apparition, I determined, as I should not otherwise have done, to stay it out, and accepted her convoy with submissive civility—very much inclined, however, to be impudent to somebody, somehow.

'The lunch was on a tray in a side room, and I rang the bell and ordered a bottle of champagne. The servant looked surprised, but brought it, and meantime I was getting through the weather, and the other commonplaces, and the lady, saying little, was watching me very calmly. I liked her looks, however, and was sure she was not a Mimpson.

'"Hand this to Miss Armstrong," said I to the footman, pouring out a glass of champagne.

'"Miss Bellamy, you mean, Sir."

'I rose and bowed, and, with as grave a courtesy as I could command, expressed my pleasure at my first introduction to Miss Bellamy—through Thomas, the footman ! Miss Bellamy burst into a laugh, and was pleased to compliment my American manners, and in ten minutes we were a very merry pair of friends, and she accepted my arm for a stroll through the grounds, carefully avoiding the frigid neighbourhood of Mrs. Mimpson.'

There's a rascal for you ! He enters a house, is received coolly by the mistress (and if Mrs. Mimpson had to receive every Brown in London—ye Gods ! what was she to do ?) walks into chicken fixings in a side room, and, not content with Mimpson's sherry, calls for a bottle of champagne—not for a glass of champagne, but for a bottle ; he catches hold of it and pours out for himself, the rogue, and for Miss Bellamy, to whom Thomas introduces him. And this upon an introduction of five years' date, from one mercantile man to another ; upon an introduction, one of a thousand which lucky Brown possesses, and on the strength of which Brown sneers at Mimpson, sneers at Mrs. M., sneers at M.'s sherry, makes a footman introduce him to a lady, and assumes a bottle of champagne ! Come, Brown ! you are a stranger, and on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of Mayfair ; but isn't this *un peu fort*, my boy ? If Mrs. Mimpson, who is described as a haughty lady, fourth cousin of a Scotch Earl, and marrying M. for his money merely, had suspicions regarding the conduct of her husband's friends, don't you see that this sort of behaviour on your part, my dear Brown, was not likely to do away with Mrs. M.'s little prejudices ? I should not like a stranger to enter my house, pooh-pooh my marsala, order my servant about, and desire an introduction to my daughter through him ; and deferentially think, Brown, that you had no right to be impudent somehow to somebody, as in this instance you certainly were.

The upshot of the story is, that Mrs. M. was dying to take her daughter to Almack's, for which place of entertainment Brown, through one of the patronesses, Lady X., 'the best friend he has,' could get as many tickets as he wished ; and that, to punish Mrs. Mimpson for her rudeness, and reward Miss Bellamy for her kindness, Brown got tickets for Miss Bellamy and *her* Mamma, but would get never a ticket for Miss Mimpson and hers—a wonderful story, truly, and with a wonderful moral.

ON THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC

[August 3, 1850]

My rising young friend Hitchings, the author of *Randolph the Robber*, *The Murderers of May Fair*, and other romances, and one of the chief writers in the *Lictor* newspaper—a highly liberal, nay, seven-leagued boots progressional journal, was discoursing with the writer of the present lines upon the queer decision to which the French Assembly has come, and which enforces a signature henceforth to all the leading articles in the French papers. As an act of Government, Hitchings said he thought the measure most absurd and tyrannous, but he was not sorry for it, as it would infallibly increase the importance of the profession of letters, to which we both belonged. The man of letters will no longer be the anonymous slave of the newspaper-press proprietor, Hitchings said; the man of letters will no longer be used and flung aside in his old days; he will be rewarded according to his merits, and have the chance of making himself a name. And then Hitchings spoke with great fervour regarding the depressed condition of literary men, and said the time was coming when their merits would get them their own.

On this latter subject, which is a favourite one with many gentlemen of our profession, I, for one, am confessedly incredulous. I am resolved not to consider myself a martyr. I never knew a man who had written a good book (unless, indeed, it were a barrister with attorneys), hurt his position in society by having done so. On the contrary, a clever writer, with decent manners and conduct, makes more friends than any other man. And I do not believe (parenthetically) that it will make much difference to my friend Hitchings whether his name is affixed to one, twenty, or two thousand articles of his composition. But what would happen in England if such a regulation as that just passed in France were to become law ; and the House of Commons omnipotent, which can shut up our parks for us, which can shut up our Post Office for us, which can do anything it will, should take a fancy to have the signature of every writer of a newspaper article ?

Have they got any secret ledger at the *Times* in which the names of the writers of all the articles in that journal are written down ? That would be a curious book to see. Articles in that paper have been attributed to every great man of the day : at one time it was said Brougham wrote regularly, at another Canning was a known contributor, at some other time it was Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen. It would be curious to see the real names. The Chancellor's or the Foreign Secretary's articles would most likely turn out to be written by Jones or Smith. I mean no disrespect to the latter, but the contrary—to be a writer for a newspaper requires more knowledge, genius, readiness, scholarship, than you want in St. Stephen's. Compare a good leading article and a speech in the House of Commons : compare a House of Commons orator with a writer, psha !

Would Jones or Smith, however, much profit by the publication of their names to their articles ? That is doubtful. When the *Chronicle* or the *Times* speaks now, it is ' we ' who are speaking, we the Liberal Conservatives, we the Conservative Sceptics ; when Jones signs the article, it is we no more, but Jones. It goes to the public with no authority. The public does not care very much what Jones's opinions are. They don't purchase the Jones organ any more—the paper droops ; and, in fact, I can conceive nothing more wearisome than to see the names of Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson, and so forth, written in capitals every day, day after day, under the various articles of the paper. The public would begin to cry out at the poverty of the literary dramatis personae. We have had Brown twelve times this month, it would say. That Robinson's name is always coming up—as soon as there is a finance question, or a foreign question, or what not, it is Smith who signs the article. Give us somebody else.

Thus Brown and Robinson would get a doubtful and precarious bread instead of the comfortable and regular engagement which they now have. The paper would not be what it is. It would be impossible to employ men on trial, and see what their talents were worth. Occasion is half a public writer's battle. To sit down in his study and compose an article that *might* be suitable, is a hard work for him: twice as hard as the real work; and yet not the real work; which is to fight the battle at two hours' notice, at the given place and time. The debate is over at twelve o'clock at night, let us say. Mr. Editor looks round, and fixes on his man. 'Now's your time, Captain Smith,' says he: 'charge the enemy, and rout them,'—or 'Advance, Colonel Jones, with your column and charge.'

Now there may be men who are Jones's or Robinson's superiors in intellect, and who—give them a week or ten days to prepare—would turn out such an article as neither of the two men named could ever have produced—that is very likely. I have often, for my part, said the most brilliant thing in the world, and one that would utterly upset that impudent Jenkins, whose confounded jokes and puns spare nobody—but then it has been three hours after Jenkins's pun, when I was walking home very likely—and so it is with writers; some of them possess the amazing gift of the impromptu, and can always be counted upon in a moment of necessity—whilst others, slower coaches or leaders, require to get all their heavy guns into position, and laboriously to fortify their camp, before they begin to fire.

Now, saying that Robinson is the fellow chiefly to be entrusted with the quick work of the paper, it would be a most unkind and unfair piece of tyranny on the newspaper proprietor to force him to publish Robinson's name as the author of all the articles *d'occasion.* You have no more right to call for this publicity from the newspaper owner, who sells you three yards of his printed fabric, than to demand from the linendraper from what wholesale house he got his calico; who spun it; who owned the cotton, and who cropped it in America. It is the article, and not the name and pedigree of the artificer, which a newspaper or any other dealer has a right to sell to the public. If I get a letter (which Heaven forbid!) from Mr. Tapes, my attorney, I know it is not in Tapes's own handwriting; I know it is a clerk writes it—so, a newspaper is a composite work got up by many hireling hands, of whom it is necessary to know no other name than the printer's or proprietor's.

It is not to be denied that men of signal ability will write for years in papers and perish unknown—and in so far their lot is a hard one: and the chances of life are against them. It is hard upon a man, with whose work the whole town is ringing, that not a soul should know or care who is the author who so delights the public.

But, on the other hand, if your article is excellent, would you have had any great renown from it, supposing the paper had not published it? Would you have had a chance at all but for that paper? Suppose you had brought out that article on a broadsheet, who would have bought it? Did you ever hear of an unknown man making a fortune by a pamphlet?

Again, it may so happen to a literary man that the stipend which he receives from one publication is not sufficient to boil his family pot, and that he must write in some other quarter. If Brown writes articles in the daily papers, and articles in the weekly and monthly periodicals too, and signs the same, he surely weakens his force by extending his line. It would be better for him to write incognito, than to placard his name in so many quarters—as actors understand, who do not perform in too many pieces on the same night; and painters, who know that it is not worth their while to exhibit more than a certain number of pictures.

Besides, if to some men the want of publicity is an evil: to many others the privacy is most welcome. Many a young barrister is a public writer, for instance, to whose future prospects his fame as a literary man would give no possible aid, and whose intention it is to put away the pen when the attorneys begin to find out his juridical merits. To such a man it would only be a misfortune to be known as a writer of leading articles. *His* battle for fame and fortune is to be made with other weapons than the pen. Then again, a man without ambition—and there are very many such sensible persons, or whose ambition does not go beyond his *pot-au-feu*, is happy to have the opportunity of quietly and honourably adding to his income: of occupying himself: of improving himself: of paying for Tom at college, or for mamma's carriage—and what not. Take away this modest mask—force every man upon the public stage to appear with his name placarded, and we lose some of the best books, some of the best articles, some of the pleasantest wit that we have ever had.

On the whole, then, in this controversy I am against Hitchings; and although he insists upon it that he is a persecuted being, I do not believe it; and although he declares that I ought to consider myself trampled on by the world, I decline to admit that I am persecuted, and protest that it treats me and my brethren kindly in the main.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS

MR. SPEC'S REMONSTRANCE

[February 11, 1843]

From the Door-Steps.

'Sir,—Until my Cartoons are exhibited, I am in an exceedingly uncomfortable state. I shall then have about fourteen hundred pounds (the amount of the seven first prizes), and but a poor reward for the pains and care which I have bestowed on my pieces.

'Meanwhile, how am I to exist?—how, I say, is an historical painter to live? I despise humour and buffoonery, as unworthy the aim of a great artist. But I am hungry, Sir,—HUNGRY! Since Thursday, the 13th instant, butcher's meat has not passed these lips, and then 'twas but the flap of a shoulder of mutton, which I ate cold—cold, and without pickles,—*icy* cold, for 'twas grudged by the niggard boor at whose table I condescended to sit down.

'That man was my own cousin—Samuel Spec, the eminent publisher of Ivy Lane; and by him, and by all the world I have been treated with unheard-of contumely. List but to a single instance of his ingratitude!

'I need not ask if you know my work, *Illustrations of Aldgate Pump*. All the world knows it. It is published, in elephant folio, price seventy guineas, by Samuel Spec before-mentioned; and many thousands of copies were subscribed for by the British and foreign nobility.

'Nobility!—why do I say Nobility?—KINGS, Sir, have set their august signatures to the subscription list. Bavaria's Sovereign has placed it in the Pinakothek. The Grecian Otho (though I am bound to say he did not pay up) has hung it in the Parthenon—in the *Parthenon!* It may be seen on the walls of the Vatican, in the worthy company of Buonarotti and Urbino, and figures in the gilded saloons of the Tuileries, the delight of Delaroche and Delacroix.

'From all these potentates, save the last, little has been received in return for their presentation-copies but unsubstantial praise. It is true the King of Bavaria wrote a sonnet in acknowledgement of the *Illustrations;* but I do not understand German, Sir, and am given to understand by those who do that the composition is but a poor one. His Holiness the Pope gave his blessing, and admitted the publisher to the honour of kissing his great toe. But I had rather have a beefsteak to my lips any day of the week; and 'Fine words,' as the poet says, 'butter no parsnips.' Parsnips!—I have not even parsnips to butter.

'His Majesty Louis-Philippe, however, formed a noble exception to this rule of kingly indifference. Lord Cowley, our ambassador, presented my cousin Spec to him with a copy of my work. The Royal Frenchman received Samuel Spec with open arms in the midst of his Court, and next day, through our ambassador, offered the author of the *Illustrations* the choice of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour or a snuff-box set with diamonds. I need not say the latter was preferred.

'Nor did the monarch's gracious bounty end here. Going to his writing-table, he handed over to the *officier d'ordonnance* who was to take the snuff-box, a purely artistic memento of his royal goodwill. "Go, Count," said he, "to Mr. Spec, in my name, offer him the snuff-box—'tis of trifling value; and at the same time beg him to accept, as a testimony of the respect of *one artist for another*, my own identical piece of INDIARUBBER."

'When Sam came back, I hastened to his house in Ivy Lane. I found him, Sir, as I have said—I found him eating cold mutton; and so I requested him (for my necessities were pressing) to hand me over the diamond box, and returning to my humble home greedily opened the packet he had given me.

'Sir, he kept the box and *gave me the indiarubber!* 'Tis no falsehood—I have left it at your office, where all the world may see it. I have left it at your office, and with it this letter. I hear the sound of revelry from within—the clink of wine-cups, the merry song and chorus. I am waiting outside, and a guinea would be the saving of me.

'What shall I do? My genius is tragic-classic-historic—little suited to the pages of what I must call a frivolous and ridiculous publication; but my proud spirit must bend. Did not the Majesty of France give lessons on Richmond Hill?

'I send you a couple of designs—they are not humorous, but simple representations of common life—a lovely child, a young and modest girl, and your unhappy servant, are here depicted. They were done in happier times, and in St. James's Park. The other is the boy—

MASTER ROB ROY MACGREGOR JONES

'I paid for the beer which she is drinking in a tavern (or 'clachan,' as I called it in compliment to the Highland garb of the little smiling cherub, who burnt his fingers with a cheroot which I was smoking) near Pimlico. 'Twas a balmy summer eve, and I had beer, and money. But the money is gone, and the summer is gone, and the beer is gone—when, when will they return ?

'Heaven bless you ! Send me out something, and succour the unhappy

'ALONZO SPEC,
'*Historical Painter.*'

SINGULAR LETTER FROM THE REGENT OF SPAIN

[December 16, 1843]

WE have received, by our usual express, the following indignant protest, signed by His Highness, the Regent of Spain.

His Highness's Bando refers to the following paragraph, which appears in the *Times* of December 7th.

> The Agents of the Tract Societies have lately had recourse to a new method of introducing their tracts into Cadiz. The tracts were put into glass bottles, *securely corked ;* and, taking advantage of the tide flowing into the harbour, they were committed to the waves, on whose surface they floated towards the town, where the inhabitants eagerly took them up on their arriving on the shore. The bottles were then uncorked, and the tracts they contain are *supposed to have been* read with much interest.

BANDO, BY THE REGENT OF SPAIN

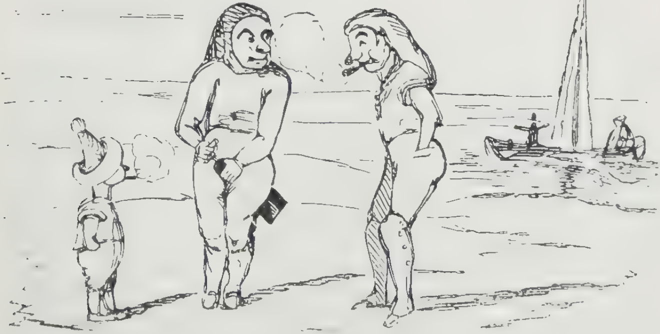
'The undersigned Regent of Spain, Duke of Victory, and of the Regent's Park, presents his compliments to your Excellency, and requests your excellent attention to the above extraordinary paragraph.

'Though an exile from Spain, the undersigned still feels an interest in everything Spanish, and asks *Punch*, Lord Aberdeen, and the British nation, whether friends and allies are to be insulted by such cruel stratagems ? If the arts of the Jesuit have justly subjected him to the mistrust and abhorrence of Europe, ought not the manœuvres of the Dissenting-Tract Smuggler (*Tractistero dissentero contrabandistero*) to be likewise held up to public odium ?

'Let *Punch*, let Lord Aberdeen, let Great Britain at large, put itself in the position of the poor mariner of Cadiz, and then answer. Tired with the day's labour, thirsty as the seaman naturally is, he lies, perchance, and watches at eve the tide of ocean swelling into the bay. What does he see cresting the wave that rolls towards him? A bottle. Regardless of the wet, he rushes eagerly towards the advancing flask.

" SHERRY, PERHAPS,"

is his first thought (for 'tis the wine of his country).



" RUM, I HOPE,"

he adds, while, with beating heart and wringing pantaloons, he puts his bottle-screw into the cork. But, ah ! Englishmen ! fancy his agonizing feelings on withdrawing from the flask a Spanish translation of *The Cowboy of Kennington Common*, or *The Little Blind Dustman of Pentonville.*

" TRACTS, BY JINGO ! "

' Moral and excellent those works may be, but not at *such* a moment. No. His Highness the Duke of Victory protests, in the face of Europe, against this audacious violation of the right of nations. He declares himself dissentient from the Dissenters ; he holds up these black-bottle Tractarians to the contumely of insulted mankind.

' And against the employment of bottles in this unnatural fashion, he enters a solemn and hearty protest ; lest British captains might be induced to presume still further ; lest, having tampered with the bottle department, they might take similar liberties with the wood, and send off missionaries in casks (securely bunged) for the same destination.

' The hand of the faithful General Nogueras has executed the designs which accompany this Bando, so as to render its contents more intelligible to the British public ; and, in conclusion, His Highness the Regent presents to your Excellency (and the Lady Judy) the assurances of his most distinguished consideration. May you both live nine hundred and ninety-nine years!

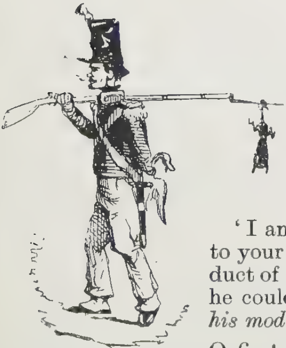
(Signed) 'BALDOMERO ESPARTERO.'

REGENT'S PARK, December 7.

LES PREMIÈRES ARMES DE MONTPENSIER

OR, MUNCHAUSEN OUTDONE

[April 27, 1844]



For the following letter the French journals are indebted to Colonel Thiery, the aide de camp, or tutor, or it may possibly be toady to the Duke of Montpensier. The letter is to the Queen, on the young Prince's first affair:—

'I am happy to have the honour of giving to your Majesty some details regarding the conduct of H.R.H. the Duke of Montpensier, which he could not himself give but at *the expense of his modesty.*'

O fie!

'The Prince at length has found an occasion for showing that he could emulate his brothers in courage, charged to aid in the attack upon the village of Mechouneche with his guns. H.R.H. had to defile under the Arab fire at a very short distance from their guns; but his batteries were soon judiciously posted, and there the inauguration of *the royal artilleryman* (HOW PRETTY!) took place in the face of the whole army, by a brisk cannonade, the effects of which contributed greatly to the success of the first part of the air. The Prince from this position fired his howitzers and wall-guns, the discharge of which brought *several* Arabs to the ground. I applauded this *début.* I considered it as sufficient: but there was still better fortune in store for the two Princes.

'On another point our attacks had not been so successful. A column of infantry had met with *such difficulties of ground* (only

DIFFICULTIES OF GROUND, OF COURSE) that it began to falter; and the audacity of the Arabs had increased in a menacing manner. The Duke of Aumale thought proper to put an end to this by moving forward in person at the head of the grenadiers. The Duke of Montpensier felt that his place was no longer there where the perils he was to encounter were less than those which his brother was facing; and, by an inspiration, of which the merit belongs entirely to himself, he gave up the command of the guns to the lieutenants under him, and followed across a shower of balls by the side of the Duke of Aumale.

'His devotedness was near costing him dear. He was one of the privileged in the group which followed the Princes. A ball tore the upper eyelid of his left eye. Although the pain was severe, and the blood which issued from this slight wound was at first sight alarming, H.R.H. never paused in his course; but, with his brother, was among the first to reach the height crowned by the Arabs, and considered by them as so impregnable, that those natives who were not witnesses of the action, INSIST ON ITS BEING ATTESTED TO THEM BY OATH!

'The Duke of Aumale's resolution was heroic, and success justified his temerity, although it was great. The Princes were not followed by twenty soldiers, worn out by fatigue when they reached the crest of the hill occupied by SEVERAL HUNDRED of the enemy. Among them were several regulars, who were at our approach *seized with a panic*, which was quite unexpected.

'The Duke's wound has been so slight that it will not leave the honour of a scar. His sight was never affected for a moment. As for the health of the Princes it never was more satisfactory.

(Signed) 'THIERY.'

Thiery having thus addressed his Queen: let the admiring *Punch* be allowed to address Thiery.

'Now, dear Thiery, we have finished that veracious History of the Next French Revolution (the extraordinary accuracy of which narrative will be proved when the Revolution shall come to pass), we are prepared to offer you a handsome salary to write a History of the African War.

'Our historiographer is a smart chap, but without a doubt, dear Colonel, you are a better man, and we shall dispossess him and appoint you.

'Beloved Thiery! it is noble to see you, in fancy, following your Princes through the shower of balls! what admirable devotedness! There is nothing of a lickspittle about you—no flattery; every word you say seems Gospel true.

'What, the whole column of infantry began to falter, did they? before Mechouneche, that pretty village. And the audacity of the Arabs grew menacing! And the Princes rushed forward with twenty men only (what a compliment to the gallantry of the rest of the army!), and with these twenty men upset several hundreds of the enemy, who were seized with an unaccountable panic!

'Dear friend, it must have been at the sight of the young Prince of Montpensier, with his left upper eyelid bleeding—*bon Dieu*, what a ghastly royal artilleryman! what a bloodstained young bombardier of a Prince he must have looked!

'But what was the ball which tore the eyelid, dear Sir—was it a cannonball? a great whacking, thundering, whizzing, eighty-four-pounder; or perhaps a bomb that went off and lodged there; or, perhaps, a Congreve rocket that whisked off an eyelash—Heavens, what an escape it was! Explain it to us, dear truth-teller, more accurately in your next charming letter. Let us know how it was that the ball hit the dear Prince in the eyelid, and how it was that his nose got off unhurt, and his forehead; and how the wound which bled so terrifically, and was so painful, won't even leave a scar.

DRAWN FOR A SOLDIER

'Perhaps the ball respected the Prince—was seized with an unaccountable panic, like the several hundred regulars, at sight of His Royal Highness's face, and bounded back quite astonished. Amiable friend, why should not this be true? Tell us about it in your next, and mention the names of the Arabs who were killed by the rebound.

'Don't say if the ball which touched the eyelid of the Royal Bombarders was only his eyeball:—it is much better as it stands—or let us say at once that it was a red-hot shot; you picked it up, cooled it, and intend to send it as a present to the Queen.

'That is a great stroke, dear friend, about the Arabs (who did not witness the action of the Princes, and their twenty men frightening away the several hundreds)—forcing YOU TO SWEAR TO THE FACT before they will believe it. Will they believe it when you DO swear ? O those benighted followers of Abd-el-Kader !

'Dear friend, we have some like you in England, but none *quite* so great. Our *Court Circulars* contain humbug and flattery, which are pretty sickening and slavish in their way ; but I think we have never come near *you*, dear Thiery. We never sneered at a whole army, to exalt the bravery of two young men. His Royal Highness Prince Albert has undergone some handsome dangers in his time, but he never had his eyelid torn by a cannon-ball. Be yours the palm—yours, and the country which owns you.

'Let us hope, dear Sir, that in the approaching visit of the French King to this country, we may see you following at his august back. If you come to the Strand, come and see us. Come, and we will introduce you to some similar English worthies.

'And we will institute an order, and it shall be called the Order of the Long Bow, and Colonel Thiery shall have the first Grand Cordon. Come ; and, in the meantime, write more letters, dear Thiery,

'To your wondering and loving

'PUNCH.'

THE PRINCE OF JOINVILLE'S AMATEUR-INVASION OF ENGLAND

[June 1, 1844]

Punch to Joinville

'Dear Monseigneur,

When the bones of the hero, who left a legacy to Cantillon for trying to assassinate the Duke of Wellington, were given back to the France which he loved so well—it was you, dear Joinville, who were dispatched to remove the sacred ashes from the rock where they lay. I always had a good opinion of you after your conduct on that expedition.

'It must be confessed, the brutal tyrants who murdered the meek apologist of Cantillon, behaved pretty handsomely in the matter of giving up his Imperial bones. You, Gentlemen of the *Belle Poule*, were feasted with the best of wine and victuals: you were received with all the honours that such a brutal and uncivilized nation as ours could invent; our Government acceded to the request you made; our men dug up the body you wanted; our soldiers carried it down to your ships ; our guns fired salutes in its honour and yours ; our officers and governors did their utmost to please and welcome you, and held you out, at parting, the hand of fellowship.

'The next thing we heard of you, dear Joinville, was that you had flung your best cabin furniture overboard ; turned your ship into a fighting monster—all guns ; and had made a solemn vow to die—to sink to a man—'ods marline-spikes and lee-scuppers !—*rather than strike to the English.*

'Nobody asked you to strike to them. They had just been treating you with every imaginable kindness and courtesy ; in reply to which you shook your fist in the faces of the brutal Islanders, and swore you would never be bullied by them.

'It was a genteel and grateful way of expressing your sense of a kindness—a polite method of showing gratitude worthy of the most civilized nation in Europe. It had not the least bluster or bad taste. It did not show that you had a propensity to quarrel, that rancour was lurking in your heart—that your return for hospitality was hatred and rage. Your conduct was decent and dignified, and worthy of a gallant sailor, a gentleman, and a king's son.

'The gratitude of your nation is proverbial. The fondness of the Carlists of France for the men who sheltered them and fed them, when their countrymen would have had their heads off, is known by all persons who read a French newspaper. You, of the younger branch, seem also to possess the same amiable quality.

'What a compliment to our country is this new pamphlet you have been publishing !—a compliment still greater than that of proposing to fight us with the *Belle Poule !*—You were kindly received in our perfidious Island last year. You visited our cities, towns, and country, our towns inland and seaboard. And your benevolent patriotism instantly pointed out to you, while considering the "*État des Forces Navales de la France*," that it would be very easy to burn all these fair quiet towns, lying so peaceful and confiding along the waterside. They were entirely defenceless, and their unprotected condition touched your great soul, and suggested to your Christian spirit the easy opportunity of plunder.

'Brave Prince : bold seaman : good Frenchman !—You can't see your neighbour comfortable, but you long to cut his throat. Prudent Statesman—you are at peace: but you must speculate upon war; it is the normal condition of the nation you represent; the refined and liberal, the honest and unsuspicious, the great and peaceful French nation.

'You want a steam marine for your country, because with it the most audacious aggressive war is permitted. You don't want "brilliant successes" any more; your chivalrous spirit suggests more agreeable conquests. "With a steam navy," say you, "nothing will prevent us from inflicting upon the enemy's coasts losses and sufferings unknown to them hitherto." The riches accumulated upon our coasts and in our ports, would no longer be in safety. Our arsenals are crowded with ships: how they would burn! Our warehouses are full of wealth—what is it for, but for Frenchmen to plunder? Our women are the most beautiful in the world. *Sacrébleu!* how they would scream as five hundred jolly lads from the *Belle Poule* came pouncing down upon them!

'Dear Joinville, I can fancy you dropping down the river Thames, and the generous thoughts filling your bosom as (the Queen perhaps by your side, all smiles and kindness) you look at the millions of merchant-ships lying round about you. While the sun is shining, the people are shouting welcome, the Queen smiling on his arm—the dear fellow is thinking how glorious it would be to burn all those ships and destroy that odious scene of peace, plenty, and confidence. Dear fellow! nice Prince—God bless you!

'I declare I never read a paragraph more creditable to the writer's head and heart than this:—"*Our present packet-boats would, from their great swiftness, form excellent corsairs in time of war. They could come up with a merchant-ship,* PILLAGE IT, BURN IT, *and be away before the war-steamers themselves could reach them!*" It is quite noble—Christian, thoughtful, princelike, and Frenchmanlike—it ought to be printed in large letters, in letters of blood for preference. The beautiful reflection of a French philosopher, suggested by a scene of plenty.

'By Heavens! the extravagances of mad old Gillray, the severed heads and reeking axes, the hideous mixture of grinning and murder with which he was wont to typify a Frenchman, are feeble compared to this. Here is a lad—

the hope of the nation—anxious to maintain "the honour of France"—and how? by murdering, pillaging, burning, butchering in England. His argument is—You are at peace; therefore, had you not better get ready for war? "*Employ*," the dear boy says, "*the leisures of peace to prepare and sharpen a blade which will strike effectually in time of war*." Of course, that is the end of peace.

'Suppose His Royal Highness Field-Marshal Prince Albert, after his visit to Eu the other day, had taken advantage of his vast military experience, and on his return to England had addressed a report to the War Office, suggesting a "Plan for burning Cherbourg," "Hints on the practicability of bombarding Toulon," "Slight suggestions for a general massacre of the inhabitants of the French coast between Dunkirk and Bayonne;" our neighbours would have thought it a delicate compliment no doubt—a pleasing manifestation of opinion from a person closely connected with the throne; a kind proof of the good feeling between one country and the other.

'But no; *we* don't do these things, dear Prince. We are perfidious Englanders; brutal in our habits, vulgar in our notions; absorbed by gross pursuits of commerce, and coarse lust of gain. We are not civilized: we do not care for glory. There is only one nation that really cherishes glory and possesses civilization. It is yours, dear Joinville! There is only one nation that prides itself in its rapacity, and glories in its appetite for murder. There is only one nation that boasts of its perfidiousness, and walks the world in the sunshine, proclaiming itself to be an assassin. We may be perfidious, but at least we have the decency of hypocrisy. We may be sordid, but at least we profess to worship Christian peace—not Murder and Napoleon.

'It is for you to do that: for you to fulfil the mission given you by Heaven, which made you as it made an animal of prey. It is only you who shout daily with fresh triumph your confession of faith, that you will rob when you can; that when at peace you are meditating aggression; that statesmanship for you is only the organization of robbery; you who call rapine, progress—murder and pillage, "the propagation of French ideas,"—and massacre, "the maintenance of the rank of France in Europe." Go pander to the vanities, Joinville, of your sage and reasonable nation! foster their noble envy, recreate their angelic propensity to work evil—inflame their Christian appetite for war. The King's son of such a nation can surely not be better employed than in flattering the national spirit. If he love peace, they say he is a bad Frenchman. Commerce is brutal and English, unworthy of the polished intelligence of the French people. Their *culte* is glory. Continue, Joinville, to minister to that noble worship; the more you insult your neighbours, the more 'national' your countrymen will think you. Don't spare your insults, then, but suggest fresh plans of invasion with the calm assurance which renders your nation so popular all the world over. Assert your claims in the true, easy, quiet, unambitious, gentle, good-humoured French-polished way, so little querulous, so calmly dignified, so honestly self-reliant! Do this, and you can't fail to become more popular. Invent a few more plans for abasing England, and you will take your rank as a Statesman. Issue a few more prospectuses of murder, and they'll have you in the Pantheon. What a dignity to be worshipped by those who, if not the leaders, at any rate are the Bullies of Europe.

'Agréez, Monseigneur,
'Les sentiments de Reconnaissance respectueuse
'avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,
'de Votre Altesse Royale le profond Admirateur,

'**PONCHE.**'

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

CIRCULAR ROAD, DUBLIN.

[June 8, 1844]

'DEAR SILVY O'PELLICO,

'One of my young chaps had got ready a caricature of you, with about three hundredweight of chains on your old legs and shoulders, and you in a prison dress.

'But when he heard that you were *really* locked up, he said he would not for the money's sake (though I pay him well for it) publish his paltry picture, or do anything just now that would give you pain.

'Neither shall I crow over you because it has come to this, and because, having played at bowls, you have at last got the rubbers. If you did not organize a conspiracy, and meditate a separation of this fair empire—if you did not create rage and hatred in the bosoms of your countrymen against us English—if *you* did not do, in a word, all that the jury found you guilty of doing—I am a Dutchman!

'But if ever a man had an excuse for saying hard things, you had it: if ever a people had a cause to be angry, it is yours: if ever the winning party could afford to be generous, I think we might now: for we have won the rubber, and of what consequence is the stake to us?

'Though we may lock you up, yet it goes against our feelings somehow to think that THE GREATEST MAN IN THE EMPIRE (for, after all, have you not done more for your nation than any man since Washington ever did?) should be put in a penitentiary ever so comfortable, in a road ever so circular.

'Though we may lock you up, yet for the life of me I don't see what good we can get out of you. As I said to *Mrs. Punch* yesterday, "If any friend from Ceylon were to make me a present of an elephant—what should I do with it? If a fine Bengal tiger were locked up in my back-parlour—what would be my wish? Out of sheer benevolence I should desire to see the royal animal in the Strand."

'Though we may lock you up, let us remember that there are seven out of our five-and-twenty millions of fellow-citizens to whom your punishment is a shame and a bitter degradation; and it is ill to set so many hearts rankling against us.

'Are they not bitter enough already—the fourth part of the men of our empire—and have they not cause? Does the world show a country so wretched as yours? If you were to send over the Lion of Judah to Lambeth, and the Dove of Galway to London House, wouldn't we turn their lordships out; and shall we be too hard upon you for trying to do likewise, and failing?

'No. And though your sentence is a just one in spite of all they may say, yet, please God, let it be inflicted with a gentle heart. I like the judge who burst into tears when he passed it.

'Vulgar triumph over such a man as you—chuckling over such a great discomfiture as that—is the work of low-minded, sordid knaves. If ever I laugh, it shan't be because a great man falls. I wish you would come out of prison, for how can I poke fun at you through the bars ?

'Why did you invent stories of murder and massacres which we never committed ? Why did you brag and swagger so much ? Why did you tell so many untruths regarding us Saxons ? The Truth was bitter enough, and hard enough to be told. We are mighty angry with Nicholas about Poland ; but, until lately, has somebody else treated Ireland better ?

'I tell you what is to be done. It was arranged in a Cabinet Council last night—where the Right Honourable *Mr. Punch* was called in—it was arranged that Her Majesty should take a trip of pleasure in the summer (after a certain interesting event), and that her steps were to be directed to a kingdom called Ireland, which I have occasionally heard described as the greenest and most beautiful spot in the world.

'She is to go suddenly, and without beat of drum. She will take the first car at Kingstown Pier : and Lord De Grey will be disgusted, and the people of the city surprised, to see the Royal Standard of the Three Kingdoms floating on the tower of the seedy old Castle of Dublin.

'After a collation, another car (or "cyar," as you call it in Dublin—and a confounded vehicle it is) will be called ; and Her Majesty, stepping into it, will say, "Car-boy, drive to the Circular Road."

'He will know what it means. THE QUEEN HAS COME TO IRELAND TO TAKE DAN OUT OF PRISON.

'"Let bygones be bygones," Her Majesty will say (only more elegantly expressed), a fib or two more or less about the Saxons won't do us any harm : but try now, jewel, and be aisy : don't talk too much about killing and eating us : don't lead poor hungry fellows on to fancy they can do it. The Irish are strong men, and won every battle that ever was fought. That is very well. From Fontenoy upwards, we give them all to you. I have no objection to think that Caesar's Tenth Legion came out of Tipperary ; and that it was three hundred of the O'Gradys who kept the pass of Thermopylae.

'Nevertheless, have no more of that talk about bullying John Bull. Keep the boys quiet, and tell them they can't do it. It's no use trying : we won't be beaten by the likes of you.

'But we have done you wrong, and we want to see you righted; and as sure as Justice lives, righted you shall be.

'Such are the words that I wish to whisper to you in your captivity,—words of reproof, and yet of consolation; of hope, and wisdom, and truth!

'Punch.'

PUNCH'S FINE ART EXHIBITION

[July 13, 1844]

Few persons will deny that the subjects of this Exhibition, of which we give unrivalled copies to the British public this day, are disgraceful in every point of view: that they are mean in execution: that they are vulgar in idea: that they are questionable in morality: and, in a word, unworthy of consideration.

We therefore propose to examine them calmly, carefully, and in an aesthetical point of view. As we have no party prejudices, we are happy to say that we despise them all equally; and have spared no expense to lay them before a generous and enlightened public, for whose opinions we do not care one straw.

Why Mr. Spoker should have represented our Gracious Queen in the character of 'Britannia patronizing the Fine Arts,' we are at a loss to conceive. It is neither correct in point of history, nor complimentary to our Gracious Monarch, who does not patronize the British Fine Arts at all, liking, and with reason, French, German, and Italian artists much better.

Nor is General Tom Thumb a Briton. He was, like General Washington, born in the town of Kentucky, in the county of Pennsylvania, U.S., and, therefore, is an American. Hence it is absurd to typify *him* as an exemplification of the Fine Arts.

That the artists of Great Britain are among the most devoted of Her Majesty's subjects, is proved from the fact that they furnish the Queen with pictures at about a fifth part of the price which common publishers will give for them. So that it is lucky for them that the Sovereign does not patronize the Fine Arts *more*. This is no doubt the royal reason, and is incontrovertible : only vulgar persons will, henceforth, raise any objection to Her Majesty's apparent coldness towards the Arts.

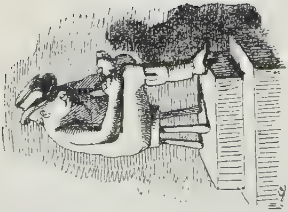
The other large piece by Spiller is equally reprehensible—'Field-Marshal His Royal Highness Prince Albert attiring Mars for battle.' Mars was the god of war—he is so no longer. He is represented with the flower-pot-Albert hat which he never wore : and which is about as fit for a god of war as a gauze turban with a bird of paradise or a tulip to ornament it.

His Royal Highness the Prince Field-Marshal *never* put this hat on Mars—on the contrary, he withdrew it. It is, therefore, disrespectful to the Prince, as it is disgraceful to the god of war.

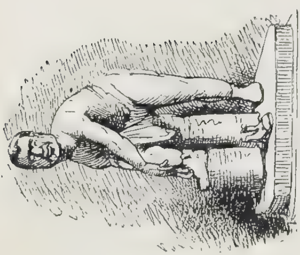
Mars is represented with a *Blucher* lying beside him. Ought he not in common justice and good feeling to have had a *Wellington* on the other foot ?

No. 965. 'Joseph Hume buttoning his caliga, or high-low.' Of this statue we make the complaint that has been made relative to the effigies of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, his late most sacred Majesty George IV, &c.—viz. a total, shameful, wicked, mean, perverse, base inaccuracy of costume. How is Joseph represented ? by a wicked perversion of fact—in pantaloons—and nothing but pantaloons. Is he not a Scotchman—and do Scotchmen wear pantaloons ?—quite the contrary. There is not a snuff establishment in the metropolis but can furnish a proud denial to the question. So much for the author of Hume ;—pass we now to

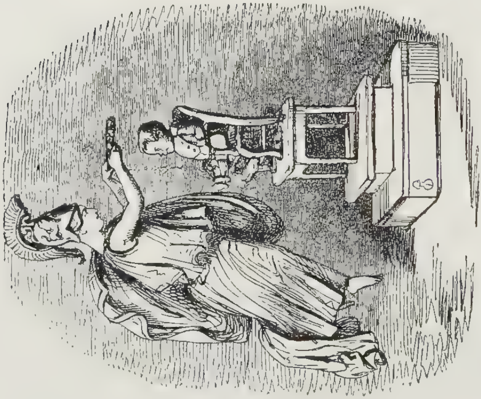
1385. 'B. D'Israeli, Esquire (M.P.), strangling the Whig and Tory serpents.' This is a fine idea—and the snakes we may say are magnificently *handled*. Whether, however, the Tories are snakes, or the Whigs resemble those exceedingly venomous creatures—we for our parts decline to state. To call a gent a snake is, to *our* thinking, to say that he is no better than a reptile : and is it fair to treat the two great parties in England in this humiliating manner ?



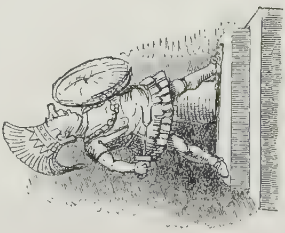
JOHN BULL PLUCKING THE INCOME TAX OUT OF HIS FOOT



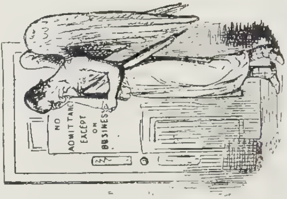
HUME TYING HIS HIGHLOW



VICTORIA PATRONIZING THE FINE ARTS



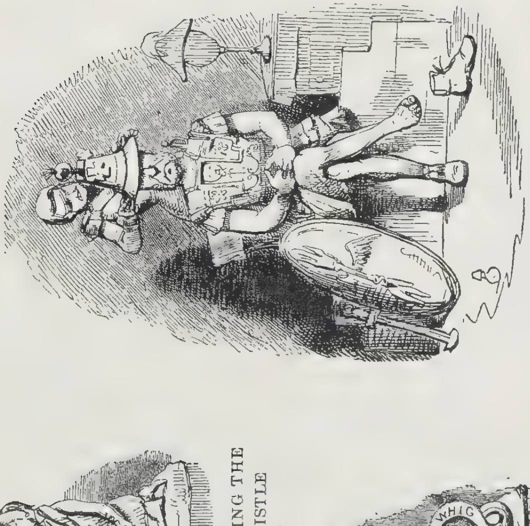
GIBBS DEFYING THE VESTRY


TREASURY
NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT ON BUSINESS

THE PERI WEEPING AT THE GATES OF PARADISE

BRITANNIA PRESENTING THE ORDER OF THE THISTLE TO SIBTHORP

THE INFANT HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENTS



MARS ATTIRED BY PRINCE ALBERT

JOINVILLE TAMING THE BRITISH LION

MERCURY GIVING GRAHAM AN INSIGHT INTO LETTERS

The portrait of the celebrated author of *Coningsmark*, &c., is good, but not in the least like him. In this the artist has shown his tact and skill.

10465. 'Mercury teaching Sir James Graham the Use of Letters.' Absurd—contrary to truth. It was Cadmus who invented letters by the aid of the God of Quicksilver. Sir James Graham only broke them open when written.

100000. 'John Bull extracting the Income-Tax from his Foot.' Ha ! ha ! ha ! We wish he may procure it, but not all the Levis or Eisenbergs in the world can remove that obstruction from him.

As for 'Sibthorp eating Thistles' (395), and 'Lord Brougham in the character of a Peri mourning his being kicked out of Paradise' (No. 4967), these are *base*-reliefs indeed ;—if Colonel S. likes thistles (and we have not heard whether he does or no, and if he does, there are some very useful animals who like them, too), why should he not eat them ? and why be held up to public ridicule for a harmless, though singular, taste ? And in regard of Lord Brougham being turned out of the Treasury—we ask one thing—Could his lordship help it ? and is it not perfectly natural that he would like to get back again ? Would not Russell and Palmerston like to go back, too ? and, as in the case of John Bull (100,000), we say, we heartily wish they may get it.

THE WOODEN-SHOE AND THE BUFFALO INDIANS[1]

[September 7, 1844]

ALL travellers agree in stating that the powerful tribe of Wooden-Shoe Indians occupies a large tract of territory on the Great Salt-water Lake, opposite the island inhabited by the Roast-Buffalo tribe. The two tribes have been at war from time immemorial: the Wooden-Shoes hating and cursing the Roast-Buffaloes, and the Buffalo having, in turn, the greatest contempt for his neighbour across the Lake.

The Wooden-Shoes are particularly bitter against the Buffaloes, because the latter are the only tribe in America over whom the Shoes have not obtained an advantage. The Shoes are the most violent and quarrelsome people of the Continent: they live by robbery and pillage: they are little skilled in trade; hence, probably, their dislike to it, and their extreme fondness for war.

A Chief, to have any authority over them, has hitherto been in a manner obliged to lead them to the war-path; for, when left to themselves, they are so quarrelsome that they are sure to be cutting each other's throats; and the Sachems wisely consider it is best that their braves should be employed against the enemy than in the ruinous practice of internecine slaughter. Many moons ago, there was an unlucky Chief of the Wooden-Shoes, the *Manchon Blanc* or *White Muff* by name, who was of rather a peaceful disposition. The Wooden-Shoes scalped him and his wife, lifted the war-hatchet, burst into the territories of the neighbouring tribes, and such was the vigour of their onset that at first all the Continent was subdued by them, and made to pay tribute to the victorious Wooden-Shoes.

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[1] From *Walks and Wanderings in the Wilderness and Wigwams*, a forthcoming work upon the virgin forests of North America, by that eminent traveller, George Jones.

They were led, at this proud period of their conquests, by a chief who was called in their language, *Le Petit Caporal*, a warrior of undaunted courage and amazing savageness and cunning. He conquered all the Continent; and, though of a low origin himself, carried off from the Great Father of the Pipe-Smoking Indians a daughter, whom he brought home to his wigwam, putting away his first wife for the purpose. But the successes of the *Petit Caporal* were of brief duration. The tribes allied themselves against him; and, headed by the Roast-Buffalo Indians, whom he had never been able to master, they overcame and utterly annihilated him.

They held a council after the victory, and determined on restoring the government of the Wooden-Shoes to a younger brother of the Sachem who had been scalped by the tribe. The Wooden-Shoes, however, indignant that foreigners should intermeddle in the concerns of their government, determined to get rid of the family so imposed upon them; and, though they allowed the first chief (he was called the *Fat Turtle*) to reign and die unmolested, they took occasion to seize upon his brother, who succeeded the *Turtle*, and turned him out of the government, and out of their territory.

We now come to the chief subject of the present memoir—the famous old chief who has been called by his countrymen *La Vieille Poire*, and who has reigned over them for fifteen years.

La Vieille Poire was a relation of the *Fat Turtle*, and his family (a younger branch) had incessantly been quarrelling with the elder for the chieftainship. The *Poire's* father conspired against the old chief, who was scalped in the outbreak, and had hoped to seize the government when the *Vieux Manchon* was murdered, but the people scalped the pair of them; on which the *Poire*, who was then a young warrior distinguishing himself in the trail of the enemy along with the other braves of the Wooden-Shoes, fled away from his native tribe, having no fancy to leave his top-knot to dry on the pole alongside of his father's.

Vieille Poire then rubbed off the war-paint of the Wooden-Shoes, and joined the Buffalo Indians, tattooing himself as much as possible after the manner of that tribe. He lived among the Buffaloes as well as he could, and finally came back to his own tribe with the *Fat Turtle*, when that chief was restored. In the delight of his heart, the *Turtle* forgave the *Poire* all the evil his father had done, and restored to him the paternal wigwam. The people revolted for a second time against *Fat Turtle*, when the *Poire* persuaded them that he was the very man for their purpose, and accordingly they elected him their Sachem.

Since then the *Poire* has attained a position vastly too secure to be ever ousted from it, and now governs the Wooden-Shoe tribe in spite of themselves. As they were a very rebellious, captious race, the *Poire* surrounded the principal village of the Wooden-Shoes with blockhouses, which he filled with his own braves, who are ready to fire upon the other Wooden-Shoes if they make the least disturbance or revolt.

In the last fifteen years, the *Poire's* children have grown up, have taken squaws of their own, and the papoosey now begin to swarm about their lodges.

Last year the *Poire* sent one of his sons, called the *Belle Poule*, or *Fat Hen*, on a visit to the Buffaloes. They showed him their Island, and he thought it was very rich, abounding in game, firs, and wealth of every kind—the young braves who went in the canoe with the *Belle Poule*, looked upon the Virgins of the Buffaloes and panted for the day when they should set their wigwams blazing, scalp the young men of the tribe, and carry off the girls to their own lodges.

The young men of the Buffaloes—who have been thinking too much of their hunting and trapping, their fishing and trading, and who, from a long habit of beating the Wooden-Shoes, have got to despise them perhaps too much—are meanwhile beginning to awake and get angry too. 'Shall we who crushed their fathers,' they say, 'allow these little savage Wooden-Shoes to bluster and threaten? Are they to go on for ever whirling their tomahawks, singing their war-songs, firing their rifles within an inch of our noses, and the Buffaloes never to show their horns?'

To this, there is an *Old White Bison* among the Buffaloes who replies. He is very old, very white, very wise, and very brave—perhaps the bravest chief now known in the world—for he has been more often on the trail of the Wooden-Shoes than any known warrior, and he it was who took the scalp of the Great Brave of the Wooden-Shoes, the cruel and terrible *Petit Caporal.* 'The Wooden-Shoes,' says he, 'sing and chatter like women; the Buffaloes are men. He who is silent can see and hear better than he who talks. He who is still can take better aim than he who is running. If the Wooden-Shoes dig up the hatchet, the Buffaloes will take it up; and they know how to wield it better than any brave among the Wooden-Shoes. But it is better that their young warriors should brag than that our lodges should burn. The yelping of curs only frightens children. The Buffaloes are men. I have spoken. Hech!'

. . . . . .

At this interesting period the document kindly furnished us by Mr. Jones ceases; and we know not what was the cause of the dispute between the two tribes. He states that the accompanying savage design, depicting the war-dance of these wild men, contains pretty accurate portraits of the chief of the Wooden-Shoes (Louis Philippe); of *Belle Poule* (Joinville), his son; of the *Solemn Owl* (Guizot), the chief Medicine of the tribe, a grave and peaceful chief; of the little *Cock-Sparrow* (Thiers), a very savage and mischievous little Wooden-Shoe, who has never been on the war-path himself, but has a great skill in inflaming his comrades; and of the *Old Bald Eagle* (Soult), a great warrior of the tribe, who has often engaged with the *Old White Bison* of the Buffaloes. The *Old Bison* has had the better of him in all their battles, and has taken his top feathers several times—hence the barrenness of his poll at present. But the two old Braves respect each other very much nevertheless, and know too much about war to plunge into it hastily, like some of the young braves of either side.

SHAMEFUL CASE OF LETTER-OPENING

TALE OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE

[September 7, 1844]

We have received from a member of that absurd place of meeting the two following letters, which we print at his request :—

August 16, 1844.

'Sir,

'You will see by the stamp on the paper that I am a member of a club which shall be nameless—but spose its in George Street, Anover Square.

'I ave friends, lovers of litteryture and members of that club. Halderman Codshead is a lover of litteryture and member of that clubb ; Mr. X-Sheriff Spettigue is a ditto ditto—and hah ! what tremlous ixitement and dalicious hinflux of joy I ave ad, when Selina Spettigew, in her kinary bonnit and pink muzzlin dress, attended our president's last lecture on Jericho ! I was introdewst to her by the sheriff that day. It was but the fommation of a *wild inheffable tremenduous* passion on my part.

'I'm not the honly member of our club of the name of Jones, has you well know. I'm not only not the only Jones, but I'm not the only Samuel Jones—there's another S. J. (ang him, or if you will allow the stronger word, *pray don't bawk yourself*), there's another Samuel, the capting, late of the Oxillary Legium, a great feller of near six foot high, with emence beard and mistaches, who always smoax his filthy sigars, and *swells and swaggers* hup and down the club-room as hif it was his own. Heven when Buckinham comes in, this great beast don't stir hisself or take hoff his at. You may then fansy what *a rood monster* he is. They say he killed two gents in jewels in Spain : and though he's *perpetuly hectaring* over me, of course *I* ain't a going to run the risk of gitten myself anged for the pleasure of shootin' him. Besides I never fired a pistol hoff in my life—but to my porpoise.

'You must know this *beest* is always opening my letters. He's at the Hinstitute from morning till night, and has I can only stepp in of an evening when my estabblishment (Swan and Edgar's) is closed—of coarse he has *the pick and chews* of the letters that come in. And I have *my* letters directed there as well as he has. It's more fashnable.

'In this way the blaggerd has red many scoars of my letters—those from my Ma and Sisters—those from my Aunt Cowdy in Liverpool—from all my friends in fact: for his curosity is perfectly *insashable*. But once when I opened one of *his* letters by mistake, the great *broot* snapt his fingers close to my nose, and swoar he'd pull it if he ever found me meddling with his corspondance again! The consquance now is, that I am halways ableeged to wait now until he has opened *both* our sets of letters, before I venter to look at mine. So that I hoft'n say (in bitterness of sperrit), "there's two on 'em at my letters, Sam Jones and Sir James Graham."

'Well! When I say I made a favorable impression on the art of Selina Spettigew, on the night of that Lectur on Jericho—I bleave I may say so without fear of going wrong.

'Old Spettigew, who had been asleep during the lecter with his bandanner over his face, woak up where Buckinham came to a stop, and said to me,

'"You've taken care of my Selina, Mr. Jones."

'"Sir," says I, "I ave," and Selina's i's and mine met; and we blushed, *my*, how we did blush!

'"I'll tell you what, Jones, my boy," says he (he knows my fammaly), "I'm blest if I don't ask you to dinner." My art beat an hunderd a minute; I went and called a cab, and put the dear ladies in for Hunter Street, their fammaly manshan, and Spetty and I ad some supper at the Hinstatute, which I stood—the appiest of human beings!

. . . . . .

'Days roaled on—Spetty never asked me to dinner—I pined and pined as I thought of Selina. I didn't call in Unter Street. Pride pravented me: and bisness hours isn't over till eight. I saw Spetty at the lectur on the tomb of Cheops' grandmother (dalivered by Mr. B.), but he evoided me. I was too prowd to notice him—*I* am not poor—*I* am not an adventurer seaking for faviours. My father is an aberdasher in the west of Hengland, I am in London honly for my heducation.

'Fansy then my disgust one day at hearing that other Sam Jones—confound him—a standin' among a score of other chaps, roaring with lafter, and making no end of fun—and imagin my luxry at overearing him say—

"You know that little beast my namesake who comes to this infernal hole. He's a haberdasher's apprentice. I open all his letters by mistake—and have read every word about his mamma, and his sisters, and his aunt Cowdy. Well sir, six weeks ago, old Spettigue was here with his daughter at Buck's lecture. The gal's a monstrous fine gal. I heard Spet say he would ask the little brute to dinner. I got his invitation; answered it, and by Jove, sir, *I went.* Real turtle—and plenty of port after dinner."

'Hearing this I was halmost busting with indignation. So I goes up to the other Samuel Jones and I says, "Sir," says I, "*your umble servant.*"

'At this sarchasm the *beest* bust out laughing again—and all the other fellers as well—and has for me—I, sir, can bear it no longer.

'Ham I to be robbed, my letters to be opened, to be bullied, laughed at, in this dastardly way? No sir, as you have taken the affares of the Hinstitute in hand—I imploar you pint out the shameful impydince practised upon

'Your constant reader,
'Samuel Jones.'

B. & F. I. August 18, 1844.

‘Sir,

‘It’s too late now. You needn’t put in that fust letter I wrote. It’s no good: no ballsem to a broken art. Send me a straight waste-coat, for I’m dizzystracted. I’ve jest read in the *Morning Post* the following:—

> ‘Married at St. Pancras, by the Rev. Dr. Golightly, Samuel Jones, Esq., K.S.F., K.S.T., M.B., & F.I., late a Lieutenant in the service of her Most Catholic Majesty, to Selina Scramjaw, only daughter of Mortimer Spettigue, Esq. of Hunter Street, Brunswick Square.

‘It’s his reading my letters that has done it. *This* is the consequence of the spy system.

‘No more from your unappy

‘Samuel Jones’

PUNCH'S TRIBUTE TO O'CONNELL

[November 15, 1845]

As the day comes round when the grateful millions, whom you are making so wise, industrious, and happy, are clubbing their halfpence for your benefit, it becomes us all, dear Dan, to offer our quota of admiration to you; and I hereby send you my contribution, in a coin with which you are yourself in the habit of relieving the necessitous—I mean a little slack jaw. In a case of necessity in your country, you are always the very first to come down with a subscription of that sort.

'And I wish to Heaven that poor Paddy, who has no lack of the commodity, and takes it from you so kindly, would but pay you back, in this present hard season, in the same circulating medium. I am not averse to the subscription-box at most times. A good crowd—a good rattling scene between me and Judy, or me and the devil—and, "now, gentlemen and ladies," my man goes round for the subscription, and the coppers come tumbling into the tin. I don't like that vulgar cant of calling it a begging-box: we are worthy of our hire, both of us.

'But there are times and seasons to take the money from poor devils who are starving!—actually starving! To be going round for money just now in Ireland—to take the last pence of the poor, ragged, kindly, hungry, foolish creatures—it turns my gorge somehow. You can't be going to accept the money. Do without this time. If you have none, go down to Derrynane, and go tick; but don't take the poor devils' money. For the credit of us adventurers who live on the public, and who are said to be good-natured and free-handed—rogues as we are—stop the collection of the coppers, just for this once. I know the old gag about "forsaking great professional emoluments," and so forth.

But let them off this time—the poor starving rogues—the good-natured simple Paddies, who roar at all your jokes, huzzah at all your lies, come leagues upon leagues to attend your show, and have paid their money so often !

'"Dives and Lazarus" is bad enough, and the contrast of the poor man's sores and the rich man's purple. But put it that Dives absolutely begged the money from Lazarus, and grows fat while the other starves, it will be even so if you take these folks' money—but I am again growing too serious.

'Not that I quarrel with a joke, my dear professional friend, or am jealous of yours ; but I think, of these latter days, you have been a trifle too facetious. That excessive good humour the which you have flung into the discussion of the Starvation Question—or rather that airy gaiety with which you have eluded it—hopping facetiously away from it when pressed upon you, and instead of talking about the means of preventing your countrymen's ruin, telling a story about the coolness of the Lord Lieutenant's rooms, or having a fling at the Saxon, or telling a lie about the *Times* Commissioner, struck me as rather out of place. A joke is a joke, and nothing can be more pleasing than a lie (we will call it a hoax) in its proper place—but not always. You wouldn't cut capers over a dead body, or be particularly boisterous and facetious in a chapel or a sick-room ; and I think, of late, dear Sir, you have been allowing your humour to get the better of you on occasions almost as solemn. For, isn't Hunger sacred ? isn't Starvation solemn ? And the Want of a nation is staring Daniel O'Connell in the face, and the Liberator replies with a grin and a gibe.

'All the country is alarmed by the danger, and busy devising remedies to meet it. The gentlemen of Kerry subscribe 8,000*l.*—the Liberator subscribes, the Advice that corn shall not be sent out of the country. The Lord Lieutenant does all that such a feeble, absurd ceremony as a Lord Lieutenant *can* do—gives a ceremony of consolation ; says, Government has employed scientific men, will send for others, and so forth. Dan sneers at the scientific men because they are Saxons, and fancies he covers his own astounding selfishness and indifference by this brutal claptrap. The people come flocking to Conciliation Hall to know what Dan will do—what *he'll* propose, God bless him ! that's to get them out of the scrape ? and he puts up

Mr. Dillon Browne to indulge in ribald jokes against Agricultural Societies; and he himself amuses the meeting with a piece of lying buffoonery about the *Times* Commissioner. He owns it is a lie; boasts and chuckles over the lie. "If he wasn't turned out of the house, as I declared he was, he *ought* to have been turned out," and all the audience roar. What an audience, and what an orator! Think of the state of mind of the poor fellows who have been got to like and listen to such matter! who, perishing themselves with hunger, still feed and fatten him to whom in their extremity (when every man with a heart in his breast is devising plans for their rescue) the old cynic, who wallows in their bounty, does not offer a shilling; but for all advice, jeers and belies their English brethren who, by God's help, are able and willing to assist them, and for all consolation entertains them with lies and *lazzis*. I think it was the French newspapers who called you the Irish Moses; and now the people are calling upon their deliverer, and behold, out comes Jack Pudding!

'My brazen old brother buffoon! If I had the ear of your Paddies in Conciliation Hall I would tell them a story.—"During the Consulship of Plancus, when I was green and young, I had a dear friend, who for some years made a very comfortable income out of me, by cheating me at cards. He was an exceedingly agreeable, generous, social fellow, and professed and felt, no doubt, a warm regard for me; for he used always to win and I to pay with unalterable confidence and good humour. I furnished his house for him, I paid his tailor's bills, I kept the worthy fellow in pocket-money. Win what he would, I *wouldn't* believe he was a cheat. At last, as I insisted on not discovering his practices, my jolly friend did not give himself the trouble to hide them; and one day, when we were playing a friendly game at *écarté* together, I saw him with a selection of eight or nine trumps and court cards comfortably spread in his lap, from which he supplied his hand as he wanted."

'God save the Greens! I leave the amateurs of good jokes on the other side of the Channel to determine the moral of this fable. Who are the green ones there? and whose confidence and blindness are so inconceivable that the old sharper who takes their money scorns even to hide the jugglery by which he robs them.

'PUNCH.'

ROYAL ACADEMY

[May 9, 1846]

'Newman Street, Tuesday.

'Dear Punch,

'Me and another chap who was at the Academy yesterday, agreed that there was *nothink in the whole Exhibition* that was worthy of the least notice—as our pictures wasn't admitted.

'So we followed about some of the gents, and thought we'd *Exhibit the Exhibitors ;* among whom we remarked as follows. We remarked

Mr. Sneaker, R.A., particularly kind to Mr. Smith, a prize-holder of the Art Union. N.B.—Sneaker always puts on a white Choaker on Opening day ; and has his boots *French pollisht.*

'Presently we examined Mr. Hokey, a-watching the effect of his picture upon a party who *looks* like a prize-holder of the Art Union. Remark the agitation in Hokey's eye, and the tremulous nervousness of his highlows. The old gent

looks like a flat: but not such a flat as to buy Hokey's picture at no price. O no!

'Our eyes then turned upon that *seedy gent*, Orlando Figgs, who drew in our Academy for ten years.

Fancy Figgs's delight at finding his picture on the line! Shall I tell you how it got there? *His aunt washes for an Academician.*

'The next chap we came to was Sebastian Winkles, whose *profound disgust* at finding his portrait on the floor, you may *imadgin.*

'I don't think that queer fellow Peombo Rodgers was much happier; for his picture was hung on the ceiling.

'But the most *riled* of all was Hannibal Fitch, who

found his picture wasn't received at all. Show 'em all up, dear *Mr. Punch*, and oblige your constant reader,

'Modest Merit.'

A NEW NAVAL DRAMA

THEATRE ROYAL, WHITECHAPEL ROTUNDA

[July 4, 1846]

'SMOKING HAS BEEN FORBIDDEN IN BRITAIN'S NAVY.
TARS AND ENGLISHMEN! UP AND RALLY ROUND
FITZ-BRICK'S NEW DRAMA,

THE SEAMAN'S PIPE!

OR, THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE.'

ACT I—A Seaman's Loyalty

The scene represents the village green, the village church in the midst; on the left, Dame Rosemary's *cottage.*

Enter Susan, Tom Clewline, *and* Villagers *from the church.* Screw *from opposite side.*

Tom. Yes, lads, old Tom Clewline's spliced at last; hauled up high and dry, hey, Suky, my lass? Come into dock like an old sea-dog, after twenty years' battling with the ocean and the enemy; and laid up in ordinary in Susan's arms.

Screw. Fiends! Perdition! A thousand furies and demons! married! but I know of a revenge. [*Exit.*

Tom. And now, lads, what next, before the supper's ready?

All. The hornpipe; Tom's hornpipe?

Tom. Well, then, here goes.

[*Tom dances the well-known truly British figure. While dancing the hornpipe, re-enter* Screw, *with a press-gang, consisting of a young Midshipman* (Miss Tibbits) *and four sailors, with battle-swords in their girdles.*

Screw (*after the encore of the hornpipe*). There's your man!

[*Press-gang draw cutlasses and advance.*

Tom. What! on my wedding-day? After twenty years' sarvice,—after saving the lives of nine Admirals, and scuttling four-and-twenty men-of-war? Dash! it is hard! isn't it, Susan? And for that snivelling traitor there—(*turning fiercely upon* Screw)—but never mind; a British tar doesn't trample upon worms; a British seaman knows his duty to his King. What ship, sir?

Mids. The *Blazes*, Captain Chainshot, with Admiral Chainshot's flag to the fore.

Tom. I know his honour well. I cut him out of a shark at Jamaiky. Bless you, bless you, Susan, lass!

Susan. Farewell, dearest; here is your bundle. Here is the bacco-bag I worked for you, and here is your pipe.

Screw. Ha, ha! put it in your mouth and smoke it.

[*General Tableau.—National Air.—Press-gang wave their cutlasses—Peasantry in groups—*Tom *tears himself from* Susan—Susan *faints.*

ACT II--The Breeze

Scene I.—*The quarter-deck of the 'Blazes' off Tobago. The American ship 'Gouger' lies NNE. by SW. in the offing.*

1st American Officer. A tarnation neat frigate this!

2nd American Officer. And a pretty crew; and yet I calculate the old *Gouger* would chaw her up in twenty minutes if she were placed alongside of her.

Captain Bowie. Silence, gents! we are hurting the feelings of yonder honest seaman at the wheel.

Tom. Belay, belay there, noble Captain; jaw away and never mind *me*. Chaw up the *Blazes*, indeed!

[*He hitches up his pantaloons.*

Captain (*to Tom, mysteriously, having given a signal to his officers, who retire up the mizen-mast*). You seem a gallant fellow, and, by the cut of your foretop, an old sea-dog.

Tom. Twenty-five years man and boy. Twenty-nine general hactions, fourteen shipwrecks, ninety-six wounds in the sarvice of my country—that's all, your honour.

Captain. Ha! Try this cigar, my gallant fellow.—(*They smoke on the quarter-deck; the American Captain expectorates a great deal.*)—So much bravery, and a seaman still! Some few faults, I suppose? a little fond of the can, hey? There's a power of rum on board the *Gouger*.

Tom. No, no, Captain, I don't care for rum, and the bos'n's cat and my shoulders was never acquainted. 'Tis the fortune of war, look you.

Captain. Look at me! Thomas Clewline. I'm a Commodore of the United States Navy; I've a swab on each shoulder, a seat in the Senate, and twenty thousand dollars a-year. I'm an Englishman like you, and twenty years ago was a common seaman like you. Hark ye—but ho! the British Admiral! [*Walks away.*

Admiral Chainshot. Captain Chainshot, you must read out the order about smoking, to the ship's crew.

Captain Chainshot. Aye, aye, Sir.

Adm. To begin with Tom Clewline, at the helm there. Tom! you saved my life fourteen times, and have received ninety-four wounds in the service of—

Tom. Ninety-six, your honour. Does your honour remember my cutting you out of the shark, in Jamaiky harbour?

Adm. I was swimming—

Tom. Up comes a great shark—

Adm. Open go his jaws, with ninety-nine rows of double teeth—

Tom. My gallant Captain sucked in like a horange—

Adm. But Tom Clewline, seeing him from the maintop-gallant—

Tom. Jumps into the sea, cutlass in hand—

Adm. Cuts open the shark's jaws, just as they were closing—

Tom. And lets out his Captain.

Adm. My friend!

Tom. My Admiral! [*They dance the hornpipe.*

[*Sailors gather round, smoking; the American Officers look on with envious countenances.*

Adm. But, Tom, I've bad news for you, my boy. The Admiralty has forbidden smoking on board—all smoking, except in the galley.

Tom. What! Tell that to the Marines, your honour,—forbid a sailor his pipe. Why, my pipe was given me by my Syousan. When I'm smoking that pipe, on the lonely watch, I think of my Syousan; and her blessed blue eyes shine out from the backy . . . .

(The British Seaman may be accommodated to any length in this style.)

Only smoke in the galley! Why, your honour, the black cook's so fat that there's scarce room for more than two seamen at a time,—and that the only place for a whole ship's crew!

Crew. Hum! hum! wo-wo-wo-wo. [*They make the usual strange noise indicative of dissent.*

Capt. A mutiny! a mutiny!

Adm. Silence, men! Respect your Queen and country. Each man fling down his pipe!

[*They dash them down to a man.—National Anthem.—Grand Tableau.*

Adm. My heart bleeds for my brave fellows! Now, Captain Bowie, your gig's alongside, and I wish you a good day. You will tell your government that a British seaman knows his duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Sunset—Moonlight—Six bells—Midnight.*—Tom *still at the wheel.*

Tom. No—no, but I wouldn't, I *couldn't* break Syousan's pipe—my pretty little pipe—my pretty Syousan's last gift! part with *yow!* No, not if I were to die for it.

[*He puts it in his mouth.*

Captain (*coming unperceived out of the binnacle*). Ha! smoking!—You shall have five hundred lashes, as sure as my name's Chainshot. Ho, bos'n! pipe all hands for punishment. [*Exit* Captain.

Tom. What! flog *me?* flog Tom Clewline? No, dash it, never. Farewell, Admiral! Farewell, my country! Syousan, Syousan! [*Jumps overboard.*

[*Cries of* '*A man overboard! He's swimming to the American frigate;*' '*She's standing out to sea!*' *&c. This is a beautiful scene. The* '*Gouger*' *with all her canvas set, her bowlines gaffed, and her maintop-halyards reefed NS. by SN., stands out of the harbour, and passes under the bows of the* '*Blazes.*' *Distant music of* '*Yankee Doodle.*' Tom *is seen coming up the side of the ship.*

ACT III

Scene—*The main-deck, U.S. line-of-battle ship* '*Virginia,*' Commodore ———. *In the offing, the* '*Blazes*' *is seen in full chase, with her dead-eyes reefed, her caboose set, and her trysail scuppers clewed fore and aft.*

Susan. But, my love, would you fight against your country?

Commodore. Syousan! go below to the gun-room. The deck is no place for woman, at an hour like this. (*Exit* Susan.) How's the wind, Master?

Master. North-south by east.

Commodore. Ease her head a little, Mr. Brace; and cluff her gib a point or so. How's the enemy, Mr. Brace?

Master. Gaining on us, sir; gaining on us, at ten knots an hour. I make her out to be the old *Blazes*, sir, in which we sailed.

Commodore. Hush! The *Blazes*, ha! And I must meet my countrymen face to face, sword in hand, stern to stern, and poop to poop! Who would ever have thought that I—I should fight against my country?

Master. *My* country's where I can get backy.

Commodore. You are right, Brace; you are right. Why did they cut off our backy, and make mutineers of our men? We'll do our duty by the Stars and Stripes; eh, gentlemen? and will show Britons how Britons can fight. Are the men at their guns, Lieutenant Bang?

Lieut. Aye, aye, sir; but I think there's something would give 'em courage.

Commodore. What! grog, is it?

Lieut. No, sir; the national hornpipe. (Commodore *dances the hornpipe.*) And now, all things being ready, let the action begin, and strike up 'Yankee Doodle.'

[*The 'Blazes' luffs up with her head across the bows of the 'Virginia.' Boarders follow* Chainshot. *Terrific rush of the British, headed by the* Captain, *who clears the main-deck and lee-scuppers of the enemy. Yankee Rally. Combat between the* Commodore *and the* Captain. Chainshot *falls: the British crew fling down their arms.*

Adm. My son! My son! Ah, this would not have happened if Tom Clewline had been by my side.

Commodore. HE IS HERE! (*Opening his cloak and showing the American star and epaulettes.*) Tom Clewline, whom your savage laws made a deserter—Tom Clewline, to whom his native country grudged even his backy—is now Commodore Clewline, of the American Navy.

[*Takes off his hat.*

Adm. Commodore, I am your prisoner. Take the old man's sword.

Commodore. Wear it, sir; but remember this: Drive not loyal souls to desperation. Give the Seaman back his Backy, or, if you refuse, you will have thousands deserting from your navy, like Tom Clewline.

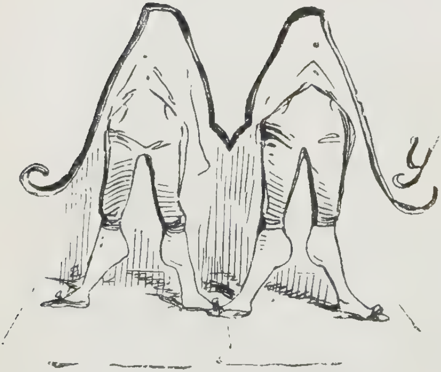
Susan. And if our kyind friends will give us their approval, we will endeavour to show that, as long as the British Navy endures, and the boatswain has *his* pipe, 'tis cryouel, 'tis unjust, unkyind to deny *his* to the seaman !

[*Curtain drops.*

A PLEA FOR PLUSH

[July 4, 1846]

'Belgravia, July 1, 1846.



Dear Sir, Having observed on several occasions in your paper a tone of kindly feeling expressed towards the Jeameses of the metropolis, I desire to call the attention of the public, through your means, to an instance of excessive cruelty which is daily practised by a heartless Duchess, who resides in this parish, towards several of the finest specimens of humanity which it has ever been my good fortune to behold.

'You must recollect, *Mr. Punch*, the state of the thermometer during the past month—generally between eighty and ninety degrees in the shade. Well, sir, during the whole of that fiery season, the merciless woman whom I am anxious to expose, kept four of her fellow-creatures daily encased in close-fitting garments of *scarlet* Plush ! ! ! They wear them still.

'It makes my heart bleed to witness the protracted sufferings of these large, plethoric men ; one of them a Hall

Porter, of mature age and startling obesity. There they stand, on the steps before the street door, making passers-by wink and nursery-maids blush at the splendour of their attire—white, scarlet, and gold—perspiring exceedingly, and irritated to madness by the bluebottle flies and impudent little boys of the vicinity, who unceasingly exclaim, with exasperating monotony, " I say, Blazes, vy don't you buy a Wenham 'frigerator ? "

'I have ascertained, with grief, *Mr. Punch*, that these unfortunate men have little or no hard work to do, that all their messages are performed by deputy; they get their five meals a day—with beer—regular, besides snacks, and I feel convinced that, if the hot weather lasts, unless they are indulged with some light genteel occupation, and in the nankeen shorts (which have latterly been introduced with great success by several benevolent ladies of rank in the neighbourhood), the wretched creatures will inevitably be struck down by apoplexy on the hall steps on which they are so barbarously exposed every day from two till seven.

'I have the honour to remain, Sir,
'Your obedient servant,
'Φιλοφλυνκης.'

We readily give admission to our correspondent's benevolent remonstrance in behalf of the injured Plush family. But if he had seen, as we did, at the Duchess of Douche's *déjeuner* (where the rain came down in torrents, and the breakfast was served under a mackintosh marquee), the dripping condition of several of the nobility's footmen who sported the new summer nankeen lower uniform, Φιλοφλυνκης would acknowledge that in our variable climate PLUSH is, after all, a better stuff than nankeen for the breeches of a British footman.

PROFESSOR BYLES'S OPINION OF

THE WESTMINSTER HALL EXHIBITION

[July 10, 1847]

'Sir,

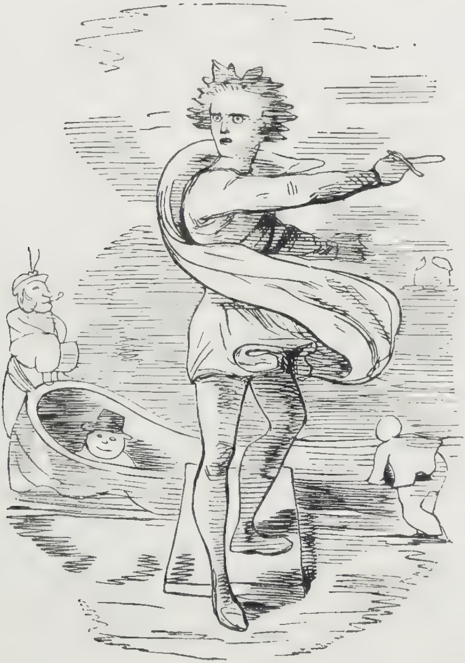
My three pictures, from *Gil Blas*, from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and from *English History* (King John signing that palladium of our liberties, Magna Charta) not having been sent to Westminster, in consequence of the dastardly refusal of Bladders, my colour merchant, to supply me with more paint,—I have lost 1,500*l.* as a painter, but gained a right to speak as a *critic* of the Exhibition. A more indifferent collection of works it has seldom been my lot to see.

'I do not quarrel much with the decision of the Committee; indifferent judges called upon to decide as to the merits of indifferent pictures, they have performed their office fairly. I congratulate the three prize-holders on their *success*. I congratulate them that three pictures, *which shall be nameless*, were kept, by *conspiracy*, from the Exhibition.

'Mr. Pickersgill is marked first; and I have nothing to say,—his picture is very respectable, very nicely painted, and so forth. It represents the burial of King Harold—there are monks, men-at-arms, a livid body, a lady kissing it, and that sort of thing. Nothing can be more obvious; nor is the picture without merit. And I congratulate the public that King Harold *is buried at last;* and hope that British artists will leave off *finding his body any more*, which they have been doing, in every Exhibition, for these fifty years.

'By the way, as the Saxon King is here represented in the blue stage of decomposition, I think Mr. P. might as well step up to my studio, and look at a certain Icenian chief in my great piece of "Boadicea", who is tattooed all over an elegant light blue, and won't lose by comparison with the *Norman victim*.

'Mr. Watts, too, appears to have a hankering for the Anglo-Saxons. I must say I was very much surprised to find that this figure was supposed to represent King Alfred



standing on a plank, and inciting his subjects to go to sea, and meet the Danes, whose fleet you will perceive in the distant ocean—or *ultra marine*, as I call it. This is another of your five-hundred-pounders; and I must say that this king of the Angles has had a narrow escape that the *Queen of the Iceni* was not present.

'They talk about air in pictures; there is, I must say, more *wind* in this than in any work of art I ever beheld. It is blowing everywhere, and from every quarter. It is blowing the sail one way, the royal petticoat another, the cloak another, and it is almost blowing the royal hair off His Majesty's head. No wonder the poor English wanted a deal of encouraging before they could be brought to face such a tempest as that.

'By the way, there is an anecdote, which I met with in a scarce work, regarding this monarch, and which might afford an advantageous theme for a painter's skill. It is this :—Flying from his enemies, those very Danes, the king sought refuge in the house of a neatherd, whose wife set the royal fugitive a-toasting muffins. But, being occupied with his *misfortunes*, he permitted the *muffins* to burn; whereupon, it is said, his hostess actually boxed the royal ears. I have commenced a picture on this subject, and beg artists to *leave it to the discoverer*. The reader may fancy the muffins boldly grouped, and in flames, the *incensed harridan*, the rude hut,—and the disguised monarch. With these materials I hope to effect a great, lofty, national, and original work, when my "Boadicea" is off the easel.

'With respect to the third prize—a "Battle of Meeanee" —in this extraordinary piece they are stabbing, kicking, cutting, slashing, and poking each other about all over the picture. A horrid sight! I like to see the British Lion mild and good-humoured, as Signor Gambardella has depicted him (my initial is copied from that artist); not fierce, as Mr. Armitage has shown him.

'How, I ask, is any delicate female to look without a shudder upon such a piece? A large British soldier, with a horrid bayonet poking into a howling Scindian. Is the monster putting the horrid weapon into the poor benighted heathen's chest, or is the ruffian pulling the weapon out, or wriggling it round and round to hurt his victim so much the more? Horrid, horrid! "*He's giving him his gruel,*" I heard some fiend remark, little knowing by whom he stood. To give 500*l.* for a work so immoral, and so odious a picture, is encouraging murder, and the worst of murders—that of a black man. If the government grants premiums for massacre, of course I can have no objection; but if Mr. Armitage will walk to my studio, and look at my "Battle of Bosworth Field", he will see how the subject *may* be treated, *without* hurting the feelings, *with* a combination of the beautiful and the ideal—not like Mr. Cooper's "Waterloo", where the French cuirassiers are riding about, run through the body, or with their heads cut off, and smiling as if they liked it; but with the severe *moral grandeur* that befits the *Historic Muse.*

'So much for the three first prizes. I congratulate the winners of the secondary prizes (and very secondary their talents are indeed) that some of my smaller pictures were not sent in, owing to my mind being absorbed with greater efforts. What does Mr. Cope mean by his picture of "Prince Henry trying his father's crown"? The subject is mine, discovered by me in my studies in recondite works; and any man who borrows it is therefore guilty of a plagiarism. "Bertrand de Gourdon pardoned by Richard," is a work of some merit—but why kings, Mr. Cross? Why kings, Messieurs artists? Have men no hearts, save under the purple? Does Sorrow only sit upon thrones? For instance, we have Queen Emma

walking over hot ploughshares in her night-clothes—her pocket-handkerchief round her eyes. Have no other women burnt their limbs or their fingers with shares ? My aunt, Mrs. Growley, I know did two years ago. But she was a mere English lady ; it is only kings and queens that our courtiers of painters *condescend to feel for*.

'Their slavishness is quite sickening. There is the "Birth of the first Prince of Wales" (my subject, again) ; there is the "White Ship going down with King Henry's son aboard" ; there is "King Henry being informed of the death of his son, by a little boy" ; "King Charles (that odious profligate) up in the oak" (again my subject). Somebody will be painting "Queen Boadicea" next, and saying I did not invent *that*.

'Then there are Allegories—Oh, allegories, of course ! Every painter must do his "Genius of Britannia" forsooth, after mine ; and subjects in all costumes, from the Ancient Britons in trews (whom Mr. Moore has represented as talking to Sir Robert Peel's friend, and the founder of the Trent Valley Railroad, Mr. Julius Agricola) down to the Duke of Marlborough in jack-boots, and his present Grace in those of his own invention. So there are some pictures in which I regret to say there is very little costume indeed.

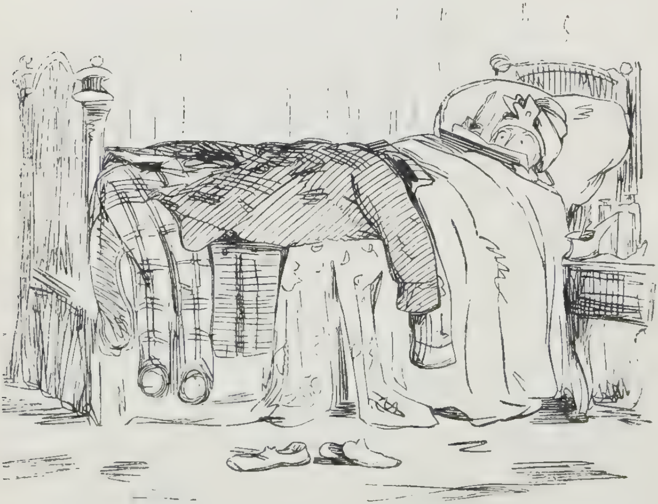
'There are "Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise", with the birds of Paradise flying out too. There are "Peace, Commerce, and Agriculture", none of them with any clothes to their backs. There is 'Shakespeare being educated by Water Nymphs' (which I never knew kept a school), with a Dolphin coming up to give him a lesson—out of the *Delphin Classics*, I suppose. Did the painter ever see my sketch of 'Shakespeare'? Is the gentleman who has stripped 'Commerce' and 'Agriculture' of their gowns aware that I have treated a similar allegory in, I flatter myself, a different style? I invite them all to my studio to see: North Paradise Row, Upper Anna Maria Street, Somers Town East. And wishing, *Mr. Punch*, that you would exchange your ribaldry for the seriousness befitting men of honesty,

'I remain, your obedient Servant,
'GROWLEY BYLES.'

'PUNCH' AND THE INFLUENZA

[December 18, 1847]

At the beginning of the week, when the Influenza panic seemed at the highest—when the Prime Minister and his household—when the public offices and all the chiefs and subordinates—when the public schools and all the masters and little boys—when the very doctors and apothecaries of the town were themselves in bed—it was not a little gratifying to *Mr. Punch* to find that his contributors, though sick, were at their duty; and though prostrate, were prostrate still round their post. At the first moment when *Mr. Punch* himself could stir after his own attack, he rushed to the couches of his young men; and he found them in the following positions and circumstances of life. First—

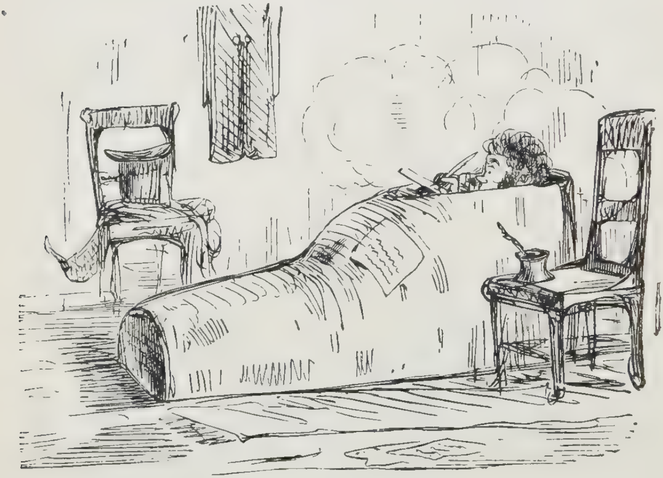


That favourite writer, and amusing man, Mr. J-nes (author of some of the most popular pages in this or any other miscellany), appeared in the above attitude. Tortured by pain, and worn down by water-gruel, covered over by his pea-jacket, his dressing-gown, his best and inferior clothes, and all the blankets with which his lodging-house supplies him, with six phials of medicine and an ink-bottle by his side, J-nes was still at work, on the bed of sickness—still making jokes under calamity. The three most admirable articles in the present number are written, let it suffice to say, by J-nes.

J-nes's manuscript secured, it became *Mr. Punch's* duty to hurry to Sm-th for his designs. Sm-th, too, was at his duty. Though Mrs. Sm-th, the artist's wife, told *Mr. Punch* that her husband's death was certain if he should be called upon to exert himself at such a moment, *Mr. Punch*, regardless of the fond wife's fears, rushed into the young artist's bedchamber. And what did he see there?

Sm-th at work, drawing the very cleverest caricature which his admirable pencil had as yet produced; drawing cheerfully, though torn by cough, sore throat, headache, and pains in the limbs, and though the printer's boy (who never leaves him), was asleep by the bedside in a chair.

Taking out a bank-note of immense value, *Mr. Punch* laid it down on Mr. Sm-th's pillow, and pushed on to another of his esteemed correspondents—the celebrated Br-wn, in a word—who was found as follows :—



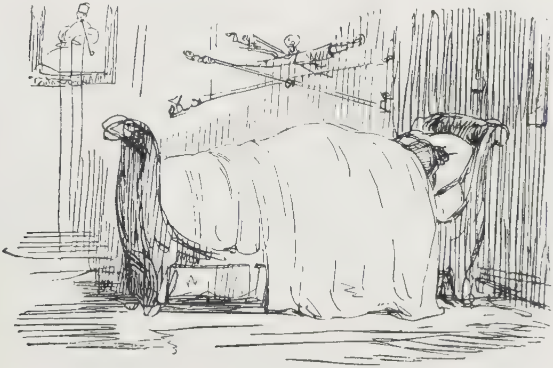
Yes, he was in a warm bath, composing those fine sentiments which the reader will recognize in his noble and heart-stirring articles of this week, and as resigned and hearty as if he had been Seneca.

He was very ili, and seemingly on the point of dissolution ; but his gaiety never deserted him.

'You see I am trying to get the steam up still!' he exclaimed, with a sickly smile, and a look of resignation so touching, that *Mr. Punch*, unable to bear the sight, had only leisure to lay an order for a very large amount of £. *s. d.* upon the good-natured martyr's clothes-horse, and to quit the room.

The last of his Contributors whom *Mr. Punch* visited on that day was the Fat One. 'Nothing will ever ail *him*,' *Mr. P.* mentally remarked. 'He has (according to his own showing) had the Yellow Fever in Jamaica and New Orleans; the Plague twice, and in the most propitious spots for that disease; the Jungle Fever, the Pontine Ague, &c., &c.; every disease in fact, in every quarter of this miserable globe. A little Influenza won't make any difference to such a tough old traveller as that; and we shall find him more jocose and brilliant than ever.'

Mr. Punch called at the F. C.'s chambers in Jermyn Street, and saw—what?



An immense huddle of cloaks and blankets piled over an immovable mass. All *Mr. P.* could see of the Contributor was a part of his red Turkish cap (or tarboosh) peeping from under the coverlids. A wheezy groan was the tarboosh's reply to *Mr. Punch's* interrogatories.

'Come, F. C., my boy,' said *Mr. P.* encouragingly, 'everybody else is doing his duty. You must be up and stirring. We want your notes upon Archdeacon Laffan, this week; and your Latin version of Mr. Chisholm Anstey's speech.'

There was no reply, and *Mr. Punch* reiterated his remark.

'Archdeacl Alstey—ald *Pulch*—ald everyol bay go to blazes,' moaned out the man under the counterpanes, and would say no more. He was the only man who failed *Punch* in the sad days of the Influenza.

IRISH GEMS

[April 15, 1848]

FROM THE 'BENIGHTED IRISHMAN'

OUR troops having smashed through that castle, and pulled down that flag, which now floats over the butcher Clarendon and his minions, a flood of prosperity will rush into the country, such as only the Annals of the Four Masters gives count of. Since the days of Brian Boroimhe such days of peace, plenty, and civilization shall not have been known, as those that are in store for our liberated Erin.

There will be a Capital.

The Ambassadors of the foreign Powers will bring their suites and their splendours to the Court of the Republic. The nobility will flock back in crowds to our deserted squares. Irish poplin will rise in price to ten shillings a yard, so vast will be the demand for that web by the ladies of our city. Irish diamonds will reach the price of the inferior Golconda article. Irish linen and shirtings will rise immensely. Indeed, all Irish produce, not being depreciated by the ruinous competition for gold, will augment in value.

Debt at home, and absenteeism, have been the curses of our country. Henceforth there shall be no absenteeism, and no debt.

He who refuses to live amongst us is not of us—the soil is for the inhabitants of the soil.

I have already, my dear friends, instructed you in the manner in which every one of you may get a cheap and handsome property for himself, viz., by holding possession of that which you at present occupy. For, as every man has an indefeasible right to subsistence, and as Nature produces for the good of all, it is manifestly right that the many should have the possession, and not the few.

If a landlord should object to this arrangement (who is but a mere accident on the face of the earth), for the love of God, boys, get rifles and blow his brains out. It is much better that a few landlords should perish, and their families (who have been living on the fat of the land hitherto, and may therefore take a turn of ill fortune) should starve, than that multitudes should die of want.

And thus the curse of quarter-day will be removed at once from this island: and after a very little necessary slaughter. For depend upon it that, when two or three landlords have been served in the way recommended by me, the rest will not care to be pressing for rents. The butchers who govern us instituted the system of hanging for this very reason: arguing, that one example before Kilmainham deterred numbers of waverers; and we may be sure that the rifle, rightly employed, will act upon an aristocrat just as well as upon a housebreaker; for, are not men *men*, whether clad in Saxon ermine, or in the rude frieze-coats of our miserable fatherland? Out with your rifles, boys, in the name of humanity.

They say that the property of Ireland is mortgaged in a great degree, and for the most part to the brutal Saxon shopkeepers and pedlars. You will have the advantage of getting your land entirely free; there will be no manacle of debt to weigh down the free arms which are henceforth to till the beloved soil of our country.

And, the land being unencumbered, you will have the further advantage of being able to invite capitalists to aid you with money to conduct the operations of agriculture. Glorious America, which sympathizes with you sincerely, will be much more ready to lend its capital upon unencumbered, than on encumbered property. And we shall negotiate loans in her magnificent commercial cities, where I have no doubt there will be a noble emulation to come to the aid of a free Irish nation.

The idea of sending cattle and pigs to England, to feed Saxon ruffians, is then to be scouted henceforth by all honest Irishmen. We will consume our own beef and pork by our own firesides. There is enough live stock in this island to give every regenerate Irishman good meals of meat for the next year ensuing ; and our lands, notoriously the greenest and most fertile in the world, will have fed up a similar quantity by the year 1850. Thus, we shall never want henceforth ; and, while we fatten and flourish, we shall see the Saxon enemy decay.

And, as the beef-fed scoundrels cannot live upon cotton and hardware, we shall have the satisfaction of reducing the prices of those commodities, and getting them at a much more reasonable rate than that at which the accursed moneymongers now vend them.

FROM THE ‘UNITED IRISHWOMAN’

THE DUTIES OF OUR WOMEN

In the coming time the weapon nearest at hand is always the cheapest. Only *dilettanti* go about picking and choosing. Shilly-shalliers are cowards. Brave men are always armed.

Brave men and brave women, a few suggestions to housekeepers we have already given ; we could supply thousands more.

There is no better weapon, for instance, than one which is to be found in every house in the refined quarter of the metropolis. A grand piano sent down upon a troop of hussars will play such a sonata over their heads as the scoundrels never marched off to. A chimney-glass is a rare thing for smashing. I should not like to be the Saxon assassin upon whom some white-armed girl of Erin flung it.

Pokers and tongs everybody will know the use of. A cut-steel fender is an awkward thing for a dragoon to ride over. A guardsman won’t look well with a copper coal-scuttle for a helmet.

Ladies’ linen will make the best of lint. A laced handkerchief tied round a wounded warrior’s brow will be well bestowed. I have seen a servant in college knocked down by a glossy boot, ever so slight, of varnished leather : if a footman, why not a private soldier ? Have at him, ladies, from the bedroom windows. Your husbands will be away yonder at the barricades.

A hot saddle of mutton, flung by cook into the face of a bawling Saxon Colonel, will silence him ; send the dish-cover with it ; or at tea-time try him with the silver tea-urn.

Our wife has one. She longs for an opportunity to fling it, heater and all, into a Saxon face.

Besides the bottle-rack, the use of which and its contents are evident, your husband will leave the keys of the cellar with you, and you know what to do. Old port makes excellent grapeshot ; and I don't know any better use which you can make of a magnum of Latouche than to floor an Englishman with it. Have at them with all the glasses in your house, the china, the decanters, the lamps, and the cut-glass chandelier.

A good large cheese would be found rather indigestible by a Saxon, if dropped on his nose from a second story. And the children's washing-tub artfully administered may do execution. Recollect, it is a tub to catch a whale.

There is a lady in Leeson Street who vows to fling her Angola cat and her pet spaniel at the military while engaged there. The cat may escape (and it is not the first time the Saxon ruffians have tasted its claws). The Blenheim cost her twenty-five guineas. She will give that or anything else for her country.

The water-pipes will be excellent things to tear up and launch at the enemy. They may make a slop in the house at first, but the mains and the gas will be let off. The ruffians shall fight us if they dare, in darkness and drought.

You will of course empty the china-closets on the rascals, and all the bedroom foot-baths and washing-basins. Have them ready, and the chests of drawers balancing on the window-sills. Send those after them too.

And if any coward Saxon bullet pierces the fair bosom of a maid or a wife of Erin, may the curses of Heaven light on the butcherly dastard ! May the pikes of Erin quiver in his writhing heart, the bullets of Erin whirl through his screaming eyeballs ! May his orphans perish howling, and his true love laugh over his grave ! May his sister's fair fame be blighted, and his grandmother held up to scorn ! May remorse fang him like a ban-dog, and cowardice whip him like a slave ! May life weary him ! death, dishonour, and futurity punish him ! Liar Saxon ! ruffian Saxon ! coward Saxon ! bloody Saxon ! The gentle and the pure defy ye, and spit on ye !

AN AFTER-DINNER CONVERSATION

[April 29, 1848]

Colonel Sibby, *an English Gentleman and Member of Parliament.*
Mr. Benjamin Dizzy, *ditto* *ditto.*
Mr. Y. Doodle, *a Gentleman from Philadelphia.*
Mr. Cuffee, *a Delegate.*

Gentleman from Philadelphia. That cider we had at dinner was tarnation good, but d —— your pickles, Colonel. Why, the stones on 'em's fit to choke a body.

Colonel. Cider! Pickles! The cider was champagne, and the pickles are olives, Mr. Yankee. [*Aside.*] What an ignorant son of a gun it is!

Mr. Benjamin. I could never understand, Mr. Cuffee, why an olive-tree should have been selected as an emblem of peace. It has an ungainly trunk, a scanty foliage, and a bitter fruit. It grows where no other trees will grow; I have seen it, Sibby, lining the bleak hillsides of my native Syrian hills, and speckling the mangy mounds which they call hills in Attica. Brougham cultivates oil yards at his place in Provence—a comfortable box enough, where he and I have speared a boar many a time. But the Greeks were fools in their choice of imagery. They call an olive-tree peaceful, which neither gives shade nor fruit fit to speak of; as they call an owl wise, which only knows how to whoop in the dark, and is a beast unfit for daylight. Peace is a palm-tree, Wisdom is the sun.

Colonel. What the deuce are you a-driving at, about suns, palm-trees, owls, and emblems of peace? Pass round the claret, Dizzy, and give Mr. Cuffee a glass.

Cuffee. Thank ye, Colonel; I stick to port. And yours is uncommon rich and strong, to be sure. My service to you, gents. I suppose now you ave a reglar fish and soup dinner, as we ad, and wine every day?

Colonel. Ha, ha! Here's Mrs. Cuffee's health.

Cuffee. Thank ye, gents. She's gone out engaged professionally, with Miss Martin, or I'm sure she would like to ave ad her legs under *this* maogany. What's the use of keeping the cloth on it? You ain't ashamed on it, Colonel, are you?

Colonel. Good for washing, you know. Ha, ha! had him there. How are you off for soap?—Has your mother sold her mangle? Good for trade, don't you see?

Mr. Dizzy. We wrap up everything in this country, my worthy Cuffee. We put a wig on my Lord Chancellor's head as we do powder on the pate of that servant at whom I saw you winking at dinner. We call a man in the House an honourable gentleman; we dish up a bishop in an apron. We go to Court dressed in absurd old-fashioned bags and buckles. We are as lavish of symbols as the Papists, whom we are always abusing for idol-worship. And we grovel in old-world ceremonies and superstitions of which we are too stupid to see the meaning, the folly, or the beauty. Do you apprehend me, Cuffee?

Cuffee. I'll take a back-hand at the Port—hey, neighbour?

American Gentleman (*shrinking back*). I wish that man of colour would know his place.

Mr. Benjamin. You complain that the cloth is left for dessert; why was it on at dinner? The Colonel's soup would have been just as good on a deal table.

Sibby. But where would Mrs. Cuffee and her mangle have been? No table-cloth, no washerwoman.

Cuffee. Washin and luxuries be blowed, I say. What I want is that every man should have a bellyful, and (here's my health to you, Colonel) that there should be no superfluities. I say we ave ad victuals and drink enough to support twenty men. Look at this table and all this year plate. This year gilt fork (don't be afraid, I ain't a-going to prig it, Colonel) would keep a family for a week. You've got a dozen of 'em. Why should you? I once ad two teaspoons marked with a C; but that was in appier times, and they are separated now. Why are you to ave dozens? What ave you done for 'em? You toil not, neither do you spin. You ain't a Solomon in all your glory, certainly. You are no better than me; why should you be better hoff? And not you only, but those that is higher than you. The time has come for doing away with these superfluities, and that's the great Principles of Freedom. Your health, citizen.

Mr. Dizzy. If our friend the Colonel had no security for his spoons, those articles, which are indeed very elegant, would lose half their worth. My horse may be worth twenty pounds in London now; but if I am certain that the Government will take possession of him to mount the cavalry, my tenure in the brute becomes hazardous, and his value instantly drops. And suppose you were to make a general distribution of all the spoons in the kingdom—what would happen next ? He would exchange his silver for bread ; that is, the man who had the most bread would come into possession of the most spoons, as now. Would you commence the process over again ? You propose an absurdity, Mr. Cuffee. No : our friend and host has as good a right to his forks as to his teeth ; and may he long use both in the discussion of his meals.

Mr. Cuffee. The law of man and nature is—that a man should live, and that he is as good as his neighbour. No honest Chartist wants your rights, he only wants his own. The Aristocracy have managed matters for us so badly : have made themselves so rich and us so poor, by managing for us, that now we're determined to manage for ourselves. We can't be worse—

Mr. Dizzy. Yes, I say you can.

Mr. Cuffee. I say, again, we can't be worse : and that we are the strongest, and mean to have it. We'll come down in the might of our millions, and say we will be heard—we will be represented—we will be fed—or if not—

Mr. Dizzy. That's your Convention talk, Cuffee—don't talk to *us* in that way.

Sibby. No, no, you may wish it, and you may wish you may get it ; but since the 10th, I think that cock won't fight—eh, my boy ? I say, wasn't that a glorious sight, Mr. Doodle, to see a people rally round their Queen in the way that the citizens did ?

Gentleman from P. Rally round the Queen ! You would have had to go to Osborne to do that.

Cuffee (*with a satirical air*). Where His Royal Highness, the Prince, was a-taking care of Her Majesty.

Dizzy. Pish ! The flag-staff was here, on Buckingham Palace arch, with the crown on the top—What matter that the flag was down ? My dear Sir, Monarchy is but a symbol, by which we represent Union, Order, and Property.

Sibby. Our Glorious Constitution, dammy !

Dizzy. And we can rally round a stick just as well as a living sovereign. The times are gone by when kings turned out with white panaches, and tilted against their enemies like so many dragoons. Would you have had Her Majesty, on a side-saddle, haranguing the police, and His Royal Highness the Prince carrying a baton ?

Cuffee. He is a Field-Marshal, ain't he ?

Sibby. Ha, ha ! Had him there, Cuffee !

Dizzy. His Royal Highness is, so to speak, only an august ceremony. He is an attendant upon the Ark of the Monarchy ; we put that out of danger when commotions menace us.

Cuffee. If a stick would do as well as a sovereign, why not have one ? It don't cost as much—it never dies. It might be kep in a box lined with erming, and have a stamp at the end to sign the warrants. And it might be done for less than four hundred thousand a year.

Gentleman from P. We can do it for less in our country—our President, Mr. Polk, for instance.

Dizzy. Your President, Mr. Polk, cost you a Mexican war : how many millions of dollars is that ? If in this country we were to have an election every year, a struggle for the President's chair every three years, men taking advantage of the excitement of the day, and outbidding each other on the popular cry, we should lose, in mere money, ten times as much as the Sovereign costs us. Look over the water at your beloved France, Mr. Cuffee.

Cuffee. Veeve la liberty (*drinks*).

Dizzy. They have already spent two hundred millions of our money in getting rid of old Ulysses. What is the value of the daily produce of a nation ? When Mr. Cuffee is professionally occupied, he earns—how much shall we say ?

Cuffee. Say five bob a day, you won't be far wrong ; and here's your health.

Dizzy. He loses thirty shillings every week, then, that he does not work ; and either of free will or necessity spends it. If he does not work himself, if he prevents others from working, if he frightens customers, our worthy friend ties the hands of labour, and stops the growth of bread.

Cuffee. You mean by all these grand phrases that there will be a convulsion, during which the labour of the country will stop temporary ?—of course there will. But then see how much better we shall be after, and how much freer to work ! Why, give us our six pints (and have 'em we will) and this country becomes a regular Eutropia.

The Colonel. Explain—Mr. Cuffee—explain !

Mr. Cuffee. I will, Gents, I will: but the bottle's empty, and, if you please, John shall bring another, so as not to interrupt me.

[*The Colonel rings for more wine.*

MR. SNOB'S REMONSTRANCE WITH MR. SMITH

[May 27, 1848]

'My Dear Smith,—When we last met at the Polyanthus Club, you showed me so remarkably cold a shoulder that I was hurt by your change of behaviour, and inquired the cause of the alteration. You are a kind and excellent friend, and used to tip me when I was a boy at school; and I was glad to find that you had public and not private causes for your diminished cordiality. Jones imparted to me your opinion that a previous letter of mine in this periodical was of so dangerous and disloyal a character, that honest men should avoid the author. He takes leave to exculpate himself through the same medium.

'All our difference, my dear Sir, is as to the method of displaying loyalty. Without fulsome professions for the virtuous and excellent young matron and lady who fills the Throne nowadays, one may feel that those private virtues and excellences are amongst her noblest titles of honour, and, without in the least implicating the royal personage seated in it, quarrel with the taste of some of the ornaments of the Throne. I do believe that some of these are barbarous, that they often put the occupant of that august seat in a false and ridiculous position, and that it would be greatly to the advantage of her dignity if they were away.

'You recollect our talk at the Polyanthus, relative to the private letters which passed between Louis-Philippe and the Sovereign of this country, which the present French Government has thought fit to republish. "Why," said you, "did they condescend to make public these private letters? What could it matter to Europe to know whether, in the voyage from Dover to Calais, 'my poor Montpensier' was dreadfully sick, and the King did not suffer at all ?" Royal families must have their talk and gossip, like any other domestic circles. Why placard the town with this harmless private gossip, and drag innocent people into publicity ? And indeed, with the exception of that pretty letter to the Princess Royal (in which her "old cousin" Louis-Philippe announces to her his present of a doll with six-and-twenty suits of clothes, and exhibits himself very amiably and artlessly for once, as a kind-hearted old grandfather and gentleman), it is a pity that the whole correspondence were not consigned to the bottom of that ocean which made "my poor Montpensier" so unwell.

'But if the privacy of Royalty is not to be intruded upon, why is it perpetually thrust in our faces ? Why is that Court Newsman not stifled ? I say that individual is one of the barbarous adjuncts of the Crown, whom we ought to abolish, and whom it is an honest man's duty to hoot off the stage. I say it is monstrous, immodest, unseemly, that in our time such details should occupy great columns of the newspapers, as that of a Royal Christening, for instance, which appeared the other day, in which you read as follows—

> '"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was dressed in sky-blue velvet, embroidered with gold. The dress of Prince Alfred was of white and silver, and the three Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin lace, with flounces of the same over white satin.
>
> '"His Royal Highness Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington were habited in the uniform of Field-Marshals ; the Prince wore the collars of the Garter and the Bath, and the ensigns of the Golden Fleece.
>
> '"The Royal infant was dressed in a robe of Honiton lace over white satin, and was attended by the Dowager Lady Lyttelton. Her Royal Highness was carried by the head nurse."

'Gracious goodness ! is it bringing ridicule on the Throne to say that such details as these are ridiculous ? Does it add to the dignity of the greatest persons in this country that other citizens should be told that Prince Alfred wore white and silver, and the little Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin, with flounces of the same, over white satin ? Suppose their Royal Highnesses wore their frocks inside out, what the deuce does it matter to us ? These details may interest

Mr. Mantalini, but not men in England. They should not be put before us. Why do we still laugh at people for kissing the Pope's toe, or applaud Macartney's British spirit, in the last age, for refusing kotoo to the Emperor of China? This is just as bad as kotoo. Those people degrade the Throne who do not remove from it these degrading Middle-Age ceremonials—as barbarous, as absurd, as unreasonable as Queen Quashymaboo's cocked hat and epaulets, or King Mumbo-Jumbo's glass beads and tinsel.

'When the procession of the sponsors and Her Majesty's procession had passed, and the Queen and the other Royal personages were conducted to their seats, the following *corale* was performed—such a *corale* as was seldom presented to an infant before:—

In life's gay morn, ere *sprightly* youth
By sin and folly is enslaved,
Oh, may the Maker's glorious name
Be on thy infant mind engraved!
So shall no shade of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy early days,
But happiness, in endless round,
Shall still encompass all thy ways.

'Now, Mr. Smith, on your honour and conscience, does the publication of stuff like this add to or diminish the splendour of the Throne? Is it true that if, in "the morning of youth," the Princess is brought up piously, she is sure of endless happiness to "encompass all her ways"? Who says so? Who believes it? Does it add to your respect for the Head of the State, to represent Her Majesty to your imagination surrounded by Bishops, Marshals, and Knights in their collars, Gold Sticks, Sponsor-proxies, and what not, seated in the place of Divine Worship listening to such inane verses? No; the disrespect is not on our side who protest. No; the disloyalty is with those who acquiesce in ceremonies so monstrous and so vain. O Archbishop, is this the way people should renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world? It is these ceremonies which set more people against you and your like, than all your sermons can convince, or your good example keep faithful.

'And I say that we are, *Mr. Punch* and all, a loyal and affectionate people, and that we exult when we see the great personages of the Crown worthily occupied. Take the meeting of last Thursday, for instance, for the Improvement of the Labouring Classes, at which His Royal Highness the Prince attended and spoke:

> "Depend upon it that the interests of often contrasted classes are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents their uniting to the advantage of each other. (*Cheers.*) To dispel that ignorance, and to show how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilized society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person. (*Loud cheers.*) This is more peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education." (*Cheers.*)

'Every man who heard that, I say, cheered with all his heart. "These are imperial words, and worthy kings." There is no Gold Stick in this empire, no Vice-Chamberlain, Groom of the Stole, Hereditary Grand Dancing Master or Quarterly Waiter in Waiting, that will yield to *Mr. Punch* and your humble servant in loyalty, when words such as these are spoken, and in such a spirit: and it is in tasks like these that Princes must busy themselves if in our times they ask for loyalty from others or security for themselves. The hold of the great upon us now is by beneficence, not by claptraps and ceremonies. The people is and knows itself to be the stronger. Wisdom, simplicity, affection, must be the guardians of the English Throne; and may God keep those Gentlemen-ushers about the Court of Queen Victoria!'

YESTERDAY; A TALE OF THE POLISH BALL

BY A LADY OF FASHION

[June 10, 1848]

The absence of the Life Guards, being on duty against the Mob, occasioned some disappointment to many of the fair fashionables at Willis's, on Monday night.—*Morning Paper.*

LIONEL DE BOOTS was the son of Lord and Lady de Booterstown, and one of the most elegant young men of this or any age or country. His figure was tall and slim; his features beauteous: although not more than eighteen years of age, he could spell with surprising correctness, and had a sweet yellow tuft growing on his chin, *already!*

A pattern of every excellence, and brought up under a fond mother's eye, Lionel had all the budding virtues, and none of the odious vices contracted by youth. He was not accustomed to take more than three glasses of wine; and though a perfect Nimrod in the chase, as I have heard his dear mamma remark, he never smoked those horrid cigars while going to hunt.

He received his commission in the Royal Horse Guards Pink (Colonel Gizzard), and was presented, on his appointment, on the birthday of his Sovereign. His fond mamma clasped her *mailed warrior* to her bosom, and wept tears of maternal love upon his brilliant cuirass, which reflected her own lovely image.

But besides that of her ladyship, there was another female heart which beat with affection's purest throb for the youthful Lionel. The lovely Frederica de Toffy (whose appearance at Court this year created so thrilling a sensation) had long been designed by her eminent parents, the Earl and Countess of Hardybake, to wed one day with the brilliant heir of the house of De Boots.

Frederica nearly fainted with pleasure when her Lionel presented himself at Alycampayne House in his charming new uniform. 'My military duties now call me,' said the gallant youth, with a manly sigh. 'But 'twill not be long ere next we meet. Remember thou art my partner in Lady Smigsmag's Quadrille at the Polish Ball. *Au revoir*—adieu ! ' Emotion choked further utterance, and, staggering from the presence of *Love*, Lionel hastened to join his regiment at *Kn-ghtsbr-dge.*

That night, as the cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink sat in their tents, carousing to the health of their ladye-loves, news came from the Commander-in-chief that England had need of her warriors. The Chartists had risen ! They were in arms in Clerkenwell and Pentonville. 'Up, cavaliers ! ' said the noble De Gizzard, quaffing a bumper of Ypocras. 'Gentlemen of the Horse Guards Pink, to arms ! ' Calling his battle-cry, Lionel laced on his morion ; his trusty valet de chambre placed it on the golden curls of his young master. To draw his sword, to recommend himself to Heaven and sweet St. Willibald, and to mount his plunging charger, was the work of a moment. The next—and the plumes of the Horse Guards Pink might be seen waving in the midnight down the avenues of the Park, while the clarions and violins of the band pealed forth the national anthem of Britons.

Lionel's mother had taken heed that the chamber which he was to occupy at the barracks was comfortably arranged for *her young soldier*. Every elegant simplicity of the toilet had been provided. 'Take care that there be bran in his foot-bath,' she said to his old servitor (pointing at the same time to a richly-chased silver-gilt *bain de pieds*, emblazoned with the crest of the De Bootses). And she had netted with her own hand a crimson silk nightcap with a gold tassel, which she entreated—nay, commanded him to wear. She imaged him asleep in his war-chamber. 'May my soldier sleep well,' she exclaimed mentally, 'till the ringing trump of morn wake up my gallant boy ! '

Frederica, too, as far as modest maiden may, thought of her Lionel. '*Ah*, Crinolinette,' she said to her maid, in the French language, of which she was a mistress, '*Ah, que ma galant Garde-de-vie puisse bien dormir ce nuit!*'

Lionel slept not on that night—not one wink had the young soldier. In the moon, under the stars, in the cold, cold midnight, in the icy dawn, he and his gallant comrades patrolled the lanes of Clerkenwell. Now charging a pulk of Chartists—now coming to the aid of a squadron of beleagured policemen—now interposing between the infuriate mob and the astonished Specials—everywhere Lionel's sword gleamed in the thick of the *mêlée;* his voice was heard encouraging the troops and filling the Chartists with terror. 'Oh,' thought he, 'that I could measure steel with Fussell, or could stand for five minutes point to point with Cuffey!' But no actual collision took place, and the Life Guards Pink returned to their barracks at dawn, when Colonel Gizzard sent off a most favourable report to the Commander-in-chief of the gallantry of young De Boots.

The warriors cared not for rest that day. A night in the saddle is no hardship to the soldier; though Lionel, feeling the approaches of a cold and sore throat, only took a little water gruel and lay down for half an hour to recruit himself. But he could not sleep—he thought of Frederica! 'To-night I shall see her,' he said. 'Twas the night of the Polish Ball, and he bade his valet procure from Hammersmith the loveliest bouquet for Frederica, consisting of the rosy magnolia, the delicate polyanthus, and the drooping and modest sunflower.

The banquet of the Horse Guards Pink was served at eight o'clock, and Lionel, to be ready for the ball, dressed himself in pumps and pantaloons, with an embroidered gauze chemise, and a mere ribbon of lace round his neck. He looked a young Apollo as he sat down to dine!

But scarce had he put the first spoonful of *potage à la reine* to his ruby lips, when the clarion again sounded to arms. 'Confusion!' said the gallant Gizzard, 'the Chartists are again in arms, and we must forth.' The banquet was left untasted, and the warriors mounted their steeds.

So great was the hurry that Lionel only put on his helmet and cuirass, and rode forth in his evening dress. 'Twas a pitiless night; the rain descended; the winds blew icy cold; the young soldier was wet to the skin ere the Guards debouched on Clerkenwell Green.

And at that hour Frederica was looking out of the left window at Almack's, waiting for Lionel.

Hours and hours he sat on his war-steed through that long night—the rain descended, the wind was more chilly, the dastard Chartists would not face the steel of the Loyal Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink, but fled at the sight of our warriors. Ah, 'twas a piteous night!

Frederica was carried at daybreak to Alycampayne House from the ball. She had not danced all that night: she refused the most eligible partners, for she could only think of *her* cavalier! her Lionel, who never came! Her mamma marked her child's frenzied eye and hectic cheek, and shuddered as she put her daughter to bed, and wrote a hurried note to Dr. L-c-ck.

At that hour, too, the Horse Guards Pink returned to their barracks. The veterans were unmoved: but, ah me! for the recruits! Lionel was in a high fever—two nights' exposure had struck down the gallant boy—he was delirious two hours after he was placed in bed! 'Mamma! Frederica!' he shouted.

. . . . . .

Last Saturday two hearses—the one bearing the helm and arms of a young warrior, and the escutcheon of the De Bootses, the other the lozenge of the Alycampaynes, wound their way slowly to Highgate Cemetery. Lionel and Frederica were laid in the same grave! But how much of this agony might have been spared if the odious Chartists would but have stayed at home, or if that young couple had taken from twelve to fourteen of Morison's Universal Pills, instead of the vile medicine with which 'the Faculty' killed them?

LATEST FROM THE CONTINENT

[August 26, 1848]

SOME days ago the following letter was sent to us by Mr. Alderman Swilby, whose son, Mr. S. Guttler Swilby, is travelling on the Continent with his tutor, the Rev. J. Corker, chaplain to the Alderman when Lord Mayor. It contains the latest continental news, and does credit to a young gentleman who is only eighteen years of age, as a fond parent says, and already weighs eighteen stone.

'FRANKFORT, August 9, 1848.

'MY DEAR PAPA,

'Agreeable to the wishes of yourself and dear Mamma, I take up my pen to give you some idear of my travels on the Continent, as far as I have yet been.

'The little baskit of Ham-sangwidges and Sherry was a great comfut to me on the journey to Dover. They served to console me after taking leave of my dear Mar, and kep my sperrits up very well. We arrived without accident at the Shipp Inn in time for supper.

'Mr. Birmingham has some of the best Maderia ever drank in my life; if you come this way for the ollidays, ask for it, and thank your dear Sam for pointing you out *a good thing*. Mr. Corker liked it too very much, and we wiled away the hours till bedd-time drinking it, and to the health of my *dearest parents*.

'The packit sett of so dewsid erly there was no time to ave anythink comfortable for breakfast; we therefore only ad some coffy and biskits, and went on board the Ostend boat.

'It blew very fresh, and Mr. C. was quite overcome. But the sea hair gives me always an appatite, and I had a good foring breakfast of ham and eggs, and a glass of Coniac, which kep me all right; and I didn't wake until we were in Ostend Arbour, by which time Mr. C. began too to look up.

'This town is very ugly to look at, but strongly fortafied, and has oysters all the year round. Aving to wait for the train, I thought our best amusement would be to try a few dozen of their *famous natives*, which *we did so.* But law bless you Pa, there no such great things after all. Many and many time after the play have we ad bushels of as good fish, as well as to lunch, in my dear native city of London. Porter they charge 1*s.* 8*d.* per bottle, which you must allow is rather *heavy.*

'The country all the way to Brussells is as flat and green as our billiard-table at Camberwell—the towns quite old and ugly. They sell fruit along the road; we ad some—plumbs sower, cherries ditto, aypricots so so, cost one frank. At all the Stations they were drinking beer which I had some, but o lor! Pa! such sower stuff! Why they wouldn't drink it in our servant's hall!

'Brussells is a clean town. We got in just in time for dinner at the Hotel de Suede—as handsome, comfortable, *well kep an Inn as ever you saw.* Dinner not like us, but famous, all except the soup, which is very shy, and made me think of my dearest Ma and the Shipp and Turtle with tears in my eyes.

'Fish is served *after* roast meat in this Popish country; and Puddn comes in the middle of dinner, about the fourteenth dish; which surprized and disappointed me a good deal, for I wished twice of it, and was obliged to go on agin quite fresh at the remaining things. I had twenty-nine different things: Mr. C. was obliged to cry pickayvy at the twenty-third or so—and he did look *so* red! We went and took something warm at a caffy near the Opera, where we went afterwards, and fell asleep with the fateagues of the day. I never much cared about that singing.

Next day we set off for a watering-place called Spa, pronounced *Spore* here—a little bit of a quiet place, where there's what they call *mineral* springs. But the best thing I found here was some little crayfish, that ain't much bigger than a *good* Brighton prawn, but they are full of flaviour and you can eat no end of 'em. I wish I could see dear Ma with a plateful before her. They certainly are both crisp and juicy.

'We were at a most comfortable Inn, the Hotel de Paybaw as it is pronounced. I remarked the ladies at the *table d'hôte* used their knives to their vedgetables and things, and I like the practice *very much.*

'Ax-la-Chapelle is another bath or bang where the dinners are by no means bad. Game is here in plenty: and if you go to the Grand Monarch Inn you will get there a kind of Sallat, which, upon my conscience, is the best thing I ever ate in that way. We went to a ball at the Rooms, but there was no supper, and I didn't care for staying dawdling about and seeing the stupid dancing.

'I had a shy at the famous gambling tables: and neither lost nor won. As my dear Par gives me as much money as ever I want, what do I care about winning anybody else's? It was much better surely to come home to a quiet supper than to bother yourself at that stupid dancing or gambling.

'What I have particularly remarked on the Continent is there capital way of doing potatoes—sometimes brown—sometimes in white sauce—sometimes in sallid which is capitle. I'll dress one when I come home for my dear sisters and Ma.

'The railroads has tunnels just like ours: and in every train there's a carriage express for smoaking—with little tin-boxes to put your cigar-ashes into, and every think convenient. There is plenty of what they call restorations at the stations, by which they mean places where you may lunch and have refreshment. I will say for eating and drinking these Germans are people after my own heart.

'As there was a steamer to Coblence setting off just after the rail, we only drove through the town of Cologne, and that was quite enough, for it is an ugly old-fashioned place: and got on board for the three o'clock boat.

'Would you believe they had all dined already on board the boat? which disappointed both me and Mr. C. very much, for there is no place where you can see the manners and customs of a people so well as where they are dining, and we were forced to put up with just a beefsteak—(it's not a reglar beefsteak on the Continent such as you git at dear Joe's—only the undercut of the sirloin) and made out a wretched disappointing dinner as best we could. It was rather showary, and so we played at chess, and had a nap in the cabbin, and reached Coblence at ten at night—time for supper though, trust your Sam for that. Wild bore very good. Trouts ditto; call them Forellens here. Rudesheimer rather *sower*, must take something to *correct it* afterwards.

'Up in the morning at five, and off per boat to Mayence, where the famous Ham comes from. Couldn't sleep all night though: beds small; people walking about. When we got on board took coffy, and went and had a good snooze in the cabbin again. Didn't wake till ten, when, as I heard, we had passed all the pretty part of the Rhine, and it couldn't be helped (and as for me, give me *a good sleep before all your lanskips*). We had a meat and egg breakfast, and got to Mayence at one o'clock.

'They kep us waiting at the train two hours, and then we came on to Frankfort to our Correspondent, Mr. Schildkrot, who had a handsome dinner ready to receive

'Your affectionate Son,

'SAMUEL GUTTLER SWILBY.'

SCIENCE AT CAMBRIDGE

[November 11, 1848]

Among the new sciences which are to be taught at Cambridge University, and for the teaching of which eminent Professors are to be appointed, we are informed that H.R.H. the Chancellor, and the Heads, have determined to create two new Chairs, upon the applications of the two eminent men whose letters we subjoin.

'*To* His Roil Highness the Chanslor, *and the Nobs of the University of Cambridge.*

'Tom Spring's.

'Sein perposials for astabblishing new Purfessurships in the Univussaty of Cambridge (where there is litell enuff now lurnt, as Evins knows), I beg leaf to hoffer myself to your Royl Ighness as Purfessur of Sulf-defens, which signts I old to be both nessary and useful to every young mann.

'I ave sean on his entry into life without knowing the use of his ands, a young chap flord by a fellar of ½ his sighs; and all for the want of those fust principills which a few terms under me would give him.

'I ave sean, on the contry, many an honest young Mann pervented from doing right and knockin down a raskle who insults a lady in distress, or chaughs you, or anythink, simply from not knowing how to imploy them fistis which natur has endowd him with, and which it is manifest were not made for nothink.

'I old that the fust use of a man's ands is to fight with; and that the fust and most nessary duty of a feller is to know how to defend his nob.

'I should like to know in some instanses whether all your Algibry and Mathamadix, your Greik and Latn and that, would serve a young gent half so well as a good nollidge of sparring and fibbing, which I shall be appy to teach him, has also to serve any Ead of any Ouse in the Unaversaty.

'Peraps I could not stand up before Dr. Biggwhigg and Doctor Squartoes in the Latn Mathamadics; but could they stand up to me with the gloves? Why, I would wop them with one and, and ingage to make the young gentlemen of the Univussaty to do lickwise.

'Therefor I propose to your Royal Ighness and the Eads of Ouses, to allow the manly and trew English Scients of Boxint to be took up for honours by the young gentlemen of Cambridge. Igsamanations might be eld in the Sennit House, both vith and vithout the mufflers, it would be a pretty site—plesnt to parints (for what sight can be nobler than for a fond mother to see a galliant young feller pitchin into his man in good style, or taking his punishment like a trump?) and would etract quanties of foringers and ladies to the Uniwursaty, like the Hancient games of the Roman athleeks.

'The Cribb Purfessurship in the branch of Mathamatacal Science, which I'm blest if it isn't, I purpose to your Roil Consideration, and ham,

'With the deepest respect,
'Your Royal Highness's obeadient to command,
'BENJAMIN BENDIGO.'

From PROFESSOR SOYER.

'PALL MALL.

'MIGHTY PRINCE, AND REVEREND, AND ILLUSTRIOUS GENTLEMEN!

'It has been universally allowed by most nations, that Science would be vain if it did not tend to produce happiness, and that that science is the greatest, by which the greatest amount of happiness is produced.

'I agree with the poet Solon in this remark—and if, as I have no doubt it is one which has also struck the august intelligence of your Royal Highness—I beg to ask with retiring modesty, what Science confers greater pleasure than that which I have the honour to profess, and which has made my name famous throughout the world?

'Eating is the first business of a man. If his food is unpleasant to him, his health suffers, his labour is not so productive, his genius deteriorates, and his progeny dwindles and sickens. A healthy digestion, on the other hand, produces a healthy mind, a clear intellect, a vigorous family, and a series of inestimable benefits to generations yet unborn: and how can you have a good digestion, I ask, without a good dinner? and how have a good dinner, without knowing how to cook it?

'May it please your Royal Highness Consort of the Imperial Crown of England, and you ye learned and reverend doctors, proctors, provosts, gyps, and common sizars of the Royal University of Cambridge, now that you are wisely resolved to enlarge the former narrow sphere of knowledge in which your pupils move—I ask you at once, and with unanimity, to ordain that MY Science be among the new ones to be taught to the ingenuous youth of England.

'Mine is both a physical and moral science—physical, it acts on the health; moral, on the tempers and tastes of mankind. Under one or other of these heads, then, it deserves to be taught in the famous Halls of Cambridge. I demand and humbly request that the SOYER PROFESSORSHIP of Culinarious Science be established without loss of time. And I ask of your Imperial Highness and the learned Heads of the University, what knowledge more useful than that which I possess and profess could be conferred upon a rising and ardent youth?

'Who are the young men of Cambridge? They are brought up for the most part to the study of the Law or the Church.

'Those who have partaken of food in the miserable chambers of the law student, and seen their cadaverous appearance and unearthly voracity, will at once agree with me that *they* are in a lamentable state as regards eating. But it is of the other profession which I speak.

'I can conceive now no person so likely to become eminently useful and beloved as an interesting young ecclesiastic going down to take possession of his curacy in a distant and barbarous province, where the inhabitants eat their meat raw, their vegetables crude, and know no difference between a white and a brown sauce.—I say, most noble, mighty, and learned Sirs, I can conceive of no character more delightful than a young curate coming into such a district after having graduated honourably in MY science. He is like Saint Augustin, but he bears a saucepan in his train, and he endears the natives to him and to his doctrines by a hundred innocent artifices. In his own humble home—see my Regenerator art, my kitchen at home—he gives a model of neatness, propriety, and elegant moderation. He goes from cottage to cottage, improving the diet of the poor. He flavours the labourer's soup with simple herbs, and roasts the stalled ox of the squire or farmer to a turn. He makes tables comfortable, which before were sickening; families are united who once avoided each other, or quarrelled when they met; health returns, which bad diet had banished from the cottager's home; children flourish and multiply, and as they crowd round the simple but invigorating repast, bless the instructor who has taught them to prepare their meal. Ah, honoured Prince, and exalted gentlemen, what a picture do I draw of clerical influence and parochial harmony! Talk of schools, indeed! I very much doubt whether a school-inspector could make a soufflé, or S. G. O. of the *Times* could toss a pancake!

'And ah, gentlemen, what a scene would the examination which I picture to myself present! The Professor enters the Hall, preceded by his *casserole* bearers; a hundred furnaces are lighted; a hundred elegant neophytes in white caps are present behind them, exercising upon the roasts, the stews, the vegetables, the sweets. A Board of Examiners is assembled at a table spread with damask, and the exercises of the young men are carried up to them hot and hot. Who would not be proud to sit on such a Board, and superintend the endeavours of youth engaged in such labour? Blushing, the Senior Medallist receives the Vice-Chancellor's compliment, and is crowned with a fillet by the Yeoman Bedell; this—this I would fain behold in the great, the enlightened, the generous, the liberal country of my adoption!

'And if ever British gratitude should erect a statue to a national benefactor, I can suppose an image of myself, the First Professor of Cookery in Cambridge, to be elevated in some conspicuous situation in after ages, holding out the nectar which he discovered, and the sauce with which he endowed the beloved country into which he came.

'Waiting your answer with respectful confidence, I am, of your Royal Highness and Gentlemen,

'The profound Servant,
'Corydon Soyer.'

THE GREAT SQUATTLEBOROUGH SOIRÉE

[December 16, 1848]

OOD MR. PUNCH,

'I am an author by trade, and in confidence send you my card, which will satisfy you of my name and my place of business. If the designer of the series of cuts called *Authors' Miseries* will take my case in hand, I will not ask to plead it myself; otherwise, as it is one which concerns most literary persons, and as the annoyance of which I complain may be a source of serious loss and evil to them, I take leave to cry out on behalf of our craft.

'The system of oppression against which I desire to protest, is one which has of late been exercised by various bodies, in various parts of the kingdom—by the harmless, nay, most laudable Literary Societies there established. These, under the name of Athenaeums, Institutes, Parthenons, and what not, meet together for the purposes of literary exercitation; have reading-rooms, supplied with magazines, books, newspapers, and your own invaluable miscellany; and lecture-rooms, where orators, and philosophers, and men of science appear to instruct or to amuse. The Sea Serpent, the character of Hamlet, the royal orrery, and dissolving views, the female characters in Mrs. Jones's novels, &c.—whatever may be the subject of the lecturer, I am sure no friend to his kind would wish either to prevent that honest man from getting his bread, or his audience from listening to his harangues. Lecturers are not always consummately wise, but that is no reason why audiences should not listen to them. Myself, Sir, as I walked down Holborn the other day, I saw placarded (amongst other names far more illustrious) my own name, in pretty much the following terms :—

L. A. HUGGLESTONE

Are the Writings of Hugglestone moral or immoral ?

Professor Groutage will deliver an Essay on this subject, on the 25th Instant, at the Philosophical Arena and Psychogymnasium, Cow Lane, Smithfield. After the Lecture, the Arena will be opened for free discussion. Admission 2*d.*, Children 1*d.*

‘ I, of course, did not attend, but female curiosity induced Mrs. Hugglestone to pay her money. She returned home, Sir, dissatisfied. I am informed the Professor did not do me justice. My writings are not appreciated by Mr. Groutage (nor indeed by many other critics), and my poor Louisa, who had taken our little James, who is at home for the Christmas Holidays, by way of treat, came home with mortification in her heart, that our Jemmy should have heard his father so slightingly spoken of by Groutage, and said, with tears in her own eyes, that she should like to scratch out those of the philosopher in question.

‘ Because the Professor has but a mean opinion of me, is that any reason why free discussion should not be permitted ? Far otherwise. As Indians make fire with bits of wood, blockheads may strike out sparks of truth in the trituration of debate, and I have little doubt that had my poor dear girl but waited for the discussion in the arena, my works would have had their due, and Groutage got his answer. The people may be lectured to by very stupid quacks (perhaps, Sir, it may have been your fortune to have heard one or two of them) ; but, as sure as they are quacks, so sure they will be discovered one day or other, and I, for my part, do not care a fig for the opinion of the Professor of Cow Lane. I am putting merely my own case in illustration of the proposition, which is, that public debates and fair play of thought among men are good, and to be encouraged. Those who like to read better out of a book, than to listen to a long-haired lecturer, with his collars turned down (so that his jaws may wag more freely), those who prefer a pipe at the neighbouring tavern to a debate, however stirring, at the Cow Lane Gymnasium, are welcome and right, but so are the others on the other side.

'I will mention a case which seems to me in point. In my early days, my friend Huffy, the dentist, with myself and several others, belonged to the Plato Club, meeting of Saturday nights in Covent Garden, to discuss the writings of that philosopher, and to have a plain supper and a smoke. I and some others used to attend pretty regularly, but only at the smoking and supping part, which caused Huffy to say, with a look of considerable scorn, "that there were some minds not capable of sustaining or relishing a philosophical investigation." The fact was, we were not anxious to hear Huffy's opinions about Plato at all; and preferred scalloped oysters to that controversy.

'I submit that, in this case, both parties were right,—Huffy in indulging himself in Platonic theories, and we for refraining from them. We doubted our lecturer—of our scalloped oysters we were sure. We were only sceptics in this instance, not in all; and so in the multifarious Institutes throughout the country, where speechifying is performed, I own I sometimes have doubts as to the wholesomeness of the practice. But it is certain, that if there may be stupid lectures, there may be clever lectures; there may be quacks or men of genius; there may be knowledge good and sound acquired; there may be but a superficial smattering and parrot-like imitation of a teacher who himself is but a pretender; and also it is clear that people should talk, should think, should read, should have tea in a social manner, and, calling the fiddlers and their wives and daughters, have a dance together at the Parthenon, Athenaeum or Institute, until they are tired, and go home happy. And if in a manufacturing town, of course it is good that the master of the mill should join in the sport in which his hands are engaged; or in the country districts, that the great man or Squire should aid. For example, I read last year in the *Squattleborough Sentinel*, how the heir of the noble house of Yawny, the Honourable Mr. Drawleigh, came over ten miles to Squattleborough in the most slushy weather, and delivered four lectures there on his travels in Nineveh, and his measurements of the tombs of Baalbec. Some people fell asleep at these lectures, no doubt, but many liked them, and Mr. Drawleigh was right to give them.

'He represents the borough. His family are time out of mind lords of the neighbourhood. Nothing is more certain than that the heir of Dozeley Castle should do his utmost to give pleasure to his faithful constituents and the children of the quondam retainers of his race. It was he who set up the Squattleborough Parthenon, his father, Lord Yawny, laying the first brick of the edifice; the neighbouring clergy and gentry attending and delivering appropriate orations, and the library beginning with two copies of Drawleigh's own Travels, in morocco gilt. This is all right. But the Squattleborough Parthenon is not, for this, " the Beacon of Truth, the Centre of Civilization, the Pharos in the storm, which the troubled voyager sees from the dark waters, radiating serenely with the Truthful and the Beautiful," as Professor Jowls said at the Inauguration Meeting,—the Squattleborough Institution, I say, is not in the least like this, but an excellent good place enough, where every man can read the paper if it is not in hand; or get a book from the library, if nobody else has engaged it. Let things be called by their names, *Mr. Punch;* this place at Squattleborough is a good literary club, and that is a good thing, and it promotes the good fellowship, and aids the reading and education of numbers of people there; and, Heaven send every such scheme prosperity!

'But now the Squattleborough folks are bent on following the fashion, and having a grand tea-party at their Institute. Amongst others, I have been favoured with a card to this party. The secretary writes in the kindest manner; he says the directors of the Institute are going to give a grand *soirée*, which many noblemen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood have promised to attend, and where they are most anxious " to secure the leading literary talent."

'Noblemen and Gentlemen of the neighbourhood, *à la bonne heure*—and it is very complimentary, doubtless, to be mentioned amongst the leading literary talent; a noble lord, a couple of most reverend prelates, a great poet, and so forth, we are informed, are asked. But why the deuce does Squattleborough want " to secure literary talent ? " Gentlemen, do you think men of letters have nothing to do ? Do you go three hundred miles to a tea-party, spend five or six pounds on railroads and inns, give up two days' work and a night's sleep at the request of people hundreds of miles away, of whom you have no earthly knowledge ? There are one or two men of letters who, upon a great occasion, and by a great city, are rightly called to help and to speak ; these men are great orators—whom it is a privilege for any community to hear—but for those whose gift does not lie that way, why drag them out from their homes, or their own friends, or their desks, where their right places are ?

'I, for instance, who write this, have had a dozen invitations within the last few months. I should have had to travel many thousands of miles—to spend ever so many scores of pounds—to lose weeks upon weeks of time—and for what ? In order to stand on a platform, at this town or that, to be pointed out as the author of so and so, and to hear Lord This or the Archbishop of That, say that Knowledge was Power, that Education was a benefit, that the free and enlightened people of What-d'ye-call-'em were daily advancing in Civilization, and that the learning of the ingenious arts, as the Latin bard had observed, refined our manners, and mitigated their ferocity.

'Advance, civilize, cease to be ferocious, read, meet, be friendly, be happy, ye men of Squattleborough, and other places. I say amen to all this ; but if you can read for yourselves it is the best. If you can be wise without bragging and talking so much about it, you will lose none of your wisdom ; and as you and your wives and daughters will do the dancing at your own ball, if you must have a talk likewise, why not get your native lions to roar ?

'Yours, dear *Mr. Punch*, most respectfully,
'LEONTIUS ANDROCLES HUGGLESTONE.'

PARIS REVISITED

BY AN OLD PARIS MAN

[February 10, 1849]

REVERED PUNCH,—When your multitudinous readers are put in possession of this confidential note, Paris will be a week older; and who knows what may happen in that time?—Louis-Napoleon may be Emperor, or Louis-Blanc may be King, or the Revolution that was to have broken out last Monday may be performed on the next;—meanwhile, permit me, Sir, to lay at your feet the few brief observations which I have made during a twenty-four hours residence in this ancient and once jovial place.

'It was on the stroke of eleven at night, Sir, on Wednesday, the 31st of January, that a Traveller might have been perceived plunging rapidly through the shingles of Dover, towards a boat which lay in waiting there, to bear him and other exiles to a steamer which lay in the offing, her slim black hull scarcely visible in the mists of night, through which her lights, of a green and ruby colour, burned brilliantly. The moon was looking out on the fair and tranquil scene, the stars were twinkling in a friendly manner, the ancient cliffs of Albion loomed out of the distant grey. But few lights twinkled in the deserted houses of the terraces along the beach. The bathing-machines were gone to roost. There was scarce a ripple on the sluggish wave, as the boat with the Traveller on board, went griding over the shingle, and we pulled to the ship. In fact, waters of Putney were not more calm than those of the Channel, and the night was as mild as a novel by the last lady of fashion.

'Having paid a shilling for the accommodation of the boat, the Traveller stepped on board the deck of the famous steamer *Vivid*, commanded by the intrepid and polite Captain Smithett ; and the Mails presently coming in in their boat with the light at its bows, away went the *Vivid* at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, and we were off Calais almost before the second cigar was smoked, or we had had near time enough to think of those beloved beings whom we left behind.

'Sir, there was not water enough in the Calais harbour—so a bawling pilot swore, who came up to us in his lugger ; and as she came plunging and bumping against the side of the *Vivid*, Captain Smithett caused the mail-bags first, and afterwards the passengers, to be pitched into her, and we all rolled about amongst the ropes and spars on deck, in the midst of the most infernal bawling and yelling from the crew of Frenchmen, whose howls and contortions, as they got their sail up, and otherwise manœuvred the vessel, could be equalled by men of no other nation. Some of us were indignant at being called upon to pay three francs for a ride of a mile in this vessel, and declared we would write to the *Times ;* but there was One Traveller who had not heard that noise of Frenchmen for four years, and their noise was to his soul as the music of bygone years. That Man, Sir, is perpetually finding something ludicrous in what is melancholy, and when he is most miserable is always most especially jocular.

'Sir, it was the first night of the new Postal arrangement by which the Mails are made to go from Calais and not from Boulogne, as heretofore. Our goods were whisked through the Custom House with a rapidity and a courtesy highly creditable to Frenchmen, and an enthusiastic omnibus driver, lashing his horses furiously, and urging them forward with shrieks and howls, brought us to the St. Pierre Station of the railway, where we took our places in the train. 'Twas two in the bleak winter's morn. The engine whistled

—the train set forth—we plunged into the country, away, away, away!

'At eleven o'clock, Sir, we dashed into the *enceinte* of the forts that guard the metropolis from foreign invasion, and a few minutes afterwards we were in that dear old Paris that One amongst us had not seen for four years.

'How is the old place? How does it look? I should be glad to know is the nightingale singing there yet?—do the roses still bloom by the calm Bendemeer? Have we not all a right to be sentimental when we revisit the haunts of our youth, and to come forward, like the Count in the opera, as soon as the whips have ceased cracking, and sing *Cari luogi?* Living constantly with your children and the beloved and respectable *Mrs. Punch*, you don't see how tall Jacky and Tommy grow, and how old—(for the truth must out, and she is by no means improved in looks)—how old and plain your dear lady has become. So thought I, as I once more caught sight of my beloved Lutetia, and trembled to see whether years had affected her.

'Sir, the first thing I saw on entering the station was that it was crammed with soldiers—little soldiers, with red breeches and grey capotes, with little caps, bristling with uncommonly fierce beards, large hairy tufts (those of the carroty hue most warlike and remarkable) that looked as if worn in bravado, as by the American warriors, and growing there convenient to cut their heads off if you could. These bearded ones occupied the whole place; arms were piled in the great halls of the Debarcadère: some fatigued braves were asleep in the straw, pots were cooking, drums were drubbing, officers and non-commissioned officers bustling about. Some of us had qualms, and faintly asked, was the Revolution begun? 'No,' the omnibus conductors said, laughing, 'everything was as quiet as might be:' and we got into their vehicles and drove away. Everything *was* quiet. Only, Sir, when you go to a friend's house for a quiet dinner, and before he lets you into his door, he puts his head and a blunderbuss out of window and asks, "Who is there?"—of course, some nervous persons may be excused for feeling a little dashed.

'Sir, the omnibus drove rapidly to the hotel whence this is written, with a very scanty cargo of passengers. We hardly had any in the railway; we did not seem to take up any on the line. Nothing seemed to be moving on the road, or at least, the people not caring to do so. In the streets there was not much more life. What has become of the people who used to walk here ?—of the stalls, and the carts, and the crowds about the wine-shops, and the loungers, and the cries of the busy throng ? Something has stricken the place. Nobody is about : or perhaps there is a review, or a grand fête somewhere, which calls the people away as we are passing through a deserted quarter.

'As soon as I was dressed, I walked into the town through the ancient and familiar arcades of the Rue Castiglione and so forth. The shops along the Rue de Rivoli are dreary and shabby beyond belief. There was nobody walking in the Tuileries. The palace, that used to look so splendid in former days, stretches out its great gaunt wings, and looks dismally battered and bankrupt. In the Carrousel there were more troops, with drumming, and trumpeting, and artillery. Troops are perpetually passing. Just now I saw part of a regiment of Mobiles marching outward with a regiment of the line. Squads of the young Mobiles are everywhere in the streets, pale, debauched, daring-looking little lads ; one looks at them with curiosity and interest, as one thinks that those beardless young fellows have dashed over barricades, and do not care for death or devil.

'I worked my way to the Palais Royal, where I have been any time since 1814 ; and oh, *Mr. Punch*, what a change was there ! I can't tell you how dreary it looks, that once cheerfullest garden in the world. The roses do not bloom *there* any more ; or the nightingales sing. All the song is gone, and the flowers have withered. Sir, you recollect those shops where the beautiful dressing-gowns used to hang out, more splendid and gorgeous than any tulips, I am sure. You remember that wonderful bonnet-shop at the corner of the Galerie Vitrée, where there were all sorts of miraculous caps and hats ; bonnets with the loveliest wreaths of spring twined round them : bonnets with the most ravishing plumes of marabouts, ostriches, and birds of paradise.

Once in their *bows*
Birds of rare plume
Sat in their bloom,

as an elegant poet of your own sings—they are all gone, Sir ; the birds are flown, the very cages are shut up, and many of them to let—the Palais Royal is no more than a shabby bazaar. Shutters are up in many of the shops—you see nobody buying in the others—soldiers and a few passengers go about staring at the faded ornaments in the windows and the great blank daguerreotype pictures, which line the walls as dismal as death. There is nobody there: there are not even English people walking about, and staring with their hands in their pockets. Has ruin begun, then, and is Paris going after Rome, Carthage, Palmyra, Russell Square, Kilkenny, and other famous capitals? In the glass galleries there were not a dozen loungers, and the line of shops facing the Palais Royal proper is closed down the whole line.

'As for the square of the palace itself, which always used to look so cheerful—where there used to be, you remember, piles of comfortable wood, giving ideas of warmth and hospitality in the splendid rooms within—that too is, to the last degree, shabby and forlorn. I saw soldiers looking out of the windows, and more, a couple of thousands of them, I should say, were in the court. Many of them with their coats off, and showing very dingy under-vestments, were cooking about the court; there they formed in squads about the square, without their arms, in their slouching grey coats; and, drums and bugles beginning to make a noise, a small crowd of blackguards and children issued somehow from some of the dark recesses and black passages about the place, and formed a sort of audience for the unromantic military spectacle. A tree of Liberty is planted in the square: the first I have seen, and the most dismal and beggarly emblem I ever set eyes on. A lean poplar, with scarce any branches, a wretched furcated pole with some miserable rags of faded cotton, and, it may be, other fetishes dangling from it here and there. O Liberty! What the deuce has this poplar or those rags to do with you?

'My sheet is full—the post hour nigh; but I have one word of rather a cheerful and consolatory nature to say after all this despondency. Sir, I happened in my walk, and from a sense of duty, just to look in at the windows of Chevet's, Véfour's, and the Trois Frères. The show at all is *very satisfactory indeed.* The game looked very handsome at Chevet's, and the turbots and *pâtés* uncommonly fine. I never saw finer *looking* truffles than those in the baskets in Véfour's window; and the display of fruit at the Frères would make an anchorite's mouth water. More of this, however, anon. There are some subjects that are not to be treated in a trifling manner by your obedient servant and contributor,

'Folkstone Canterbury.'

TWO OR THREE THEATRES AT PARIS

[February 24, 1849]

If one may read the history of a people's morals in its jokes, what a queer set of reflections the philosophers of the twentieth century may make regarding the characters of our two countries in perusing the waggeries published on one side and the other! When the future inquirer shall take up your volumes, or a bundle of French plays, and contrast the performances of your booth with that of the Parisian theatre, he won't fail to remark how different they are, and what different objects we admire or satirize. As for your morality, Sir, it does not become me to compliment you on it before your venerable face; but permit me to say that there never were before published in this world so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing, and so little for blushing; so many jokes, and so little harm. Why, Sir, say even that that modesty, which astonishes me more and more every time I regard you, is calculated, and not a virtue naturally inherent in you, that very fact would argue for the high sense of the public morality among us. We will laugh in the company of our wives and children: we will tolerate no indecorum: we like that our matrons and girls should be pure.

'Excuse my blushes, Sir; but permit me to say that I have been making a round of the little French theatres, and have come away amazed at the cynicism of people. Sir, there are certain laws of morality (as believed by us at least) for which these people no more care than so many Otaheitans. They have been joking against marriage ever since writing began—a pretty man would you be, *Mr. Punch*, if you were a Frenchman; and a pretty moral character would be the present spotless wife of your affections, the chaste and immaculate Judy!

'After going to these theatres, seeing the houses all full, and hearing the laughter ringing through every one of them, one is puzzled to know what the people respect at all, or what principle they do believe in. They laugh at religion, they laugh at chastity, they laugh at royalty, they laugh at the Republic most pitilessly of all: when France, in the piece called the *Foire aux Idées*, says she is dying under nine hundred doctors, to each of whom she is paying a daily fee of five-and-twenty francs, there was a cheer of derision through the house; the Communists and their schemes were hooted with a still more hearty indignation; there is a general smash and bankruptcy of faith; and, what struck me perhaps most as an instance of the amazing progress of the national atheism, is to find that the theatre audiences have even got to laugh at military glory. They have a song in one of the little plays, which announces that France and Co. have closed that branch of their business; that they wish to stay at home and be quiet, and so forth; and, strange to say, even the cry against perfidious England has died out; and the only word of abuse I read against our nation was in a volume of a novel by poor old Paul de Kock, who saluted the Lion with a little kick of his harmless old heels.

'Is the end of time coming, *Mr. Punch*, or the end of Frenchmen? and don't they believe, or love, or hate anything any more? Sir, these funny pieces at the plays frightened me more than the most bloodthirsty melodrama ever did, and inspired your humble servant with a melancholy which is not to be elicited from the most profound tragedies. There is something awful, infernal almost, I was going to say, in the gaiety with which the personages of these satiric dramas were dancing and shrieking about among the tumbled ruins of ever so many ages and traditions. I hope we shall never have the air of "God Save the King" set to ribald words amongst us—the mysteries of our religion, or any man's religion, made the subject of laughter, or of a worse sort of excitement. In the famous piece of *La Propriété c'est le Vol*, we had the honour to see Adam and Eve dance a polka, and sing a song quite appropriate to the costume in which they figured. Everybody laughed and enjoyed it—neither Eve nor the audience ever thought about being ashamed of themselves, and, for my part, I looked with a vague anxiety up at the theatre roof, to see that it was not falling in, and shall not be surprised to hear that Paris goes the way of certain other cities some day. They will go on, this pretty little painted population of Lorettes and Bayadères, singing and dancing, laughing and feasting, fiddling and flirting, to the end, depend upon it. But enough of this theme: it is growing too serious—let us drop the curtain. Sir, at the end of the lively and ingenious piece called the *Foire aux Idées*, there descends a curtain, on which what is supposed to be a huge newspaper is painted, and which is a marvel of cynicism.

'I have been to see a piece of a piece called the *Mystères de Londres*, and most awful mysteries they are indeed. We little know what is going on around and below us, and that London may be enveloped in a vast murderous conspiracy, and that there may be a volcano under our very kitchens, which may blow us all to perdition any day. You perhaps are not aware, Sir, that there lived in London, some three or four years ago, a young Grandee of Spain and Count of the Empire, the Marquis of Rio Santo by name, who was received in the greatest society our country can boast of, and walked the streets of the metropolis with orders on his coat and white light pantaloons and a cocked hat. This Marquis was an Irishman by birth, and not a mere idle votary of pleasure, as you would suppose from his elegant personal appearance. Under the mask of fashion and levity he hid a mighty design; which was, to free his country from the intolerable tyranny of England. And as England's distress is Ireland's opportunity, the Marquis had imagined a vast conspiracy, which should plunge the former into the most exquisite confusion and misery, in the midst of which his beloved Erin might get her own. For this end his lordship had organized a prodigious band of all the rogues, thieves, and discontented persons in the metropolis, who were sworn into a mysterious affiliation, the members of which were called the "Gentlemen of the Night." Nor were these gentlefolks of the lower sort merely—your Swell Mob, your St. Giles's Men, and vulgar cracksmen. Many of the principal merchants, jewellers, lawyers, physicians, were sworn of the Society. The merchants forged bank-notes, and uttered the same; thus poisoning the stream of commerce in our great commercial city: the jewellers sold sham diamonds to the aristocracy, and led them on to ruin: the physicians called in to visit their patients poisoned such as were enemies of the good cause, by their artful prescriptions: the lawyers prevented the former from being hanged: and the whole realm being plunged into anarchy and dismay by these manœuvres, it was evident that Ireland would greatly profit. This astonishing Marquis, who was supreme chief of the Society, thus had his spies and retainers everywhere. The police was corrupted, the magistrature tampered with—Themis was bribed on her very bench: and even the Beefeaters of the Queen (one shudders as one thinks of this), were contaminated, and in the service of the Association.

'Numbers of lovely women of course were in love with the Marquis, or otherwise subjugated by him, and the most beautiful and innocent of all was disguised as a Countess, and sent to Court on a Drawing-room day, with a mission to steal the diamonds off the neck of Lady Brompton, the special favourite of His Grace Prince Dimitri Tolstoy, the Russian Ambassador.

'Sir, His Grace the Russian Ambassador had only lent these diamonds to Lady B., that her ladyship might sport them at the Drawing-room. The jewels were really the property of the Prince's Imperial Master. What, then, must have been His Excellency's rage when the brilliants were stolen? The theft was committed in the most artful manner. Lady Brompton came to Court, her train held up by her *jockei*. Suzanna (the Marquis's emissary) came to Court with her train similarly borne by her page. The latter was an experienced pickpocket—the pages were changed, the jewels were taken off Lady Brompton's neck in the antechamber of the palace—and His Grace Prince Tolstoy was in such a rage that he menaced war on the part of his Government unless the stones were returned!

'Beyond this point I confess, Sir, I did not go, for exhausted nature would bear no more of the Mysteries of London, and I came away to my hotel. But I wish you could have seen the Court of St. James, the Beefeaters, the Life-Guards, the Heralds-of-Arms in their tabards of the sixteenth century, and have heard the ushers on the stairs shouting the names of the nobility as they walked into the presence of the Sovereign! I caught those of the Countess of Derby, the Lady Campbell, the Lord Somebody, and the Honourable

Miss Trevor, after whom the Archbishop of Canterbury came. Oh, such an Archbishop! He had a velvet trencher cap profusely ornamented with black fringe, and a dress something like our real and venerated prelate's, with the exception of the wig, which was far more curly and elegant; and he walked by, making the sign of the Cross with his two forefingers, and blessing the people.

'I hear that the author of this great work, M. Paul Féval, known for some time to the literature of his country as Sir Francis Trollope, passed a whole week in London to make himself thoroughly acquainted with our manners; and here, no doubt, he saw Countesses whose trains were carried by jockeys; lords going to Court in full-bottomed wigs; and police magistrates in policemen's coats and oilskin hats, with white kerseymere breeches and silk stockings to distinguish them from the rank and file. How well the gentlemen of Bow Street would look in it! I recommend it to the notice of *Mr. Punch.*

'These, Sir, are all the plays which I have as yet been able to see in this town, and I have the honour of reporting upon them accordingly. Whatever they may do with other pieces, I don't think that our dramatists will be disposed to steal *these.*'

ON SOME DINNERS AT PARIS

[March 3, 1849]

SOME few words about dinners, my dear friend, I know your benevolent mind will expect. A man who comes to Paris without directing his mind to dinners, is like a fellow who travels to Athens without caring to inspect ruins, or an individual who goes to the Opera, and misses Jenny Lind's singing. No, I should be ungrateful to that appetite with which Nature has bountifully endowed me—to those recollections which render a consideration of the past so exquisite an enjoyment to me—were I to think of coming to Paris without enjoying a few quiet evenings at the Trois Frères, alone, with a few dishes, a faithful waiter who knows you of old, and my own thoughts; undisturbed by conversation, or having to help the soup, or carve the turkey for the lady of the house; by the exertion of telling jokes for the entertainment of the company; by the *ennui* of a stupid neighbour at your side, to whom you are forced to impart them; by the disgust of hearing an opposition wag talk better than yourself, take the stories with which you have come primed and loaded, out of your very mouth, and fire them off himself, or audaciously bring forward old Joe Millers, and get a laugh from all the company, when your own novelties and neatest *impromptus* and *mots* pass round the table utterly disregarded.

'I rejoiced, Sir, in my mind, to think that I should be able to dine alone; without rivals to talk me out, hosts or ladies to coax and wheedle, or neighbours who, before my eyes (as they often have done), will take the best cutlet or favourite snipe out of the dish, as it is handed round, or to whom you have to give all the breast of the pheasant or capon, when you carve it.

'All the way in the railroad, and through the tedious hours of night, I whiled away such time as I did not employ in sleeping, or in thinking about Miss Br-wn (who felt, I think, by the way, some little pang in parting with me, else why was she so silent all night, and why did she apply her pocket-handkerchief so constantly to her lovely amethyst eyes?)—all the way in the railroad, I say, when not occupied by other thoughts, I amused the tedium of the journey by inventing little bills of fare for one,—solitary Barmecide banquets,—which I enjoyed in spirit, and proposed to discuss bodily on my arrival in the Capital of the Kitchen.

'"Monsieur will dine at the table d'hôte?" the *laquais de place* said at the hotel, whilst I was arranging my elegant toilette before stepping forth to renew an acquaintance with our beloved old city. An expression of scornful incredulity shot across the fine features of the person addressed by the *laquais de place*. My fine fellow, thought I, do you think I am come to Paris in order to dine at a table d'hôte?—to meet twenty-four doubtful English and Americans at an ordinary? "Lucullus dines with

Lucullus to-day, Sir;" which, as the *laquais de place* did not understand, I added, "I never dine at a *table d'hôte*, except at an extremity."

'I had arranged in my mind a little quiet week of dinners. Twice or thrice, thinks I, I will dine at the Frères, once at Vérey's, once at the Café de Paris. If my old friend Voisin opposite the Assomption has some of the same sort of bordeaux which we recollect in 1844, I will dine there at least twice. Philippe's, in the Rue Montorgueil, must be tried, which, they say, is as good as the Rocher de Cancale used to be in our time; and the seven days were chalked out already, and I saw there was nothing for it but to breakfast *à la fourchette* at some of the other places which I had in my mind, if I wished to revisit all my old haunts.

'To a man living much in the world, or surrounded by his family, there is nothing so good as this solitude from time to time—there is nothing like communing with your own heart, and giving a calm and deliberate judgement upon the great question—the truly vital question, I may say—before you. What is the use of having your children, who live on roast mutton in the nursery, and think treacle-pudding the summit of cookery, to sit down and take the best three-fourths of a *perdreau truffé* with you? What is the use of helping your wife, who doesn't know the difference between sherry and madeira, to a glass of priceless Romanée or sweetly odoriferous Château-Laffitte of '42? Poor dear soul! she would be as happy with a slice of the children's joint, and a cup of tea in the evening. She takes them when you are away. To give fine wine to that dear creature, is like giving pearls to—to animals who don't know their value.

'What I like is to sit at a Restaurant alone, after having taken a glass of absinthe in water, about half an hour previous, to muse well over the *carte*, and pick out some little dinner for myself; to converse with the *sommelier* confidentially about the wine—a pint of Champagne, say, and a bottle of Bordeaux, or a bottle of Burgundy, not more, for your private drinking. He goes out to satisfy your wishes, and returns with the favourite flask in a cradle, very likely. Whilst he is gone, comes old Antoine, who is charmed to see *Monsieur de retour;* and vows that you *rajeunissez tous les ans*, with a plate of oysters—dear little juicy green oysters in their upper shells, swimming in their sweet native brine, not like your great white flaccid natives in England, that look as if they had been fed on pork: and ah! how kindly and pretty that attention is of the two little plates of radishes and butter, which they bring you in, and with which you can dally between the arrival of the various dishes of your dinner; they are like the delicate symphonies which are played at the theatre between the acts of a charming comedy. A little bread-and-butter, a little radish—you crunch and relish—a little radish, a little piece of bread-and-butter—you relish and crunch—when lo! up goes the curtain, and Antoine comes in with the *entrée* or the roast.

'I pictured all this in my mind and went out. I will not tell any of my friends that I am here, thought I. Sir, in five minutes, and before I had crossed the Place Vendôme, I had met five old acquaintances and friends, and in an hour afterwards the arrival of your humble servant was known to all our old set.

'My first visit was for Tom Dash, with whom I had business. That friend of my youth received me with the utmost cordiality: and our business transacted and our acquaintances talked over (four of them I had seen, so that it was absolutely necessary I should call on them and on the rest), it was agreed that I should go forth and pay visits, and that on my return Tom and I should dine somewhere together. I called upon Brown, upon Jones, upon Smith, upon Robinson, upon our old Paris set, in a word, and in due time returned to Tom Dash.

'"Where are we to dine, Tom?" says I. "What is the crack restaurant now? I am entirely in your hands; and let us be off early and go to the play afterwards."

'"Oh, hang restaurants," says Tom—"I'm tired of 'em; we are sick of them here. Thompson came in just after you were gone, and I told him you were coming, and he will be here directly to have a chop with me."

'There was nothing for it. I had to sit down and dine with Thompson and Tom Dash, at the latter's charges—and am bound to say that the dinner was not a bad one. As I have said somewhere before, and am proud of being able to say, I scarcely recollect ever to have had a bad dinner.

'But of what do you think the present repast was composed? Sir, I give you my honour, we had a slice of salmon and a leg of mutton, and boiled potatoes, just as they do in my favourite Baker Street.

'"Dev'lish good dinner," says Thompson, covering the salmon with lots of Harvey sauce—and cayenne pepper, from Fortnum & Mason's.

'"*Donnez du sherry à* Monsieur Canterbury," says Tom Dash to François his man. "There's porter or pale ale if any man likes it."

'They poured me out sherry; I might have had porter or pale ale if I liked; I had leg of mutton and potatoes, and finished dinner with Stilton cheese; and it was for this that I had revisited my dear Paris.

'"Thank you," says I, to Dash, cutting into the mutton with the most bitter irony. "This is a dish that I don't remember ever having seen in England; but I have tasted pale ale there, and won't take any this evening, thank you. Are we going to have port wine after dinner? or could you oblige me with a little London gin-and-water?"

'Tom Dash laughed his mighty laugh; and I will say, we had not port wine, but claret, fit for the repast of a pontiff, after dinner, and sat over it so late that the theatre was impossible, and the first day was gone, and might as well have been passed in Pump Court or Pall Mall, for all the good I had out of it.

'But, Sir, do you know what had happened in the morning of that day during which I was paying the visits before mentioned?

'Robinson, my very old friend, pressed me so to come and dine with him, and fix my day, that I could not refuse, and fixed Friday.

'Brown, who is very rich, and with whom I had had a difference, insisted so upon our meeting as in old times, that I could not refuse; and so, being called on to appoint my own day—I selected Sunday.

'Smith is miserably poor, and it would offend him and Mrs. Smith mortally that I should dine with a rich man, and turn up my nose at his kind and humble table. I was free to name any day I liked, and so I chose Monday.

'Meanwhile, our old friend Jones had heard that I had agreed to dine with Brown, with whom he too was at variance, and he offered downright to quarrel with me unless I gave him a day: so I fixed Thursday.

'"I have but Saturday," says I, with almost tears in my eyes.

'." O, I have asked a party of the old fellows to meet you," cries out Tom Dash ; " and made a dinner expressly for the occasion."

'And this, Sir, was the fact. This was the way, Sir, that I got my dinners at Paris. Sir, at one house I had boiled leg of mutton and turnips, at another beefsteak ; and I give you my word of honour, at two I had mock-turtle soup ! In this manner I saw Paris. This was what my friends called welcoming me—we drank sherry ; we talked about Mr. Cobden and the new financial reform ; I was not allowed to see a single Frenchman, save one, a huge athletic monster, whom I saw at a Club in London last year, who speaks English as well as you, and who drank two bottles of port wine on that very night for his own share. I offended mortally several old friends with whom I didn't dine, and I might as well have been sitting under your mahogany tree in Fleet Street for all of Paris that I saw.

'I have the honour to report my return to this country, and to my lodgings in Piccadilly, and to remain

'Your very obedient Servant and Contributor,
'FOLKSTONE CANTERBURY.'

'PS.—I stop the post to give the following notice from the *Constitutionnel* :—" Lady Jane Grey (femme du Chancelier de l'Échiquier) vient de donner le jour à deux jumeaux. Sa santé est aussi satisfaisante que possible." '

THE STORY OF KOOMPANEE JEHAN

[March 17, 1849]

SOME time after the death of Aurungzebe, a mighty prince held domination over India, from the seven mouths of the Ganges to the five tails of the Indus, who was renowned above most other monarchs for his strength, riches, and wisdom. His name was Koompanee Jehan. Although this monarch had innumerable magnificent palaces at Delhi and Agra, at Benares, Boggleywollah, and Ahmednuggar, his common residence was in the beautiful island of Ingleez, in the midst of the capital of which, the famous city of Lundoon, Koompanee Jehan had a superb castle. It was called the Hall of Lead, and stood at the foot of the Mountain of Corn, close by the verdure-covered banks of the silvery Tameez, where the cypresses wave and the zendewans or nightingales love to sing. In this palace he sat and gave his orders, to govern the multitudinous tribes which paid him tribute from the Cashmerian hills to the plains watered by the Irrawaddy.

The great Koompanee Jehan governed his dominions with the help of a council of twenty-four vizeers, who
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assembled daily in the Hall of Lead, and who were selected from among the most wealthy, wise, brave, and eminent of the merchants, scribes, and warriors in the service of his vast empire. It must have been a grand sight to behold the twenty-four sages assembled in Durbar, smoking their kaleoons round the monarch's magnificent throne.

It was only by degrees, and by the exercise of great cunning and prodigious valour, that the illustrious Koompanee Jehan had acquired the vast territory over which he ruled. By picking endless quarrels in which he somehow always seemed to be in the right, and innumerable battles in which his bravery ever had the uppermost, he added kingdom after kingdom to his possessions. Thus the Rajahs, Princes, and Emperors of India fell before the sword of his servants; and it is known that Boonapoort, Tippoo Sahib the Mysore Sultan, and Iskender Shah, who conquered Porus Singh on the banks of the Indus, were severally overcome by the lieutenants of the victorious warrior who dwelt in the Hall of Lead. One of his chieftains, the great Elleen-Burroo, a stronger man than Antar himself, carried off the gates of Somnauth on his back, and brought them to the foot of the throne of the palace, on the Mountain of Corn, by the banks of the Tameez.

This mighty monarch, who had guns enough to blow this world into Jehanum, and who counted his warriors by lakhs, was, like many other valiant sovereigns, the slave of a woman; and historians assert that he gave up the chief government of his country to the Empress, his mother, the Queen of the Ingleez, of whom he was so fond that he could deny her nothing. He appointed the Captains and Colonels of his regiments, but the Empress nominated all the chief Generals; and the chiefs of Koompanee Jehan, who had carried his flag in a hundred battles, and notched their scimitars across the head-pieces of thousands of his foes, were not a little angry to see strangers put over them, who came from Lundoon smelling of musk and rose-water, and who got the lion's share of the honours, while they took no more (as who indeed can ?) than the lion's share of the fighting. Thus, in a famous action in Kabool, a certain Captain of Artillery blew open the gates of the city, but it was the General, Keen Bahawder, who was made a bashaw of three tails for the feat which the other had done: and for a series of tremendous actions on the Sutlej River, Harding Shah, Smith Sahib, and Goof Bahawder were loaded with honours, and had their mouths wellnigh choked with barley-sugar; whereas one of Koompanee's own warriors, Littler Singh, a better soldier than any of those other three, was passed over with scarcely a kind word.

In consequence of this system—for the Empress-Mother would often cause her son to select Generals who had no more brains than a wezz or goose—disasters frequently befell Koompanee Jehan's armies, and that prince had many a bekhelool or hard nut to crack. One army was waylaid and utterly destroyed, because the Queen-Mother chose to give the command of it to an officer out of whom age and illness had squeezed all the valour: and another warrior, though as brave as Roostum, yet was a hundred years old, and had been much better at home handling a pipe than a sword, for which his old hands were now quite unfit. Lion as he was, Goof Bahawder did not remember that the enemy with whom he had to do were *derans* or foxes, and that a pack of foxes is more dangerous than a lion in a pit. Finding one day the enemy posted in a jungle, this Goof Bahawder sent his troops in upon them helter-skelter; but some fled, many were slain, Goof Bahawder had a dismal account of the battle to render, and when he claimed a victory, people only laughed at his ancient beard.

That is, they would have laughed, but the people of Lundoon were in too great a rage to be merry. Everywhere, in every house, from the highest to the lowest, from the Omrahs and Lords prancing about in the Maidan, to the camel-drivers in the streets, all men cried out; and the Indian soldiers said, 'Why is this old man to be left to jeopardize the lives of warriors, and bring our country to sorrow? If the Queen-Mother *will* appoint chiefs for the armies of India, over the heads of those who are as brave and more experienced, let her give us men that are fit to lead us. Who is Goof, and who is Elphinstoon, and who is Keen, to whom you give all the honours? And what are they to compare to Thackwell and Littler, to Nott and Pollock Khan?'

Now there was, when the news came to the City of Lundoon that Goof Bahawder had been beaten upon the banks of the Chenaub, a warrior who, though rather old, and as savage as a bear whose head is sore, was allowed by all mankind to be such a Roostum as had never been known since the days of Wellingtoon. His name was Napeer Singh. He, with two thousand men, had destroyed thirty thousand of the enemy: he despised luxury: he had a beak like an eagle, and a beard like a Cashmere goat. When he went into a campaign he took with him but a piece of soap and a pair of towels: he dined off a hunch of bread and a cup of water. 'A warrior,' said he, 'should not care for wine or luxury, for fine turbans or embroidered shulwars; his tulwar should be bright, and never mind whether his papooshes are shiny.' Napeer Singh was a lion indeed; and his mother was a mother of lions.

But this lion, though the bravest of animals, was the most quarrelsome that ever lashed his tail and roared in a jungle. After gaining several victories, he became so insolent and contemptuous in his behaviour towards King Koompanee Jehan, whom he insulted, whom he assailed, whom he called an old woman, that the offended monarch was glad when General Napeer Singh's time of service was out, and vowed no more to employ him.

It is related of Napeer Singh, that when he was recalled to the island of the Ingleez, he went into the Hall of Lead, where the monarch sat in full Durbar, knocked the heads of the twenty-four vizeers one against another, and seizing upon King Koompanee himself by the royal nose, pulled him round the room, and kicked him over among the sprawling Counsellors of his Dewan. I know not whether this tale is true; but certain it is, that there was a tremendous tehwash or row, and that when the King heard the General's name mentioned, he grew as yellow and as sour as an ilemoon or lemon.

When the news of Goof's discomfiture came to Lundoon and the Hall of Lead, and the Queen of Feringhistan, all the Ingleez began to quake in their shoes. 'Wallah! wallah!' they cried, 'we have been made to swallow abominations! Our beraks have been captured from our standard-bearers; our guns have been seized; our horsemen have fled, overpowered by odds, and because Goof Bahawder knew not how to lead them into battle. How shall we restore the honour of our arms? What General is there, capable of resisting those terrible Sikhs and their Sirdars?'

The voice of all the nation answered, ‘ There is but one Chief, and his name is Napeer Singh.’

The twenty-four vizeers in the Hall of Lead, remembering the treatment which they had received from that General, and still smarting uneasily on their seats, from the kicks which he had administered, cried out, ‘ No ; we will not have that brawling Sampson—take any man but him. If Goof Bahawder will not do, take Goom Bahawder. We will not have Napeer Singh, or eat the pie of humility any more.’

The people still roared out ‘ Nobody can help us but Napeer Singh ’.

Now Napeer Singh was as sulky as the twenty-four vizeers. ‘ *I* go,’ said he, ‘ to serve a monarch who has been grossly ungrateful, and whose nose I have tweaked in Durbar ? Never, never ! ’

But an old General, nearly a hundred years old, very old, brave and wise, the Great Wellingtoon, came to Napeer Singh and said, ‘ O Khan, in these times of danger men must forget their quarrels and serve their country.—If you will not go to the Indus, I will go—one or other of us must.’ They were two lions, two Roostums, two hooked-beaked eagles of war—they rushed into each other’s arms, and touched each other’s beaks. ‘ O Father,’ Napeer Singh said, ‘ I will go : ’ and he went forth and he bought a piece of soap, and he got two towels ; and he took down from the wall his bright and invincible tulwar.

Meanwhile the twenty-four vizeers and King Koompanee Jehan had been taking council in the Hall of Lead. Many of the angry ones said ‘ No, we will not appoint him our General ’. Some of the wise vizeers said, ‘ Yes, we will appoint him ; for without him we shall not have a kingdom at all ’. At last the King himself, who was bajil—that is, very fat—rose up from his throne and said—

‘ O my Agas, Omrahs, Scribes and men of war. There are many things which a man has to put into his imameh or pipe, which are hard to smoke, and have an unsavoury perfume : I have been smoking a chillum of this sort. A kick is not a pleasant thing to swallow, neither is a dose of senna. Adversity sometimes prescribes one, as the Doctor orders the other. We have had all our beards pulled, we have been kicked round the room, we have been tumbled helter-skelter by this Roostum. Bekhesm ! Bismillah !

my sides ache still with the violence of his papooshes. But what of this? If I am drowning, shall I refuse to live because a man pulls me out of the water by the nose? If I want to fly, shall I refuse a horse because he kicks a little? I will mount him in the name of Fate, and ride for my life. We know how strong this Samsoon is; let him go in Heaven's name, and fight the enemy for us. Let him go. Make out his papers; give him a khelat, and a feast of honour!' And the wise and beneficent monarch sat down and pulled away at his kaleoon, as the twenty-four vizeers, bowing their heads, cried—'Be it as the King says.'

When the Ingleez heard of this Elemzshedeh, or good news, they all rejoiced exceedingly; and the Queen of the Ingleez clapped her hands for joy.

And as for Napeer Singh, he took his two towels, and his piece of soap, and his scimitar, and he went away to the ship which was to carry him to the sea.

HOBSON'S CHOICE

OR THE TRIBULATIONS OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A MAN-SERVANT

[January 12, 19, 26, 1850]

I

BEFORE my wife's dear mother, Mrs. Captain Budge, came to live with us,—which she did on occasion of the birth of our darling third child, Albert, named in compliment to a Gracious Prince, and now seven and a half years of age—our establishment was in rather what you call a small way, and we only had female servants in our kitchen.

I liked them, I own. I like to be waited on by a neat-handed Phillis of a parlour-maid, in a nice-fitting gown, and a pink ribbon to her cap: and I do not care to deny that I liked to have my parlour-maids good-looking. Not for any reason such as *jealousy might suggest*—such reasons I scorn; but as, for a continuance and for a harmless recreation and enjoyment, I would much rather look out on a pretty view of green fields and a shining river, from my drawing-room window, than upon a blank wall, or an old-clothes-man's shop: so I am free to confess I would choose for preference a brisk, rosy, good-natured, smiling lass, to put my dinner and tea before me on the table, rather than a crooked, black-muzzled *frump*, with a dirty cap and black hands. I say I like to have nice-looking people about me; and when I used to chuck my Anna Maria under the chin, and say that was one of the reasons for which I married her, I warrant you Mrs. H. was not offended; and so she let me have my harmless way about the parlour-maids. Sir, the only way in which we lost our girls in our early days was by marriage. One married the baker, and gives my boy, Albert, gingerbread, whenever he passes her shop: one became the wife of Policeman X., who distinguished himself by having his nose broken in the Chartist riots: and a third is almost a lady, keeping her one-horse carriage, and being wife to a carpenter and builder.

Well, Mrs. Captain Budge, Mrs. H.'s mother, or 'Mamma,' as she insists that I should call her, and I do so, for it pleases her warm and affectionate nature, came to stop for a few weeks, on the occasion of our darling Albert's birth, *anno domini* 1842; and the child and its mother being delicate, Mrs. Captain B. stayed to nurse them both, and so has remained with us, occupying the room which used to be my study and dressing-room ever since. When she came to us, we may be said to have moved *in a humble sphere*, viz., in Bernard Street, Foundling Hospital, which we left four years ago, for our present residence, Stucco Gardens, Pocklington Square. And up to the period of Mrs. Captain B.'s arrival, we were, as I say, waited upon in the parlour by maids, the rough below-stairs work of knife and shoe-cleaning being done by Grundsell, our greengrocer's third son.

But, though Heaven forbid that I should say a word against my mother-in-law, who has a handsome sum to leave, and who is besides a woman all self-denial, with *her every thought* for our good: yet, I think that, without Mamma, my wife would not have had those tantrums, may I call them of jealousy, which she never exhibited previously, and which she certainly began to show very soon after our dear little scapegrace of an Albert was born. We had at that time, I remember, a parlour servant, called Emma Buck, who came to us from the country, from a Doctor of Divinity's family, and who pleased my wife very well at first, as indeed she did all in her power to please her. But on the very day Anna Maria came downstairs to the drawing-room, being brought down in these very arms, which I swear belong to as faithful a husband as any in the City of London, and Emma bringing up her little bit of dinner on a tray, I observed Anna Maria's eyes look uncommon savage at the poor girl, Mrs. Captain B. looking away the whole time, on to whose neck my wife plunged herself as soon as the girl had left the room; bursting out into tears, and calling somebody a viper.

'Hullo!' says I, 'my beloved, what is the matter? Where's the viper? I didn't know there were any in Bernard Street' (for I thought she might be nervous still, and wished to turn off the thing, whatever it might be, with a pleasantry). 'Who is the serpent?'

'—That—that woman,' gurgles out Mrs. H., sobbing on Mamma's shoulder, and Mrs. Captain B. scowling sadly at me over her daughter.

'What, Emma?' I asked, in astonishment; for the girl had been uncommonly attentive to her mistress, making her gruels and things, and sitting up with her, besides tending my eldest daughter, Emily, through the scarlet fever.

'Emma! don't say Emma in that cruel, audacious way, Marmaduke—Mr. Ho—o—obson,' says my wife (for such are my two names as given me by my godfathers and my fathers). 'You call the creature by her Christian name before my very face!'

'Oh, Hobson, Hobson!' says Mrs. Captain B., wagging her head.

'Confound it'—('Don't swear,' says Mamma)—'confound it, my love,' says I, stamping my foot, 'you wouldn't have me call the girl Buck, Buck, as if she was a rabbit? She's the best girl that ever was: she nursed Emily through the fever; she has been attentive to you; she is always up when you want her—'

'Yes; and when *you-oo-oo come home from the club*, Marmaduke,' my wife shrieks out, and falls again on Mamma's shoulder, who looks me in the face and nods her head fit to drive me mad. I come home from the club, indeed! Wasn't I forbidden to see Anna Maria? Wasn't I turned away a hundred times from my wife's door by Mamma herself, and could I sit alone in the dining-room (for my eldest two, a boy and girl, were at school)—alone in the dining-room, where *that very* Emma would have had to wait upon me!

Not one morsel of chicken would Anna Maria eat. (She said she dared to say that woman would poison the egg-sauce.) She had hysterical laughter and tears, and was in a highly nervous state, a state as dangerous for the mother as for the darling baby, Mrs. Captain B. remarked justly; and I was of course a good deal alarmed, and sent, or rather went off, for Boker, our medical man. Boker saw his interesting patient, said that her nerves were highly excited, that she must at all sacrifices be kept quiet, and corroborated Mrs. Captain B.'s opinion in every particular. As we walked downstairs I gave him a hint of what was the matter, at the same time requesting him to step into the back-parlour, and there see me take an affidavit that I was as innocent as the blessed baby just born, and named but three days before after His Royal Highness the Prince.

'I know, I know, my good fellow,' says Boker, poking me in the side (for he has a good deal of fun), 'that you are innocent. Of course you are innocent. Everybody is, you sly dog. But what of that? The two women have taken it into their heads to be jealous of your maid—and an uncommonly pretty girl she is too, Hobson, you sly rogue, you. And were she a Vestal Virgin, the girl must go if you want to have any peace in the house; if you want your wife and the little one to thrive—if you want to have a quiet house and family. And if you do,' says Boker, looking me in the face hard, 'though it is against my own interest, will you let me give you a bit of advice, old boy?'

We had been bred up at Merchant Taylors' together, and had licked each other often and often, so of course I let him speak.

'Well then,' says he, 'Hob, my boy, get rid of the old dragon—the old mother-in-law. She meddles with my prescriptions for your wife; she doctors the infant in private: you'll never have a quiet house or a quiet wife as long as that old catamaran is here.'

'Boker,' says I, 'Mrs. Captain Budge is a lady who must not at least in *my* house be called a catamaran. She has seven thousand pounds in the Funds, and always says Anna Maria is her favourite daughter.' And so we parted, not on the best of terms, for I did not like Mamma to be spoken of disrespectfully by any man.

What was the upshot of this? When Mamma heard from Anna Maria (who weakly told her what I had let slip laughing, and in confidence to my wife) that Boker had called her a catamaran, of course she went up to pack her trunks, and of course we apologized, and took another medical man. And as for Emma Buck, there was nothing for it but that she, poor girl, should go to the right-about; my little Emily, then a child of ten years of age, crying bitterly at parting with her. The child very nearly got me into a second scrape, for I gave her a sovereign to give to Emma, and she told her Grandmamma; who would have related all to Anna Maria, but that I went down on my knees, and begged her not. But she had me in her power after that, and made me wince when she would say, 'Marmaduke, have you any sovereigns to give away?' &c.

After Emma Buck came Mary Blackmore, whose name I remember because Mrs. Captain B. called her Mary Blackymore (and a dark, swarthy girl she was, not at all good-looking in *my* eyes). This poor Mary Blackmore was sent about her business because she looked sweet on the twopenny postman, Mamma said. And she knew, no doubt, for (my wife being downstairs again long since) Mrs. B. saw everything that was passing at the door, as she regularly sat in the parlour window.

After Blackmore came another girl of Mrs. B.'s own choosing: own rearing I may say, for she was named Barbara, after Mamma, being a soldier's daughter, and coming from Portsea, where the late Captain Budge was quartered, in command of his company of Marines. Of this girl Mrs. B. would ask questions out of the Catechism at breakfast, and my scapegrace of a Tom would burst out laughing at her blundering answers. But from a demure country lass, as she was when she came to us, Miss Barbara very quickly became a dressy, impudent-looking thing; coquetting with the grocer's and butcher's boys, and wearing silk gowns and flowers in her bonnet when she went to church on Sunday evenings, and actually appearing one day with her hair in bands, and the next day in ringlets. Of course she was setting her cap at me, Mamma said, as I was the only gentleman in the house, though for my part I declare I never saw the set of her cap at all, or knew if her hair was straight or curly. So, in a word, Barbara was sent back to her mother, and Mrs. Budge didn't fail to ask me whether I had not a sovereign to give her ?

After this girl we had two or three more maids, whose appearance or history it is not necessary to particularize—the latter was uninteresting, let it suffice to say ; the former grew worse and worse. I never saw such a woman as Grizzel Scrimgeour, from Berwick-upon-Tweed, who was the last that waited on us, and who was enough, I declare, to curdle the very milk in the jug as she put it down to breakfast.

At last the real aim of my two conspirators of women came out. 'Marmaduke,' Mrs. Captain B. said to me one morning, after this Grizzel had brought me an oniony knife to cut the bread ; 'women-servants are very well in their way, but there is always something disagreeable with them, and, in families of a certain rank, a man-servant commonly waits at table. It is proper : it is decent that it should be so in the respectable classes : and *we* are of those classes. In Captain Budge's lifetime we were never without our groom, and our tea-boy. My dear father had his butler and coachman, as our family has had ever since the Conquest ; and though you are certainly in business, as your father was before you, yet your relations are respectable : your grandfather was a dignified clergyman in the west of England ; you have connexions both in the army and navy, who are members of Clubs, and known in the fashionable world ; and (though I never shall speak to that man again), remember that your wife's sister is married to a barrister, who lives in Oxford Square, and goes the Western Circuit. *He* keeps a man-servant. *They* keep men-servants, and I do not like to see my poor Anna Maria occupying an inferior position in society to her sister Frederica, named after the Duke of York though she was, when His Royal Highness reviewed the Marines at Chatham ; and seeing some empty bottles carried from the table, said——'

'In mercy's name,' says I, bursting out, for when she came to this story Mamma used to drive me frantic, 'have a man, if you like, Ma'am, and give me a little peace.'

'You needn't swear, Mr. Hobson,' she replied, with a toss of her head; and when I went to business that day it was decided by the women that our livery should be set up.

II

PETER GRUNDSELL, the knife-boy, the youth previously mentioned as son of my greengrocer and occasional butler, a demure little fair-haired lad, who had received his education in a green baize coat and yellow leather breeches at St. Blaize's Charity School, was our first foot-boy or page. Mamma thought that a full-sized footman might occasion inconvenience in the house, and would not be able to sleep in our back attic (which indeed was scarcely six feet long), and she had somehow conceived a great fondness for this youth, with his pale cheeks, blue eyes, and yellow hair, who sang the sweetest of all the children in the organ-loft of St. Blaize's. At five o'clock every morning, winter and summer, that boy, before he took a permanent engagement in my establishment, slid down our area-steps, of which and of the kitchen entrance he was entrusted with the key. He crept up the stairs as silent as a cat, and carried off the boots and shoes from the doors of our respective apartments without disturbing one of us: the knives and shoes of my domestic circle were cleaned as brilliant as possible before six o'clock: he did odd jobs for the cook, he went upon our messages and errands; he carried out his father's potatoes and cauliflowers; he attended school at St. Blaize's; he turned his mother's mangle:—there was no end to the work that boy could do in the course of a day, and he was the most active, quiet, humble little rogue you ever knew. Mrs.

Captain Budge then took a just liking to the lad, and resolved to promote him to the situation of page. His name was changed from Peter to Philip, as being more genteel: and a hat with a gold cord and a knob on the top like a gilt Brussels sprout, and a dark green suit, with a white galloon stripe down the trouser-seams, and a bushel of buttons on the jacket, were purchased at an establishment in Holborn, off the dummy at the door. Mamma is a great big strong woman, with a high spirit, who I should think could *protect herself* very well; but when Philip had his livery, she made him walk behind her regularly, and never could go to church without Philip after her to carry the books, or out to tea of an evening, without that boy on the box of the cab.

Mrs. Captain B. is fond of good living herself; and, to do her justice, always kept our servants well. I don't meddle with the kitchen affairs myself, having my own business to attend: but I believe my servants had as much meat as they could eat, and a great deal more than was good for them. They went to bed pretty soon, for ours was an early house, and when I came in from the City after business, I was glad enough to get to bed; and they got up rather late, for we are all good sleepers (especially Mrs. B., who takes a heavy supper, which *I* never could indulge in), so that they were never called upon to leave their beds much before seven o'clock, and had their eight or nine good hours of rest every night.

And here I cannot help remarking, that if these folks knew their luck—*sua si bona norint*, as we used to say at Merchant Taylors'; if they remembered that they are fed as well as lords, that they have warm beds and plenty of sleep in them; that, if they are ill, they have frequently their master's doctor; that they get good wages, and beer, and sugar and tea in sufficiency: they need not be robbing their employers, or taking fees from tradesmen, or grumbling at their lot. My friend and head clerk, Raddles, has a hundred and twenty a year, and eight children; the Reverend Mr. Bittles, our esteemed curate at St. Blaize's, has the same stipend and family of three; and I am sure that both of those gentlemen work harder, and fare worse, than any of the servants in my kitchen, or my neighbour's. And I, who have seen that dear, good, elegant *angel*[1] of

[1] I say this, because I think so, and will *not* be put down. My

a Mrs. Bittles ironing her husband's bands and neckcloths: and that uncommonly shy supper of dry bread, and milk-and-water, which the Raddles family take when I have dropped in to visit them at their place (Glenalvon Cottage, Magnolia Road South, Camden Town), on my walks from Hampstead of a Sunday evening:—I say, who have seen these people, and thought about my servants at home, on the same July evening, eating buttered toast round the kitchen fire—have marvelled how resigned and contented some people were, and how readily other people grumbled.

Well then, this young Philip being introduced into my family, and being at that period as lean as a whipping-post, and as contented with the scraps and broken victuals which the cook gave him, as an alderman with his turtle and venison, now left his mother's mangle, on which, or on a sack in his father's potato bin he used to sleep, and put on my buttons and stripes, waited at my own table, and took his regular place at that in the kitchen, and occupied a warm bed and three blankets in the back attic.

The effect of the three (or four or five, is it?—for the deuce knows how many they take) meals a day upon the young rascal, was speedily evident in his personal appearance. His lean cheeks began to fill out, till they grew as round and pale as a pair of suet dumplings. His dress (for the little dummy in Holborn, a bargain of Mrs. Captain B.'s, was always a tight fit) grew tighter and tighter—as if his meals in the kitchen were not sufficient for any two Christians, the little gormandizer levied contributions upon our parlour dishes. And one day my wife spied him with his mouth smeared all over with our jam pudding; and on another occasion he came in with tears in his eyes and hardly able to speak, from the effects of a curry on which he had laid hands in the hall, and which we make (from the Nawob of Mulligatawny's own receipt) remarkably fine, and as hot, as hot—as the dog-days.

As for the crockery, both the common blue and the stone china Mamma gave us on our marriage (and which I must confess I didn't mind seeing an end of, because she bragged and *bothered* so about it), the smashes that boy made were

wife says she thinks there is nothing in Mrs. Bittles, and Mamma says she gives herself airs, and has a cast in her eye: but a more elegant woman *I* have never seen, no, not at a Mansion House ball, or the Opera.—M. H.

incredible. The handles of all the tea-cups went ; and the knobs off the covers of the vegetable-dishes ; and the stems of the wine-glasses ; and the china punch-bowl my Anna Maria was christened in. And the days he did not break the dishes on the table, he spilt the gravy on the cloth. Lord ! Lord ! how I did wish for my pretty neat little parlour-maid again. But I had best not, for peace' sake, enlarge again upon *that* point.

And as for getting up, I suppose the suppers and dinners made him sleepy as well as fat ; certainly the little rascal for the first week did get up at his usual hour : then he was a little later : at the end of a month he came yawning downstairs after the maids had long been at work : there was no more polishing of boots and knives : barely time to get mine clean, and knives enough ready for me and my wife's breakfast (Mrs. Captain B. taking hers and her poached eggs and rashers of bacon in bed), in time enough, I say, for my breakfast, before I went into the City.

Many and many a scolding did I give that boy, until my temper being easy and the lad getting no earthly good from my abuse of him, I left off—from sheer weariness and a desire for a quiet life. And Mamma, to do her justice, was never tired of giving it to him, and rated him up hill and down dale. It was ' Philip, you are a fool ; ' ' Philip, you dirty wretch ; ' ' Philip, you sloven,' and so forth, all dinner-time. But still, when I talked of sending him off, Mrs. Captain B. always somehow pleaded for him and insisted upon keeping him. Well. My weakness is that I can't say no to a woman, and Master Philip stayed on, breaking the plates and smashing the glass, and getting more mischievous and lazy every day.

At last there came a *crash*, which, though it wasn't *in my crockery*, did Master Philip's business. Hearing a great laughter in the kitchen one evening, Mamma (who is a good housekeeper, and does not like her servants to laugh on any account) stepped down,—and what should she find ? —Master Philip, mimicking her to the women servants, and saying, ' Look, this is the way old Mother Budge goes ! ' And, pulling a napkin round his head (something like the Turkish turban Mrs. Captain B. wears), he began to speak as if in her way, saying, ' Now, Philip, you nasty, idle, good-for-nothing, lazy, dirty boy you, why do you go for to spill the gravy so ? ' &c.

Mrs. B. rushed forward and boxed his ears soundly, and the next day he was sent about his business: for flesh and blood could bear him no longer.

Why he had been kept so long, as I said before, I could not comprehend, until after Philip had left us: and then Mamma said, looking with tears in her eyes at the chap's jacket as it lay in the pantry, that her little boy Augustus was something like him, and that he wore a jacket with buttons of that sort. Then I knew she was thinking of her eldest son, Augustus Frederick York Budge, a midshipman on board the *Hippopotamus* frigate, Captain Swang, C.B., (*I* knew the story well enough,) who died of yellow fever on the West India Station, in the year 1814.

III

By the time I had had two or three more boys in my family, I got to hate them as if I had been a second Herod, and the rest of my household, too, was pretty soon tired of the wretches. If any young housekeepers read this, I would say to them, Profit by my experience, and never keep a boy—be happy with a parlour-maid, put up with a charwoman, let the cook bring up your dinner from the kitchen; get a good servant who knows his business, and pay his wages as cheerfully as you may: but never have a boy into your place, if you value your peace of mind.

You may save a little in the article of wages with the little rascal, but how much do you pay in discomfort! A boy eats as much as a man, a boy breaks twice as much as a man, a boy is twice as long upon an errand as a man; a boy batters your plate and sends it up to table dirty; you are never certain that a boy's fingers are not in the dish which he brings up to your dinner; a boy puts your boots on the wrong trees; and when at the end of a year or two he has broken his way through your crockery, and at last learned some of his business, the little miscreant privately advertises himself in the *Times* as a youth who has two years' character, and leaves you for higher wages, and another place. Two young traitors served me so in the course of my fatal experience with boys.

Then, in a family council, it was agreed that a man should be engaged for our establishment, and we had a series of footmen (our curate recommended to me our first man, whom the clergyman had found in the course of his charitable excursions). I took John Tomkins out of the garret, where he was starving. He had pawned every article of value belonging to him; he had no decent clothes left in which he could go out to offer himself for a situation; he had not tasted meat for weeks, except such rare bits as he could get from the poor curate's spare table. He came to my house, and all of a sudden rushed into plenty again. He had a comfortable supply of clothes, meat, fire, and blankets. He had not a hard master, and as for Mamma's scolding, he took it as a matter of course. He had but few pairs of shoes to clean, and lived as well as a man of five hundred a year. Well, John Tomkins left my service in six months after he had been drawn out of the jaws of death, and after he had considered himself lucky at being able to get a crust of bread, because the cook served him a dinner of cold meat two days running—' He never ad been used to cold meat ; it was the custom in no good fam'lies to give cold meat—he wouldn't stay where it was practised.' And away he went, then—very likely to starve again.

Him there followed a gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. Abershaw, for I am positive he did it, although we never could find him out. We had a character with this amiable youth which an angel might have been proud of—had lived for seven years with General Hector—only left because the family was going abroad, the General being made Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Tapioca Islands—the General's sister, Mrs. Colonel Ajax, living in lodgings in the Edgware Road, answered for the man, and for the authenticity of the General's testimonials. When Mamma, Mrs. Captain B., waited upon her, Mrs. Captain B. remarked that Mrs. Colonel's lodgings were rather queer, being shabby in themselves, and over a shabbier shop—and she thought there was a smell of hot spirits and water in Mrs. Colonel's room when Mrs. B. entered it at 1 o'clock ; but, perhaps, she was not very rich, the Colonel being on half-pay, and it might have been ether and not rum which Mrs. B. smelt. She came home announcing that she had found a treasure of a servant, and Mr. Abershaw stepped into our pantry and put on our livery.

Nothing could be better for some time than this gentleman's behaviour : and it was edifying to remark how he barred up the house of a night, and besought me to see that the plate was all right when he brought it upstairs in the basket. He constantly warned us, too, of thieves and rascals about ; and, though he had a villanous hang-dog look of his own, which I could not bear, yet Mamma said, this was only a prejudice of mine, and, indeed, I had no fault to find with the man. Once I thought something was wrong with the lock of my study-table ; but, as I keep little or no money in the house, I did not give this circumstance much thought, and once Mrs. Captain Budge saw Mr. Abershaw in conversation with a lady who had very much the appearance of Mrs. Colonel Ajax, as she afterwards remembered, but the resemblance did not, unluckily, strike Mamma at the time.

It happened one evening that we all went to see the Christmas pantomime; and of course took the footman on the box of the fly, and I treated him to the pit, where I could not see him; but he said afterwards that he enjoyed the play very much. When the pantomime was over, he was in waiting in the lobby to hand us back to the carriage, and a pretty good load we were, our three children, ourselves, and Mrs. Captain B., who is a very roomy woman.

When we got home,—the cook, with rather a guilty and terrified look, owned to her mistress that a most 'singlar' misfortune had happened. She was positive she shut the door—she could take her Bible oath she did—after the boy who comes every evening with the paper; but the policeman, about 11 o'clock, had rung and knocked to say that the door was open—and open it was, sure enough; and a greatcoat, and two hats, and an umbrella were gone.

'Thank 'Evins! the plate was all locked up safe in my pantry,' Mr. Abershaw said, turning up his eyes; and he showed me that it was all right before going to bed that very night; he could not sleep unless I counted it, he said—and then it was that he cried out, Lord! Lord! to think that while he was so happy and unsuspicious, enjoin' of himself at the play, some rascal should come in and rob his kind master! If he'd a knowd it, he never would have left the house—no, that he wouldn't.

He was talking on in this way when we heard a loud shriek from Mamma's room, and her bell began to ring like mad: and presently out she ran, roaring out, 'Anna Maria! Cook! Mr. Hobson! Thieves! I'm robbed, I'm robbed!'

'Where's the scoundrel?' says Abershaw, seizing the poker as valiant as any man I ever saw; and he rushed upstairs towards Mrs. B.'s apartment, I following behind, more leisurely; for, if the rascal of a housebreaker had pistols with him, how was I to resist him, I should like to know?

But when I got up—there was no thief. The scoundrel had been there: but he was gone: and a large box of Mrs. B.'s stood in the centre of the room, burst open, with numbers of things strewn about the floor. Mamma was sobbing her eyes out, in her big chair; my wife and the female servants already assembled; and Abershaw, with the poker, banging under the bed to see if the villain was still there.

I was not aware at first of the extent of Mrs. B.'s misfortune, and it was only by degrees, as it were, that that unfortunate lady was brought to tell us what she had lost. First, it was her dresses she bemoaned, two of which, her rich purple velvet and her black satin, were gone: then, it was her Cashmere shawl: then, a box full of ornaments, her jet, her pearls, and her garnets; nor was it until the next day that she confessed to my wife that the great loss of all was an old black velvet reticule, containing two hundred and twenty-three pounds, in gold and notes. I suppose she did not like to tell me of this; for a short time before, being somewhat pressed for money, I had asked her to lend me some; when, I am sorry to say, the old lady declared, upon her honour, that she had not a guinea, nor should have one until her dividends came in. Now, if she had lent it to me, she would have been paid back again, and this she owned, with tears in her eyes.

Well, when she had cried and screamed sufficiently, as none of this grief would mend matters, or bring back her money, we went to bed, Abershaw clapping to all the bolts of the house door, and putting the great bar up with a clang that might be heard all through the street. And it was not until two days after the event that I got the numbers of the notes which Mrs. Captain B. had lost, and which were all paid into the Bank, and exchanged for gold the morning after the robbery.

When I was aware of its extent, and when the horse was stolen, of course I shut the stable-door, and called in a policeman—not one of your letter X policemen—but a gentleman in plain clothes, who inspected the premises, examined the family, and questioned the servants one by one. This gentleman's opinion was that the robbery was got up in the house. First, he suspected the cook, then he inclined towards the housemaid, and the young fellow with whom, as it appeared, that artful hussy was keeping company; and those two poor wretches expected to be carried off to jail forthwith, so great was the terror under which they lay.

All this while Mr. Abershaw gave the policeman every information; insisted upon having his boxes examined, and his accounts looked into, for though he was absent, waiting upon his master and mistress, on the night when the robbery was committed, he did not wish to escape search—not he; and so we looked over his trunks just out of compliment.

The officer did not seem to be satisfied—as, indeed, he had discovered nothing as yet—and after a long and fruitless visit in the evening, returned on the next morning in company with another of the detectives, the famous Scroggins indeed.

As soon as the famous Scroggins saw Abershaw, all matters seemed to change. 'Hullo, Jerry!' said he; 'what, you here? at your old tricks again? this is the man what has done it, Sir,' he said to me; 'he is a well-known rogue and prig.' Mr. Abershaw swore more than ever that he was innocent, and called upon me to swear that I had seen him in the pit of the theatre during the whole of the performance; but I could neither take my affidavit to this fact, nor was Mr. Scroggins a bit satisfied, nor would he be until he had the man up to Beak Street Police Court, and examined by the magistrate.

Here my young man was known as an old practitioner on the treadmill, and, seeing there was no use in denying the fact, he confessed it very candidly. He owned that he had been unfortunate in his youth, that he had not been in General Hector's service these five years; that the character he had got was a sham one, and Mrs. Ajax merely a romantic fiction. But no more would he acknowledge. His whole desire in life, he said, was to be an honest man; and ever since he had entered my service he had acted as such. Could I point out a single instance in which he had failed to do his duty? But there was no use in a poor fellow who had met with misfortune trying to retrieve himself: he began to cry when he said this, and spoke so naturally that I was almost inclined to swear that I *had* seen him under us all night in the pit of the theatre.

There was no evidence against him; and this good man was discharged, both from the Police office and from our service, where he couldn't abear to stay, he said, now that his Hhonour was questioned. And Mrs. Budge believed in his innocence, and persisted in turning off the cook and housemaid, who she was sure had stolen her money: nor was she quite convinced of the contrary two years after, when Mr. Abershaw and Mrs. Colonel Ajax were both transported for forgery.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON

[April 6, 1850]

'Sir,—I am a country gentleman, infirm in health, stricken in years, and only occasionally visiting the metropolis, of which the dangers, *and the noise and the crowds*, are somewhat too much for my quiet nerves. But at this season of Easter, having occasion to come to London, where my son resides, I was induced to take his carriage and his five darling children for a day's sight-seeing. And of sight-seeing I have had, Sir, enough, not for a day, but for *my whole life.*

'My son's residence is in the elegant neighbourhood of P-rtm-n Square, and taking his carriage, of which both the horse and driver are perfectly steady and past the prime of life, our first visit was to the Tenebrorama, in the Regent's Park, where I was told some neat paintings were exhibited, and I could view some scenes at least of foreign countries without the danger and fatigue of personal travel. I paid my money at the entrance of the building, and entered with my unsuspicious little charges into the interior of the building. Sir, it is like the entrance to the Eleusinian mysteries, or what I have been given to understand is the initiation into Freemasonry. We plunged out of the light into such a profound darkness that my darling Anna Maria instantly began to cry. We felt we were in a chamber, Sir, dimly creaking and moving underneath us—a horrid sensation of sea-sickness and terror overcame us, and I was almost as frightened as my poor innocent Anna Maria.

'The first thing we saw was a ghastly view of a church—the Cathedral of Saint Sepulchre's, at Jericho, I believe it was called—a dreary pile, with not a soul in it, not so much as a pew-opener or verger to whom one could look for refuge from the solitude of the dismal. Sir, I don't care to own I am frightened at being in a church alone; I was once locked up in one at the age of thirteen, having fallen asleep during the sermon, and though I have never seen a ghost, they are in my family; my grandmother saw one. I hate to look at a great, ghastly, naked edifice, paved with gravestones, and surrounded with epitaphs and death's-heads, and I own that I thought a walk in the Park would have been more cheerful than this.

'As we looked at the picture, the dreary church became more dreary; the shadows of night (by means of curtains and contrivances, which I heard in the back part of the mystery making an awful flapping and pulling) fell deeply and more terribly on the scene. It grew pitch dark; my poor little ones clung convulsively to my knees; an organ commenced playing a dead march—it was midnight—tapers presently began to flicker in the darkness—the organ to moan more dismally—and suddenly, by a hideous optical delusion, the church was made to appear as if full of people, the altar was lighted up with a mortuary illumination, and the dreadful monks were in their stalls.

'I have been in churches. I have thought the sermon long. I never thought the real service so long as that painted one which I witnessed at the Tenebrorama. My dear children whispered, "Take us out of this place, Grandpapa." I would have done so. I started to get up—(the place being now dimly visible to our eyes, accustomed to the darkness, and disclosing two other wretches looking on in the twilight besides ourselves)—I started, I say, to get up, when the chamber began to move again, and I sank back on my seat, not daring to stir.

'The next view we saw was the summit of Mount Ararat, I believe, or else of a mountain in Switzerland, just before dawn. I can't bear looking down from mountains or heights; when taken to St. Paul's by my dear mother, as a child, I had wellnigh fainted when brought out into the outer gallery; and this view of Mount Ararat is so dreadful, so lonely, so like nature, that it was all I could do to prevent myself from dashing down the peak and plunging into the valley below. A storm, the thunderous rumble of which made me run cold, the fall of an avalanche destroying a village, some lightning, and an eclipse I believe of the sun, were introduced as ornaments to this picture, which I would as lief see again as undergo a nightmare.

'More dead than alive, I took my darling children out of the place, and tenderly embraced them when I was out of the door.

'The Haidorama is next by, and my dear little third grandchild insisted upon seeing it. Sir, we unsuspecting ones went into the place, and saw, what do you think?—the Earthquake of Lisbon! Ships were tossed and dashed about the river before us in a frightful manner. Convents and castles toppled down before our eyes and burst into flames. We heard the shrieks of the mariners in the storm, the groans of the miserable people being swallowed up or smashed in the rocking, reeling ruins—tremendous darkness, lurid lightning flashes, and the awful booming of thunderbolts roared in our ears, dazzled our eyes, and frightened our senses so, that I protest I was more dead than alive when I quitted the premises, and don't know how I found myself in my carriage.

'We were then driven to the Zoological Gardens, a place which I often like to visit (keeping away from the larger beasts, such as the bears, who I often fancy may jump from their poles upon certain unoffending Christians; and the howling tigers and lions who are continually biting the keepers' heads off), and where I like to look at the monkeys in the cages (the little rascals!) and the birds of various plumage.

'Fancy my feelings, Sir, when I saw in these gardens—in these gardens frequented by nursery-maids, mothers, and children, an immense brute of an elephant about a hundred feet high rushing about with a wretched little child on his back, and a single man vainly endeavouring to keep him! I uttered a shriek—I called my dear children round about me. And I am not ashamed to confess it, Sir, I ran. I ran for refuge into a building hard by, where I saw—ah, Sir! I saw an immense boa constrictor swallowing a live rabbit—swallowing a live rabbit, Sir, and looking as if he would have swallowed one of my little boys afterwards. Good Heavens! Sir, do we live in a Christian country, and are parents and children to be subjected to sights like these?

'Our next visit—of pleasure, Sir! bear with me when I say *pleasure:* was to the Waxwork in Baker Street,—of which I have only to say that, rather than be left alone in *that* gallery at night with those statues, I would consent to be locked up with one of the horrid lions at the Zoological Gardens.—There is a woman in black there lying on a sofa, and whose breast heaves—there is an old man whose head is always slowly turning round—there is Her M——ty and the R-y-l Children looking as if they all had the yellow fever—sights enough to terrify *any* Christian I should think—sights which, nevertheless, as a man and a grandfather, I did not mind undergoing.

'But my second boy, Tommy, a prying little dare-devil, full of mischief, must insist upon our going to what he called the reserved apartment, where Napoleon's carriage was, he said, and other curiosities. Sir, he caused me to pay sixpences for all the party, and introduced me to what?—to the Chamber of Horrors, Sir!—they're not ashamed to call it so—they're proud of the frightful title and the dreadful exhibition—and what did I there behold?—murderers, Sir,—murderers; some of them in their own cold blood—Robespierre's head off in a plate—Marat stuck and bleeding in a bath—Mr. and Mrs. Manning in a frightful colloquy with Courvoisier and Fieschi about the infernal machine—and my child, my grandchild, Sir, laughed at my emotion and ridiculed his grandfather's just terror at witnessing this hideous scene!

'Jacky, my fifth, is bound for India—and wished to see the Overland Journey portrayed, which, as I also am interested in the future progress of that darling child, I was anxious to behold. We came into the Exhibition, Sir, just at the moment when the simoom was represented.

Have you ever seen a simoom, Sir? Can you figure to yourself what a simoom is?—a tornado of sand in which you die before you can say Jack Robinson, in which camels, horses, men, are swept into death in an instant—and this was the *agreeable* sight which, as a parent and a man, I was called upon to witness! Shuddering, and calling my little charges around me, I quitted Waterloo Place, and having treated the dear beings to a few buns in the Haymarket, conducted them to their last place of amusement, viz., the Panorama, in Leicester Place.

'Ah, Sir! of what clay are mortals supposed to be made, that they can visit that exhibition? Dreams I have had in my life, but as that view of the Arctic Regions, nothing so terrible. My blood freezes as I think of that frightful *summer* even—but what to say of the winter? By Heavens, Sir, I could not face the sight—the icy picture of eternal snow—the livid northern lights, the killing glitter of the stars; the wretched mariners groping about in the snow round the ship; they caused in me such a shudder of surprise and fright—that I don't blush to own I popped down the curtain after one single peep, and would not allow my children to witness it.

'Are others to be so alarmed, so misled, so terrified? I beseech all people who *have nerves* to pause ere they go sight-seeing at the present day, and remain,

'Your obedient Servant,
'GOLIAH MUFF.'

THE LION-HUNTRESS OF BELGRAVIA

BEING LADY NIMROD'S JOURNAL OF THE PAST SEASON

[August 24, 31, September 21, 1850]

I

WHEN my husband's father, Sir John Nimrod, died, after sixteen years' ill-health which ought to have killed a dozen ordinary baronets, and which I bore, for my part, with angelic patience, we came at length into the property which ought, by rights, to have been ours so long before (otherwise I am sure I would never have married Nimrod, or gone through eighteen years of dullness and comparative poverty in second-rate furnished houses, at home and abroad), and at length *monté*'d my *maison* in London. I married Nimrod an artless and beautiful young woman, as I may now say without vanity, for I have given up all claims to youth or to personal appearance; and am now at the *mezzo* of the path of *nostra vita*, as Dante says: having no pretensions to flirt at all, and leaving that frivolous amusement to the young girls. I made great sacrifices to marry Nimrod: I gave up for him Captain (now General) Flather, the handsomest man of his time, who was ardently attached to me; Mr. Pyx, then tutor to the Earl of Noodlebury, but now Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy; and many more whom I need not name, and some of whom I dare say have never forgiven me for jilting them, as they call it. But how could I do otherwise? Mamma's means were small. Who could suppose that a captain of dragoons at Brighton, or a nobleman's tutor and chaplain (who both of them adored me certainly), would ever rise to their present eminent positions? And I therefore sacrificed myself and my inclinations, as every well-nurtured and highly principled girl will, and became Mrs. Nimrod—remaining Mrs. Nimrod—plain Mrs. Nimrod as Mr. Grimstone said—for eighteen years. What I suffered no one can tell. Nimrod has no powers of conversation and I am all soul and genius. Nimrod cares neither for poetry, nor for company, nor for science, and without geology, without poesy, without society, life is a blank to me. Provided he could snooze at home with the children, poor N. was (and is) happy. But ah! could their innocent and often foolish conversation suffice to a woman of my powers? I was wretchedly deceived, it must be owned, in my marriage, but what mortal among us has not his or her *tracasseries* and *désillusionnements?* Had I any idea that the old Sir John Nimrod would have clung to life with such uncommon tenacity, I might now have been the occupant of the Palace of Bullocksmithy (in place of poor Mrs. Pyx, who is a vulgar creature), and not the mistress of my house in Eaton Crescent, and of Hornby Hall, Cumberland, where poor Sir Charles Nimrod generally lives shut up with his gout and his children.

He does not come up to London, nor is he *fait pour y briller*. My eldest daughter is amiable, but she has such frightful red hair that I really could not bring her into the world; the boys are with their tutor and at Eton; and as

I was born for society, I am bound to seek for it alone. I pass eight months in London, and the remainder at Baden, or at Brighton, or at Paris. We receive company at Hornby for a fortnight when I go. Sir C— N— does not trouble himself much with London or *mon monde*. He moves about my saloons without a word to say for himself; he asked me whether Dr. Buckland was a poet, and whether Sir Sidney Smith was not an Admiral: he generally overeats and drinks himself at the house-dinners of his clubs, being a member of both Snooker's and Toodle's, and returns home after six weeks to his stupid Cumberland solitudes. Thus it will be seen that my lot in life as a domestic character is not a happy one. Born to *briller* in society, I had the honour of singing on the table at Brighton before the epicure George the Fourth at six years of age.[1] What was the use of shining under such a bushel as poor dear Sir C— N—? There are some of us, gifted but unfortunate beings, whose lot is the world. We are like the Wanderer in my dear friend Eugéne Sue's elegant novel, to whom Fate says, '*Marche, marche!*' for us pilgrims of society there is *no* rest. The Bellairs have been a fated race: dearest Mamma dropped down in the tea-rooms at Almack's and was carried home paralysed: I have heard that Papa (before our misfortunes, and when he lived at Castle Bellairs, and in Rutland Square) never dined alone for twenty-seven years and three-quarters, and rather than be without company he would sit and laugh and quaff with the horrid bailiffs who often arrested him. I am a creature of the world then, I cannot help my nature. The Eagle (the crest of the Bellairs) flies to the dazzling sun, while the 'moping owl' prefers the stupid darkness of the thicket.

They call me the Lion-Huntress. I own that I love the society of the distinguished and the great. A mere cultivator of frivolous fashion, a mere toady of the great, I despise; but genius, but poetry, but talent, but scientific reputation, but humour, but eccentricity above all, I adore. I have opened my *Salons* now for several seasons. Everybody of note who has been in our metropolis I have received,—the great painters, the great poets and sculptors (dear, dear sculptures, I adore them !), the great musicians and artists, the great statesmen of all the great countries ; the great envoys, the great missionaries, the great generals, the great *every* bodies have honoured the *réunions* of Clementina Nimrod. I have had at the same dinner, the wise and famous Monsieur Doctrinaire (and was in hopes he would have come to me in the footman's suit in which he escaped from Paris, but he only came with his Golden Fleece, his broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour and eighteen orders), Signor Bombardi, the Roman tribune, General Prince Rubadubsti, the Russian general, and dear Tarboosh Pasha, who was converted to Islamism after his heroic conduct in Hungary. I have had Monsieur Sansgêne, the eminent socialist refugee ; Rabbi Jehoshaphat, from Jerusalem ; the Archbishop of Mealypotatoes, *in partibus infidelium*, and in purple stockings ; Brother Higgs, the Mormon Prophet ; and my own dear Bishop of Bullocksmithy, who has one of the prettiest ankles and the softest

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[1] It was *not* before George the Fourth, but before the Prince of Wales, that Lady Nimrod, then Miss Bellairs, performed at the Pavilion.

hands in England, seated round my *lowly* board. I have had that darling Colonel Milstone Reid, the decipherer of the Babylonish inscriptions ; the eminent Professor Hödwinck, of Halle, author of those extraordinary *Horae Antediluvianae*, and *The History of the Three Hundred First Sovereigns of the Fourth Preadamite Period ;* and Professor Blenkinhorn (who reads your handwriting in that wonderful way, you know, for thirteen stamps) round one tea-table in one room in my house. I have had the hero of Acre, the hero of Long Acre, and a near relation of Greenacre at the same *soirée*,—and I am not ashamed to own that, when during his trial the late atrocious Mr. Rawhead, confiding in his acquittal, wrote to order a rump and dozen at the inn, I was so much deceived by the barefaced wretch's protestations of innocence that I sent him a little note, requesting the honour of his company at an evening party at my house. He was found justly guilty of the murder of Mrs. Tripes, was hanged, and of course, could not come to my party. But had he been innocent, what shame would there have been in my receiving a man so certainly remarkable, and whose undoubted courage (had it been exerted in a better cause) might have led him to do great things ? Yes, and if I take that villa at Fulham next year, I hope to have a snug Sunday party from the Agapemone for a game at hockey ; when I hope that my dear Bishop of Bullocksmithy will come.

Indeed, what is there in life worth living for but the enjoyment of the society of men of talent and celebrity ? Of the mere *monde*, you know, one person is just like another. Lady A. and Lady B. have their dresses made by the same milliner, and talk to the same pattern. Lord C.'s whiskers are exactly like Mr. D.'s, and their coats are the same, and their plaited shirt-fronts are the same, and they talk about the same things. If one dines with E., or F., or G., or H., one has the same dinner at each table ; the very same soup, entrées, sweets and ices, interspersed with the same conversation carried round in an undertone. If one goes to I. House or K. House, there is the same music—the same Mario and Lablache, the same Lablache and Mario. As for friends in the world, we know what *they* are, stupid frumps and family connexions, who are angry if they are not invited to all one's parties, who know and tell all one's secrets, who spread all the bad stories about one that are true, or half-true, or untrue; I make a point, for my part, to have no friends. I mean, nobody who shall be on such a confidential footing as that he or she shall presume to know too much of my affairs, or that I shall myself be so fond of, that I should miss them were they to be estranged or to die. One is not made, or one need not be made, to be uncomfortable in life: one need have no painful sensations about anybody. And that is why I admire and am familiar with remarkable people and persons of talent only; because, if they die, or go away, or bore me, I can get other people of talent or remarkable persons in their place. For instance, this year it is the Nepaulese Princes, and Mlle. Vandermeer, and the Hippopotamus one is interested about; next year it may be the Chinese Ambassadors, or the Pope, or the Duke of Bordeaux, or who knows who? This year it is the author of the *Memoriam* (and a most pleasing poet), or Mr. Cumming, the lion-hunter of South Africa, or that dear Prelude; next year, of course, there will be somebody else, and some other poems or delightful works, which will come in; and of which there is always a bountiful and most providential and blessed natural supply with every succeeding season.

And as I now sit calmly, at the end of a well-spent season, surveying my empty apartments, and thinking of the many interesting personages who have passed through them, I cannot but think how wise my course has been, and I look over the lists of my lions with pleasure. Poor Sir C—, in the same way, keeps a game-book I know, and puts down the hares and pheasants which he has bagged in his stupid excursions, and if that strange and delightful bearded hunter, Mr. Cumming (who was off for Scotland just when I went to his charming and terrible Exhibition, close by us at Knightsbridge, and with an intimate Scotch mutual acquaintance, who would have introduced me, when I should have numbered in my Wednesday-list and my dinner-list one *noble lion* more), if Mr. Cumming, I say, keeps *his* journal of springboks, and elephants, and sea-cows, and lions and monsters, why should not Clementina Nimrod be permitted to recur to her little journals of the sporting season?

II

CONTINUALLY have I been asked, What is a lion? A lion is a man or woman one must have at one's parties—I have no other answer but that. One has a man at one's parties because one sees him at everybody else's parties; I cannot tell you why. It is the way of the world, and when one is of the world, one must do as the world does.

Vulgar people, and persons not of the world, nevertheless, have their little parties and their little great men (the foolish, absurd creatures!) and I have no doubt that at any little lawyer's wife's tea-table in Bloomsbury, or merchant's heavy mahogany in Portland Place, our manners are ludicrously imitated, and that these people show off their lions, just as we do. I heard Mr. Grimstone the other night telling of some people with whom he had been dining, a kind who are not in society, and of whom, of course, one has never heard. He said that their manners were not unlike ours, that they lived in a very comfortably furnished house: that they had entrées from the confectioner's, and that kind of thing; and that they had their lions, the absurd creatures, in imitation of us. Some of these people have a great respect for the Peerage, and Grimstone says that at this house, which belongs to a relative of his, they never consider their grand dinners complete without poor Lord Muddlehead to take the lady of the house to dinner. Lord Muddlehead never speaks; but drinks unceasingly during dinner-time, and is there, Grimstone says, that the host may have the pleasure of calling out in a loud voice and the hearing of his twenty guests, 'Lord Muddlehead, may I have the honour of taking wine with your lordship?'

I am told there are several members of the aristocracy who let themselves out to be dined, as it were, in this sad way; and do not dislike the part of lion which they play in these inferior houses.

Well then?—what must we acknowledge?—that persons not in society imitate us; and that everybody has his family circle and its little lion for the time being. With us it is Nelson come home from winning the battle of Aboukir; with others it is Tom Smith who has gained the silver sculls at the rowing match. With us it is a Foreign Minister, or a Prince in exile; with others it may be Master Thomas who has just come from Cambridge, or Mr. and Mrs. Jones who have just been on a tour to Paris. Poor creatures! do not let us be too hard on them! People may not be in society—and yet, I dare say, mean very well. I have found in steamboats on the Rhine, and at tables d'hôte on the Continent, very well-informed persons, really very agreeable and well mannered, with whom one could converse very freely, and get from them much valuable information and assistance—and who, nevertheless, were not in society at all. These people one does not, of course, recognize on returning to this country (unless they happen to get into the world, as occasionally they do): but it is surprising how like us many of them are, and what good imitations of our manners they give.

For instance, this very Mr. Grimstone—Lady Tollington took him up, and, of course, if Lady Tollington takes up a man he goes everywhere—four or five years ago in Germany I met him at Wiesbaden; he gave me up his bedroom, for the inn was full, and he slept on a billiard-table, I think, and was very good natured, amusing, and attentive. He was not then *du monde* and I lost sight of him: for, though he bowed to me one night at the Opera, I thought it was best not to encourage him, and my glass would not look his way. But when once received—difficulties of course vanished, and I was delighted to know him.

'Oh, Mr. Grimstone,' I said, 'how charmed I am to see you among us! How pleasant you must be, ain't you? I see you were at Lady Tollington's and Lady Trumpington's; and of course you will go everywhere: and will you come to my Wednesdays?'

'It is a great comfort, Lady Nimrod,' Grimstone said, 'to be in society at last—and a great privilege. You know that my relations are low, that my father and mother are vulgar, and that until I came into the *monde*, I had no idea what decent manners were, and had never met a gentleman or a lady before ? '

Poor young man! Considering his disadvantages, he really pronounces his h's very decently ; and I watched him all through dinner-time, and he behaved quite well. Lady Blinker says he is satirical : but he seems to me simple and quiet.

Mr. Grimstone is a lion now. His speech in Parliament made him talked about. Directly one is talked about, one is a lion. He is a Radical ; and his principles are, I believe, horrid. But one must have him to one's parties, as he goes to Lady Tollington's.

There is nothing which I dislike so much as the illiberality of some narrow-minded English people, who want to judge everything by their own standard of morals, and are squeamish with distinguished foreigners whose manners do not exactly correspond with their own. Have we any right to quarrel with a Turkish gentleman because he has three or four wives ? With an officer of Austrian hussars, because, in the course of his painful duties, he has had to inflict personal punishment on one or two rebellious Italian or Hungarian ladies, and whip a few little boys ? Does anybody cut Dr. Hawtrey, at Eton, for correcting the boys ?—*my* sons, I'm sure, would be the better for a little more. When the Emperor's aide de camp, Count Knoutoff, was in this country, was he not perfectly well received at Court and in the very first circles ? It gives one a sort of thrill, and imparts a piquancy and flavour to a whole party when one has a lion in it who has hanged twenty-five Polish colonels, like Count Knoutoff ; or shot a couple of hundred Carlist officers before breakfast, like General Garbanzos, than whom I never met a more mild, accomplished, and elegant man. I should say he is a man of the most sensitive organisation, that he would shrink from giving pain—he has the prettiest white hand I ever saw, except my dear Bishop's ; and, besides, in those countries an officer must do his duty. These extreme measures, of course, are not what one would like officers of one's own country to do : but consider the difference of the education of foreigners !—and also, it must be remembered that if poor dear General Garbanzos *did* shoot the Carlists, those horrid Carlists, if they had caught him, would certainly have shot *him*.

In the same way about remarkable women who come among us—their standard of propriety, it must be remembered, is not ours, and it is not for us to judge them. When that delightful Madame Andria came amongst us (whom Grimstone calls Polyandria, though her name is Alphonsine), who ever thought of refusing to receive her? Count Andria and her first husband, the Baron de Frump, are the best friends imaginable; and I have heard that the Baron was present at his wife's second marriage, wished her new husband joy with all his heart, and danced with a Royal Princess at the wedding. It is well known that the Prince Gregory Ragamoffski, who comes out of Prussian Poland—(where I hope Miss Hulker, of Lombard Street, leads a happy life, and finds a *couronne fermée* a consolation for a bad, odious husband, an uncomfortable, hide-and-seek barn of a palace as it is called, and a hideous part of the country)—I say it is well known that Ragamoffski was married before he came to England, and that he made a separation from his Princess *à l'amiable;* and came hither expressly for an heiress. Who minds these things? Ragamoffski was everywhere in London; and there were Dukes at St. George's to sign the register; and at the breakfast, in Hyde Park Gardens, which old Hulker gave, without inviting *me*, by the way. Thence, I say, it ought to be clear to us that foreigners are to be judged by their own ways and habits, and not ours—and that idle cry which people make against some of them for not conforming to our practices ought to be put down! Cry out against them, indeed! Mr. Grimstone says that if the Emperor Nero, having slaughtered half Christendom the week before, could come to England with plenty of money in his pocket, all London would welcome him, and he would be pressed at the very first houses to play the fiddle; and that if Queen Catherine of Medicis, though she had roasted all the Huguenots in France, had come over afterwards to Mivart's, on a visit to Queen Elizabeth, the very best nobility in the country would have come to put their names down in her visiting-book.

III

Among the most considerable lions who have figured in my menagerie, I may mention Bobbachy Bahawder, the Prince of Delhi, who came over on a confidential mission, from His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Aurungzebe, his august sovereign and master. No *soirée* was for some time complete without the Bobbachy. Of all the Orientals who have visited our shores, it was agreed that he was the most witty, interesting, and accomplished; he travelled with a small suite of hookabadars, kitmutgars, and lascars; and the sensation was prodigious which was occasioned by the intelligence that the distinguished Envoy had it in command from his imperial master to choose out from among the beauties of Britain a young lady who would not object to become Empress of Delhi in place of the late lamented wife of the sovereign, for whose loss His Majesty was inconsolable. It was only after he had been for some time in the country that this the real object of his mission transpired: for, for some time, the Bobbachy lived in the most private manner, and he was not even presented at Court, nor asked to a turtle dinner by the East India Company. In fact, some of the authorities of Leadenhall Street said that the Bobbachy was no more an Ambassador than you or I, and hinted he was an impostor; but his Excellency's friends knew better, and that there are differences of such a serious nature between the East India Company and the Delhi Emperor, that it was to the interest of the Leadenhall Street potentates to ignore the Bobbachy, and throw all the discredit which they could upon the Envoy of the great, widowed, and injured sovereign.

Lady Lynx took this line, and would not receive him; but the manner in which her ladyship is *liée* with some of those odious Directors, and the way in which she begs, borrows, and as *I* believe, sells the cadetships and writerships which she gets from them, is very well known. She did everything malice and envy could suggest to bring this eminent Asiatic into disrepute; she said he was not a Prince or an Envoy at all, or anything but a merchant in his own country: but as she always tries to sneer at my lions, and to pooh-pooh my parties, and as I was one of the first to welcome the distinguished Bobbachy to this country, the very ill will and envy of Lady Lynx only made me the more confident of the quality of this remarkable person, and I do not blush to own that I was among the first to welcome him to our shores. I asked people to meet the Ambassador of the Emperor of Delhi. That I own, and that he denied altogether that he was here in any such capacity; but if reasons of state prevented him from acknowledging his rank, that was no reason why we should not award it to him; and I was proud to have the chance of presenting His Excellency to society, in opposition to that stupid, uninteresting Hungarian General whom Lady Lynx brought out at the same time, and who, to the best of my belief, was an Irishman out of Connaught, for he spoke English with a decided Connemara brogue.

When the Bobbachy first came to this country, he occupied humble lodgings in Jermyn Street, and lived at no expense, but happening to be staying at the Star and Garter at Richmond, where he one day came to dinner, I introduced myself to him in the hotel gardens; said I was the Lady Nimrod, one of the chiefs of English society, of whom perhaps he had heard, and that I should be glad to do anything in my power to make the metropolis welcome for him, and introduce him into the best company. He put both his hands before him on his breast, as if he was going to swim at me, Mr. Grimstone said, and made me a most elegant bow: answering in very good English that my humble name and the reputation of my parties had often formed the subject of conversation at the Court of Delhi and throughout the East, and that it was a white day in his life in which he had the delight to see the countenance of one who was so illustrious for beauty, as he was pleased to say I was. 'Ah!' he often said afterwards, 'why has Fate disposed so early of such a lovely creature? What a lucky individual is he' (meaning Nimrod) 'who possesses such a pearl! It is fit to be worn in an Emperor's turban, and I must not speak about you to my master or show your portrait to him unless I can take you to him; for he will certainly, when I get back to Delhi, chop my head off from rage and disappointment at my returning home without you!'

This speech, though Oriental, at least shows he was well-bred. As for my marrying the Emperor, that is out of the question, for Nimrod is alive in the country, and we have no means of pursuing your Oriental practices of bowstringing here. I told the Bobbachy at once that the Emperor must never think of me, must never be spoken to about me, and that I must live and die an English, not an Indian lady. But this was in after-times, and when we grew more intimate together. Meanwhile it gave me great pleasure in introducing into the world this amiable and polite exotic.

At first, as I have said, he lived in a very humble and retired manner in Jermyn Street, when I called upon him in my carriage with my footmen. The door was opened by a maid-of-all-work: who told us with wonder that 'the Injan gent,' as she called him, lived on the second floor. I toiled up to his apartment (how different to the splendid halls and alabaster pillars and sparkling fountains of the palaces of his native East!) and there found His Excellency on a horsehair sofa, smoking his hookah. I insisted upon taking him a drive into the Park. It happened to be a fine day, and there was a throng of carriages, and most eyes were directed towards the noble stranger as he sat by my side in the carriage in a simple Oriental costume with a turban of red and gold. I would have taken the back seat, and have let him sit cross-legged, but I had Miss Higgs, my companion, and Fido on the back seat. I mentioned everywhere who he was, took him to the Opera that night, and had him at my Wednesday, with a *petit dîner choisi* to meet him.

He had not been at Court as yet, nor with the East India Company, for the reasons I have stated; until the presents for Her Majesty, with which the *Burrumpooter* East Indiaman was loaded, had reached London—presents consisting of the most valuable diamonds, shawls, elephants, and other choice specimens of Oriental splendour—had arrived in the East India Docks, it was not etiquette for him to present himself before the sovereign of this country. Hence his quiet retreat in his Jermyn Street lodgings; and he laughed at the audacity of the landlord of the odious house. 'Landlord,' he said, 'he think me rogue. Landlord he send me bill. Landlord he think Bobbachy Bahawder not pay. Stop till *Burrumpooter* come, then see whether landlord not go down on his knee before the Emperor's Ambassador.' Indeed His Excellency had arrived with only two attendants, by the steamer and the overland route, leaving the bulk of his suite and the invaluable baggage to follow in the *Burrumpooter*.

He was a fine judge of diamonds and shawls, of course, and very curious about the jewellers and shawl merchants of London. I took him in my carriage to one or two of our principal tradesmen; but there was very little which he admired, having seen much finer brilliants and shawls in his own romantic land.

When he saw my house he was delighted and surprised. He said he thought all houses in London like that lodging in Jermyn Street,—all sofas black, all sky black; why his dam secretary take him to that black hole? Landlord—dam secretary's uncle—charge him hundred pound month for that lodging. I represented how atrociously His Excellency had been imposed upon, and that if he intended to receive company, he should certainly transport himself to better apartments. It is wonderful how these simple foreigners are imposed upon by our grasping countrymen!

The Bobbachy took my advice, and removed to handsome rooms at Green's Hotel, where he engaged a larger suite, and began to give entertainments more befitting his rank. He brought a native cook, who prepared the most delicious curries, pilaws, and Indian dishes, which really made one cry—they were so hot with pepper. He gradually got about him a number of the most distinguished people, and, thanks to my introduction and his own elegant and captivating manners, was received at many of our best houses; and when the real object of his mission came out (which he revealed to me in confidence), that he was anxious to select a lady for the vacant throne of Delhi, it was wonderful how popular he became, and how anxious people were about him. The portrait of his imperial master, the Emperor, seated on a gold throne, was hung up in his principal drawing-room; and though a vile daub, as most people said, especially that envious Grimstone, who said he must have bought it of some Strand limner for a guinea—yet what can one expect from an Indian artist? and the picture represented a handsome young man, with a sweet black beard, a thin waist, and a necklace of diamonds worth millions and billions of rupees.

If the young ladies and mammas of London flocked to see this picture, you may imagine how eager the mammas and young ladies were to show their own beauties! Everybody read up about Delhi, and was so anxious to know about it from His Excellency! Mrs. Cramley, hearing that the Orientals like stout ladies, sent to Scotland for that enormous Miss Cramley, who is obliged to live in seclusion on account of her size, and who really would do for a show; old Lady Glum said if she allowed her daughter to make such a marriage, it would be with the fervent hope of converting the Emperor and all India with him; little Miss Cockshaw was anxious to know if the widows were burned still at Delhi. I don't know how many women didn't ask His Excellency when this news was made public, and my lion was nearly torn to pieces. It was 'Bobbachy Bahawder and suite,' 'His Excellency Bobbachy Bahawder,' 'His Excellency Prince Bobbachy Bahawder,' everywhere now, his name in all the newspapers, and who should be most eager to receive him.

The number of pictures of young ladies of rank which my friend received from all parts of the country, would have formed a series of Books of Beauty. There came portraits from Belgravia—portraits from Tyburnia—portraits from the country; portraits even from Bloomsbury and the City, when the news was made public of the nature of His Excellency's mission. Such wicked deceptive portraits they sent up too! Old Miss Cruickshanks had herself painted like a sylph or an opera dancer; Mrs. Bibb, who is five-and-forty if she's a day old, went to a great expense, and had a fashionable painter to draw her in a crop and a pinafore, like a schoolgirl. Fathers brought their children to walk up and down before His Excellency's hotel, and some bribed His Excellency's secretary to be allowed to wait in the ante-room until he should pass out from breakfast. That Lady Lynx said that the only ready money which the mission got was from these bribes, and the pictures, I must confess, were sold upon the Minister's withdrawal from this country.

A sudden revolution at the Court of Delhi occurred, as is very well known, in May last, and the news of his recall was brought to my excellent friend. The demand for his return was so peremptory that he was obliged to quit England at a moment's notice, and departed with his secretary only, and before he had even had time to take leave of me, his most attached friend.

A lamentable accident must have happened to the

Burrumpooter Indiaman, with the diamonds and elephants on board, for the unfortunate ship has never reached England, and I dare say has sunk with all on board.

But that is no reason for the slander of ill-natured people, who want to make the world believe that there never was such a ship as the *Burrumpooter* at all ; and that the Bobbachy and his secretary were a couple of rogues in league together, who never had a penny, and never would have made their way in society but for my introduction. How am I to know the pedigrees of Indian Princes, and the manners of one blackamoor from another ? If I introduced the Bobbachy, I'm sure other people have introduced other dark-complexioned people ; and, as for the impudence of those tradesmen who want me to pay his bills, and of Mr. Green, of the hotel, who says he never had a shilling of His Excellency's money, I've no words to speak of it.

Besides, I don't believe he has defrauded anybody : and when the differences at the Court of Delhi are adjusted, I've little doubt but that he will send the paltry few thousand pounds he owes here, and perhaps come back to renew the negotiations for the marriage of his imperial master.

WHY CAN'T THEY LEAVE US ALONE IN THE HOLYDAYS?

[January 18, 1851]

'FROM HOME AS YET. 10th January.

ESPECTED MR. PUNCH,—I am a young gentleman of good family, and exceedingly gentle disposition, and at present at home for the Christmas holydays with my dear Papa and Mamma. I believe I am not considered clever at school, being always last in my class: and the Doctor, the Usher, the French Master, and all the boys, except Tibbs Minimus (who is only six, and in the last form with me), beat me and ill use me a great deal. And it's a great shame that I for my part am not allowed to whop Tibbs Minimus, which I could, being 14 myself last birthday; but that *nasty brute* Tibbs Minor says he'll *thrush me* if I do—and it's very *unkind of him;* for, when he was a child in petticoats, and I was ten, and he was in the last class with me, I never beat him, as I easily could have done, and now the *unkind boy* is always attacking and wooriting me.

'I cannot do *lessons and that, Mr. Punch:* for when the Dr. calls me up my tongue cleaves to the roof of *my mouf*, I'm so fritned: and same way *in French*, and same in Arythmetic; and I can't fight like some boys, because I'm a nervous boy: but the big boys keep me awake telling stories to 'em *all night;* and I know *ever so many*, and am always making *stories in my head;* and somehow I feel that I'm better than *many of the chaps*—only *I can't do anything.* And they chaff me and laugh at me because

I'm afraid *of being in the dark and seeing ghosts*, *and that, which I can't help it.* My mamma had a fright *before I was* born, and *that's what it is*, I suppose.

'Sir, I am very miserable at school with everybody licking me; *and hate the place:* and the going back to it—and *the idear* of it altogether. Why was schools ever invented? When I'm at my dear home, with dear Ma and sisters, and in bed as long as I choose, and wish twice to meat, or three times, if I like; and I walk in the Park, and go to see *a lovely Pantamime;* and so I lose the horrid thought of school; and it's only in my dreams, sometimes, I see that *abommanable* old Doctor.

'What I want you to do in the interest of all School Boys, is to stop the *Times* in holy time from publishing those *advertisements about schools.* On this day, Wednesday, jest against the leading article, there's no less than 2 columns of schools; and Papa, who's always jokin' and chaffin' me, reads 'em out, and says, "Tom, how'd you like this?—Education of a superior kind, Birchwood Briars. No extras, no holydays." Or, "Tom, here's a chance for you—To LAUNDRESSES. A schoolmaster wishes to receive into his establishment the SON of a respectable LAUNDRESS, on reciprocal terms. Address," &c. "My dear," Pa says to dear Ma, "what a pity you wasn't a washerwoman, and we could get this stupid boy educated for nothing." I'm sure I've been *mangled* enough by that bully, Bob Cuff, if I hav'n't been ironed and hung up to dry! Or, "To Booksellers, Grocers, Butchers, and Bakers.—In a well-appreciated seminary, within five miles of London, the children of the above tradesmen will be received. The whole of the school account will be taken in goods." And Pa wonders if he were to send back our calf with me in our cart, and one of our sheep, whether the Doctor would take them in payment of the quarter's account? And then he says that one calf ought to pay for another, and laughs and makes me miserable for the whole day.

'And next week my pleasures, I know, will be dampt by reading the Christmas Vacation of the Chipping-Rodbury Grammar School will conclude on the 24th inst., when the boys are expected to reassemble; the young gentlemen of Dr. Bloxam's Academy will meet on the 25th; or Mr. Broomback's young friends will reassemble after the Christmas recess; or so and so. Why are these horrid thoughts always to be brought before us ? I'm sure, at Christmas time, managers of newspapers might *be kind* and keep these horrid advertisements out of sight. And if our uncles, and people who come to our house, when we're at home for the holydays, would but be *so obliging* as never to mention school, or make jokes about flogging, or going back, or what we have *for dinner*, or *that*, I'm sure we should be very much the happier, and you won't have heard in vain from your wretched reader,

'UNDER PETTY.'

THE FRENCH CONSPIRATION

[April 12, 1851]

From GOBEMOUCHE, *Man of Letters, to* SIR WORTLEY, *Member of Parliament*

'MILORD,

'I have read in the journal the allocution which you have addressed to the Government, and in which you state that you have a proofs of a great conspiracy existing in this country, and of which this city is the threshold.

'Milord. I am a Frenchman. I am a conspirator. I am proud of one and other title. Yes : we conspire : yes, we wish to conquer the old England. But it is in the full street that we conspire. It is by intelligence, by genius, by civilization, and no more by sabres and bayonets, that we would vanquish. Yes, we will invade you by thousands ; and our flotillas, unimpeded, shall discharge legions of our compatriots, from Boulogne, upon the cliffs of Albion. But those invaders come with flowers in their fusils, and your blondes countrywomen need fear no terrors of war from those who trust to overcome them. Yes, perhaps, I myself may hope to lead away some Britannic Briseis, the captive of my bow ; but it is the bow of Cupid which I wield—it is with love and not war that we would be irresistible !

'My lord—there is a conspiracy, but it is patent—a foreign invasion, but it is here. Our banners are planted amongst you, and yet your Kremlin on the Thames does not burn. Our legions are encamped in Regent's Quadrant and Leicester Squar : and yet we do not fear poison in the houses where we are billeted, or dread ambuscades as we parade your city. Oh, vanquished! you have nothing to fear from Frenchmen! We smoke under Nelson's column, and Trafalgar is ours. We promenade in Waterloo's Place, and revenge Waterloo!

'Already a letter from the important journal of which I was correspondent, has appeared in these columns. Although the *Moniteur de Boulevards* has ceased to exist, I am a man of letters still, and not idle. I study. I observe. I reflect. Educated with care, I write English with native purity.

'I am not of those Frenchmen, light and frivolous, who think to approfound the institutions of a country in a visit of eight days: and having walked through London, attended by their guide of office, and spoken and smoked with their compatriots at the cafés of Leicester Squar and Regent's Quadrant, believe themselves authorized to speak with confidence of the manners and the politics of a great nation. No! Since my arrival I have deeply studied, carefully inspected, intimately meditated this city, this Carthage, superb rival of our Rome. I have marked all classes of Insularies, from the superb Lord Mayor in his palace of the City, to the humble artisan taking his refreshment under the tents of the Crystal Exhibition. I have formed profound conclusions; I interview enormous changements for this country.

'The insular habits are rapidly passing away. The Parisian civilization has invaded and conquered the white cliffs, at which Napoleon pointed in vain his eyeglass and his flotillas. The male beard and costume of France no longer excites ridicule in the old England—on the contrary, the Insularies adopt our dress, and let to grow their moustachios. I saw of late, in the Chamber of Commons, the son of the greatest of English Statesmen. His discovered chest, his waving locks curled above his forehead in a Brutus, his rich imperial, his gallant air, are those of the Continent of our France—not of England, traditional country of the blue frock with buttons of copper, the culotte of skin, the boots to reverse. The young Sir P—l might be a Sportsman of our Jockey Club; a lion of our Boulevard of Glove. And not he only, as I have said—not the young dandies of the clubs and brilliant militaries on leave—but the youth in general, the artists, the students of the schools of medicine, the advocates of the Temple, and the clerks of notary, the young officers of scheriffs in Chancery Lane, let grow the hair and carry the beard. Where our arms have not conquered, our arts have vanquished. The old England Frenchifies itself all the days.

'I see on most of the shops the announcement that French here is spoken—an imperfect jargon it is true, but yet a great and remarkable advance, and sign of civilization; and it is with no small feelings of delight and pride I remark that almost all the literature of the people is translation of the profound views of our own superior authors; the seizing narratives of our incomparable Alexandre—the large morality of Sue, and Sand; even the lively tales of the good old Paul de Kock here find interpreters and admirers. In the English Theatre, no pieces but of French origin are tolerated by the public. An accomplished countrywoman of ours, speaking, it is true, in the English language, but with an accent which renders her adopted tongue a thousand times more melodious and charming than it is in native mouths, is the chief actress at the people's theatre in the Strand. At that of the Princess, where presides the Son of the Kean, whom our Alexandre Dumas has rendered immortal, I found him and his wife performing a drama from our Boulevard. At Drury Lane, Azael the Prodigal, surrounded by the Bayadères of Memphis, has borrowed the decorations and voluptuous dances, if not the music, of our Academy. Tartuffe is acting upon the Haymarket scene, and those shafts which the immortal Molière launched against the priests and bigots of his time, are found still to be sharp and to have poison after two hundred years, when directed against Anglican Church zealots, and aimed at Britannic hypocrites.

'Thus I say, that we have conspired, and that we have conquered.

'Is not the man of all England the most admired and beloved a Frenchman? Whose name, whose good things are in so many people's mouths as the name, as the good things of Alexis Soyer? Yes, Alexis is a great pacific conqueror. If merit is to be rewarded by public gratitude, his eminent services ought to be acknowledged by the two countries—the two countries which he has united, as were the twins of Siam, by the bond of the stomach. If there were a cordon (*bleu*) of the Legion of Honour, it should be sent to Soyer with the title of Grand Commander. This nation has paid him just and repeated honours. Chef of the Club of Reform, that once powerful party has been disorganized ever since he ceased to be its chief. It dwindles. One is dissatisfied with its leaders. Lord John is scarcely esteemed: Sir Wood is little tasted since Soyer the Frenchman resigned his baton of commandment, and threw himself upon a single party no more, but on the whole country.

'Albion has responded to his appeal. In our days of college, it was our habit to call her perfidious; but where shall we find a country more faithful, more grateful? With us everything uses itself; every man makes himself to forget. A week after February there was no more question of the House of Orleans than of the House of Valois; a month after Lamartine had been the hero of a revolution, the saviour of a Republic, he was the forgotten writer of books forgotten. Here it is different. We (for almost I feel that this is France and that I am an Englishman) honour and remember our public men. Honour to the country, and to those to whom she is grateful!

'An exploding proof of this worthy appreciation has lately been conferred upon Alexis Soyer. The magistrates of the county of Middlesex have summoned before them Alexis. He appeared with the courage of his nation, of his genius, before the grave administrators of the Britannic Themis. But it was not tortures, it was not imposts, it was not Botanibay, which they offered to him; it was to confer upon him the rights of citizenship, and to present him, in the name of Queen Victoria, of the Lord Mayor, of England entire, with a splendid testimony of the national gratitude.

'In the neighbourhood of London—by the gigantesque Palace of Crystal, the fresh meadows of the Hyde Park, and the sombre avenues of Kinsington's Gardens—little removed from the Octroi (turnspikes)—there stands, amidst parks and prairies of its own, a château called the Château of Gor. The Château of Gor has been purchased with the money of the municipality by this grateful nation, by these grave magistrates, and has been conferred, with the patent of baronnet, upon Alexis Soyer, Frenchman. Sir Soyer, in a warm allocution, responded to the Lord Mayor, when this title, this domain, were conferred upon him—and asked all the magistrates to dine in the palace of which he has become master.

'A palace of fairies is he making of it—truly a Symposium of all nations, as Sir Soyer (faithful to his Bacchanalian tradition, and proud of his religion of the apron) has styled it. Halls are here filled in the manners of all nations, accommodated by the presiding taste of Sir Alexis. The Saloon of Italy, the Saloon of Turkey, the Saloon of Spain; the Hall of France, the Hall of Old England. You may consume here the cockaliquet of the mountains of Scotland, the garbanzos of Castille, the shamrocks of Ireland, the macaroni of Vesuvius, the kari of the Ganges, and the cabob of the Bosphorus; you may call here for the golden juice of the Rhine, and the purple draught of the Garonne, as for the whiski of the Liffi, and the Afandaf (liquor which I adore) of the Thames. Sir Soyer will soon be prepared to furnish you with all these. Already his pavilions glow with the rich colours of the lavish pencil: already banquet halls and feudal towers rise among his parterres: already quiet alcoves and particular cabinets twinkle from among the bosquets, where they will be covered by the discreet and beautiful foliage of Spring and Summer;—yet a few weeks and the palace of Soyer will be opened. This, Milord, is the Conspiracy by which France hopes to conquer you—this is the representative whom the Republic sends to Albion!

'Agree the hommages of profound consideration with which

'I have the honour to be, Milord,

'GOBEMOUCHE,

'*Man of letters, man of progress.*'

'LEICESTER SQUAR, 10 April.'

A STRANGE MAN JUST DISCOVERED IN GERMANY

[April 19, 1851]

IT has been mentioned in the German journals that a Foreigner from some unknown country, and speaking a jargon scarcely intelligible by the most profound German philologists, has lately made his appearance at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where, of course, he was handed over to the care of the police.

'This individual was brought before us, Johann Stumpffenstrumpffen, Burgomaster of Frankfort, on Tuesday, the 8th of April, and examined in our presence and that of our Clerk and Town Council.

'The raiment and appearance of this individual, landed, no one knows how, in a remote and extremely quiet German city, are described by all persons as most singular. In height he is about five feet six inches, his hair is white, his face sallow, his beard red—that on his upper lip not so much grown as that on his cheeks: his hands are large and dirty: his teeth useful, his appetite great, and his thirst constant.

'His dress is most extraordinary and barbarous. On his head he wears a covering of a snuff-brown colour, in shape something like a wash-basin—which it would be very advisable that he should use for his face and hands. Round his neck, which is exceedingly ugly and bare, he wears a strip of a shining stuff, spun out of worms, he says, in his own country, and called an Alberti: it is puffed in two bows round his cheeks, and gives him a highly absurd appearance.

‘His outer garment was a loose, shaggy vest, made out of the skins of bears, most likely, and tainted strongly with a stale and exceedingly rancorous odour of what he calls “ backybacky.” This outer dress—when asked its name, by Bürgermeister von Humpffenstrumpffen—the nondescript called a “ Minorimosy ” ; and, holding up his outstretched hand three times, cried out the syllable “ Bob,” and wagged his head ; from which the Burgomaster concluded that “ bob ” is the name of a coin of the country.

‘His next garment, one without sleeves, was decorated with buttons of glass ; and in the pockets were found bits of paper, which the nondescript tried to explain—by the words “ Ungle,” “ tickor,” “ spowt,” &c.—and showed by his gestures that the papers were to him of considerable value. They are greasy, and, to all appearances, worthless, coarsely printed, and marked with rude manuscript numerals. It is conjectured that they may form part of the paper-money of his country.

‘Beyond these tokens, no coin of any kind was found on the nondescript’s person.

‘Under the glass-buttoned garment, from which he struggled violently not to be divested, the stranger had on two other very singular articles of costume. One was very ragged, and evidently old, and covered with printed figures in pink, representing Bayadères dancing. Over this was a small piece of stuff worked with the needle, and once white—the name of which, after repeated and severe interrogatories, he said was “ dicki.” It has been carried to the Museum, and placed between the breastplate of a Turkish vizier and the corslet of a knight of the Middle Ages.

‘His lower dress was of a broad check pattern, something resembling the stuff which is worn by the Scottish Highlanders, who, however, it is known, do not use *braccae*, whence it is evident that the stranger cannot be one of these. When the Burgomaster pointed to these, the nondescript wagged his head, pleased seemingly, and said the word “ Stunnin,” which the clerk took down.

‘On his feet were a sort of short boot with large iron heels, in which he began to execute a queer dance before the Court, clinking the heels together, and turning the toes fantastically in and out—pointing to this boot with the cane which he carries in his mouth, he winked to the clerk, and said, “ Hylo ” ; but then presently looking round the room, and seeing a portrait of the late Field-Marschall Prince of Wallstadt, he ran up to it, and said—" Blooker ! Blooker ! " and danced once more.

'What relation can there be between the nondescript's boot and the late gallant and venerated Marshal Forwards, who destroyed Bonaparte, after the latter had defeated and taken the Herzog v. Wellington prisoner at the battle of Mount St. John ?

'At this stage of the examination, and having been allowed to resume all his clothes, the stranger pointed to his mouth and laid his hand on his stomach, crying out the monosyllable " Grub," which Dr. Blinkhorn thinks must mean food in his language. Accordingly, a sausage, some bread, and a can of beer were brought, of the first of which he partook greedily, devouring the whole bread and sausage. It was observed that he ate with his fork, not with his knife, as we Germans do.

'Having tasted the drink, he, however, laid it down, making very wry faces, and calling out the word " Swipy, swipy," twice, which was taken down. And then, by more faces and contortions, he made us to understand as if the beer had disagreed with him, upon which the excellent Bürgermeister, having a bottle of Rhum in the cupboard, gave the savage a glass, who smacked it off at once, crying out the word " Jollybijingo."

' " Jollybijingo—was ist denn Jollybijingo ? " asked his worship, conjecturing with his usual acuteness, that this was the savage's phrase for Rhum of Jamaica. " Wilt thou have yet a glass Jollybijingo ? " And his Honour poured out a second glass, which the nondescript seized, and tossed off this time, exclaiming—

' " Aybaleaveyermibawawawy ! "

'Which expression being accurately taken down, his worship the Bürgermeister considered the examination sufficient, and sent off the Foreigner under the guard of Gendarmes Blitz and Wetter to Berlin.

'*A true copy.* (*Signed*) Humpffenstrumpffen, *Burgomaster.*
Blinkhorn, *Clerk of the Court.*'

From the Berlin 'Tagblatt.'

'The named Snooks, Bartholomaeus Student, out of Smithfield, London, was brought hither in custody, from Frankfort-on-the-Oder ; where, being tipsy, he had lost himself, allowing the train to go away without him. Snooks was handed over to the British Minister here, and will return to London as soon as any one will lend or give him funds for that purpose.'

WHAT I REMARKED AT THE EXHIBITION

[May 10, 1851]

I REMARKED that the scene I witnessed was the grandest and most cheerful, the brightest and most splendid show that eyes had ever looked on since the creation of the world ;—but as everybody remarked the same thing, this remark is not of much value.

I remarked, and with a feeling of shame, that I had long hesitated about paying three guineas—pooh-poohed—said I had seen the Queen and Prince before, and so forth, and felt now that to behold this spectacle, three guineas, or five guineas, or any sum of money (for I am a man of enormous wealth) would have been cheap : and I remarked how few of us know really what is good for us—have the courage of our situations, and what a number of chances in life we throw away. I would not part with the mere recollection of this scene for a small annuity : and calculate that after paying my three guineas, I have the Exhibition before me, besides being largely and actually in pocket.

I remarked that a heavy packet of sandwiches which Jones begged me to carry, and which I pocketed in rather a supercilious and grumbling manner, became most pleasant friends and useful companions after we had been in our places two or three hours : and I thought to myself that, were I a lyric poet with a moral turn, I would remark how often in the hour of our need our humble friends are welcome and useful to us, like those dear sandwiches, which we pooh-poohed when we did not need them.

I remarked that when the Queen bowed and curtsied, all the women about began to cry.

I remarked how eagerly the young Prince talked with his sister—how charmed everybody was to see those pretty young persons walking hand in hand with their father and mother, and how, in the midst of any magnificence you will, what touches us most is nature and human kindness, and what we love to witness most is love.

I remarked three Roman Catholic clergymen in the midst of the crowd, amusing themselves with an opera-glass.

I remarked to myself that it was remarkable that a priest should have an opera-glass.

I remarked that when the Archbishop of Canterbury was saying his prayer, the Roman Catholic clergymen seemed no more to care than I should if Mr. Longears was speaking in the House of Commons—and that they looked, stared, peered over people's shoulders, and used the opera-glass during the prayer.

I remarked that it would have been more decorous if, during *that* part of the day's proceedings, the reverend gentlemen had not used the opera-glass.

I remarked that I couldn't be paying much attention myself, else how should I have seen the reverend gentlemen ?

I remarked my Lord Ivorystick and my Lord Ebonystick backing all the way round the immense building before the Queen ; and I wondered to myself how long is *that* sort of business going to last ? how long will free-born men forsake the natural manner of walking, with which God endowed them, and continue to execute this strange and barbarous *pas ?* I remarked that a royal Chamberlain was no more made to walk backwards than a royal Coachman to sit on the box and drive backwards. And having just been laughing at the kotoos of honest Lord Chopstick, (the Chinese ambassador with the pantomime face), most of us in our gallery remarked that the performance of Lord Ivorystick and Lord Ebonystick was not more reasonable than that of his Excellency Chopstick, and wished that part of the ceremony had been left out.

I remarked in the gold cage, to which the ladies would go the first thing, and in which the Koh-i-noor reposes, a shining thing like a lambent oyster, which I admired greatly, and took to be the famous jewel. But on a second visit I was told that that was not the jewel—that was only the case, and the real stone was that above, which I had taken to be an imitation in crystal.

I remarked on this, that there are many sham diamonds in this life which pass for real, and, vice versa, many real diamonds which go unvalued. This accounts for the non-success of those real mountains of light, my *Sonnets on Various Occasions.*

I remarked that, if I were Queen of England, I would have a piece of this crystal set into my crown, and wear it as the most splendid jewel of the whole diadem—that I would.

And in fact I remarked altogether—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

M. GOBEMOUCHE'S AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND EXHIBITION

[May 10, 1851]

'IN the good town of London, in the Squars, in the Coffees, in the Parks, in the society, at the billiards, there is but one conversation—it is of the Palace of Industry; it is of the Queen and Prince Albert; it is of the union of all nations. "Have you been there, my friend?" every one says to every one.

'Yes, I have been there. Yes, I am one of the myriads who visited the Palace of Industry on the first of May, and witnessed the triumph of France.

'Early in the day, following in the track of the myriads who were rushing towards the romantic village of Kinsington, and through the Bridge of Chevaliers, I engaged a cabriolet of place, and bidding the driver conduct me to the Palace of all Nations at Kinsington, sat in profound reverie smoking my cigar, and thinking of France, until my driver paused, and the agglomeration of the multitude, and the appearance of the inevitable Poliseman of London, sufficiently informed us that we were at the entrance of the Industrial Palace.

'Polisemen flank the left pillar of the gate surmounted by a vase, emblem of plenty; policeman flank the right pillar decorated by a lion (this eternal Britannic lion, how his roars fatigue me; his tail does not frighten me; his eternal fanfaronades regarding his courage make me puff of to laugh!)—and as nothing is to be seen in England without undoing purse, a man at a wicket stops the influx of the curious, and the tide cannot pass the barrier except through the filter of a schilling.

'O cursed schilling! He haunts me, that schilling. He pursues me everywhere. If a Frenchman has to produce his passport, there is no moment of the day when an Englishman must not produce his schilling. I paid that sum, and was with others admitted into the barrier, and to pass the outer wall of the Great Exhibition.

'When one enters, the sight that at first presents itself has nothing of remarkable—a court, two pavilions on either side, a château, to the door of which you approach by steps of no particular height or grandeur: these were the simple arrangements which it appears that the Britannic genius has invented for the reception of all people of the globe.

'I knock in the English fashion—the simple baronnet gives but one knock, the postman, officer of the Government, many and rapid strokes, the Lord Mayor knocks and rings. I am but the simple baronnet, and Sir Gobemouche wishes to be thought no more singular than Sir Brown or Sir Smith.

'Two pages—blond children of Albion—their little coats, it being spring-time, covered with a multiplicity of buds—fling open the two beatings of the door, and I enter the little ante-hall.

'I look up—above me is an azure dome like the vault ethereal, silver stars twinkle in its abysses, a left-hand lancing thunderbolt is above us—I read above, in characters resembling the lightning—"*Fille de l'orage*" in our own language, and "Symbolium of all Nations" in English.

'Is the daughter of the tempest then the symbol of all nations? Is the day's quiet the lull after yesterday's storm? Profound moralist, yes—it is so—we enter into repose through the initiation of the hurricane—we pass over the breakers and are in the haven!

'This pretty moral conveyed in the French language, the world's language, as a prelude to the entertainment—this solemn antechamber to the palace of the world, struck me as appropriate as sublime. With a beating heart I ascend further steps—I am in the world's vestibule.

'What do I see around me? Another magnificent allegory. The cities of the world are giving each other the hand—the Tower of Pisa nods friendly to the Wall of China—the Pont Neuf and the Bridge of Sighs meet and mingle arches—St. Paul, of London, is of accord with his brother St. Peter, of Rome—and the Parthenon is united with the Luqsor Obelisk, joining its civilization to the Egyptian mysteries, as the Greek philosophers travelled to Egypt of old ;—a great idea this—greatly worked out, in an art purposely naïve, in a design expressly confused.

'From this vestibule I see a staircase ascending, emblazoned with the magic hieroglyphics, and strange allegoric images. In everything that the Briton does lurks a deep meaning—the vices of his nobility, the quarrels of his priests, the peculiarities of his authors, are here dramatized :—a Pope, a Cardinal appear among fantastic devils—the romancers of the day figure with their attributes—the statesmen of the three kingdoms with their various systems—fiends, dragons, monsters, curl and writhe through the multitudinous hieroglyphic, and typify the fate that perhaps menaces the venomous enemies that empoison the country.

'The chambers of this marvellous palace are decorated in various styles, each dedicated to a nation. One room flames in crimson and yellow, surmounted by a vast golden sun, which you see, in regarding it, must be the chamber of the East. Another, decorated with stalactites and piled with looking-glass and eternal snow, at once suggests Kamschatka or the North Pole. In a third apartment, the Chinese dragons and lanterns display their fantastic blazons: while in a fourth, under a canopy of midnight stars, surrounded by waving palm-trees, we feel ourselves at once to be in a primeval forest of Brazil, or else in a scene of fairy—I know not which ;—the eye is dazzled, the brain is feverous, in beholding so much of wonders.

'Faithful to their national economy, of what, think you, are the decorations of the Palace ?—Of calico !—Calico in the emblematic halls, Calico in the Pompadour boudoirs, Calico in the Chamber of the Sun—Calico everywhere. Indeed, whither have not the English pushed their cottons ? their commerce ? Calico has been the baleful cause of their foreign wars, their interior commotions. Calico has been the source of their wealth, of their present triumphant condition, perhaps of their future downfall ! Well and deeply the decorators of the palace meditated when they decorated its walls with this British manufacture.

'Descending, as from a vessel's deck, we approach a fairy park, in which the works of art bud and bloom beside the lovely trees of spring. What green pelouses are here ! what waving poplars ! what alleys shaded by the buds and blossoms of spring! Here are *parterres* blooming with polyanthuses and coloured lamps; a fountain there where Numa might have wooed Egeria. Statues rise gleaming from the meadow; Apollo bends his bow; Dorothea washes her fair feet; Esmeralda sports with her kid. What know I? How select a beauty where all are beautiful? how specify a wonder where all is miracle?

'In yon long and unadorned arbour, it has been arranged by the English (who never do anything without rosbif and half-an-half) that the nations of the world are to feast. And that vast building situated on the eastern side of the pelouse, with battlemented walls, and transparent roof, is the much-vaunted Palace of Crystal! Yes; the roof is of crystal, the dimensions are vast—only the articles to be exhibited have not been unpacked yet; the walls of the Palace of Crystal are bare.

'"That is the Baronial Hall of all Nations," says a gentleman to me—a gentleman in a flowing robe and a singular cap, whom I had mistaken for a Chinese or an enchanter. "The Hall is not open yet, but it will be inaugurated by the grand Sanitary dinner. There will be half-crown dinners for the commonalty, five-shilling dinners for those of mediocre fortune, ten-shilling dinners for gentlemen of fashion like Monsieur. Monsieur, I have the honour to salute you."—And he passes on to meet another group.

'I muse, I pause, I meditate. Where have I seen that face? where noted that mien, that cap? Ah, I have it!—in the books devoted to gastronomic regeneration, on the flasks of sauce called Relish. This is not the Crystal Palace that I see—this is the rival wonder—yes, this is the Symposium of all Nations, and yonder man is Alexis Soyer!

'GOBEMOUCHE.'

THE CHARLES THE SECOND BALL

[May 24, 1851]

SINCE the announcement of the Costume Ball a good deal of excitement has been prevalent about the Court regarding it. It is known that Charles the Second used to feed ducks in St. James's Park, and it is thought that this amusement of the Merry Monarch is harmless, and may be repeated on the present festive occasion. Rewards have been offered at the Lord Chamberlain's Office, for a means of keeping the ducks awake till twelve o'clock at night.

We hear that some Duchesses decline altogether to assume the characters of their namesakes in the time of Charles the Second; and that the Dukes, their husbands, perfectly agree in this spirited decision.

For the same reason as their Graces', the parts of Maids of Honour are not in much request. But for the character of Catherine Hyde, who married the heir to the throne, there are numberless proposals among the young ladies of the polite world.

For the character of the Duke of Buckingham (of Charles the Second's time), who kicked down a grand fortune without being able to account for it, we hear a great number of noblemen named: among others, Lord Addlestone, Lord Muddlehead, and the Lord Viscount Wildgoose.

The young gentlemen about Downing Street are reading the *Biographie Universelle*, and acquiring a surprising fund of historical knowledge. Young Tapely, old Tapely's son, who is eighteen, and has just entered the Foreign Office, proposes to appear as Colbert : whom Guttleton admires, not as a minister, but as inventor of Colbert-soles. Vander Souchey, of the Dutch Legation, announced at the Club that he would go as the Pensionary de Witt. 'Behold de miracle instead of de witt,' said Flicflac ; and added, that Count Narcissi (the envoy from Pumpernickel) had best assume this character, because the women are always tearing him to pieces.

General the Earl of Slowgo (who does his best to be an F.M.) has just been credibly informed that a work exists—a remarkable work—although a light work he may almost say a biographical work—relative to the times of Charles the Second, called Pepys' *Diary*, and purporting to be edited by a member of their lordships' House, the Lord Viscount Braybrooke.

General Slowgo has, therefore, presented his compliments to Lord Viscount Braybrooke, and requests to know if the Viscount has edited the work in question ? Should his lordship's reply be in the affirmative, General Lord Slowgo will write to the Librarian of the British Museum, to know : 1st. Whether the work entitled Pepys' *Memoirs* be in the Library of the British Museum ? 2nd. Whether that work contains an authentic account of the reign of his late Majesty King Charles the Second ? 3rd. Whether the Librarian of the British Museum can bring the volume, if a rare one, to Slowgo House ? and, 4th, If not, whether, and at what time, General the Earl of Slowgo can consult the work in question at the British Museum ?

The two little Miss Budds (who go about with Lady Crabb) have had another contemporary work lent to them by their cousin Rowley, and are busy reading Grammont's *Memoirs*. When Lady Crabb heard that her wards were reading history, she was highly pleased, and observed that she has no doubt the volume is instructive, as the family of Grammont is one of the highest in France. The Miss Budds say the book is—very instructive.

Miss Grigg, who is exceedingly curious in books and antiquarianism, has come upon some surprising illustrative passages in her Papa's library, in the works of Wycherley and Sir C. Sedley, and in Suckling's poems.

Colonel Sir Nigel M'Asser, who has the largest and blackest whiskers not only in the Horse Guards Green, but (with the exception of one sapper, now at the Cape of Good Hope) in the British army, when he heard that whiskers were not worn in the time of Charles the Second, and that gentlemen would be expected to shave, instantly applied for leave of absence; and, if that is refused, he will send in his papers.

Lady Rosa Twentystone and her daughters have been to Hampton Court, and taken careful note of the Lelys there. But when they came down to dinner in the dresses which they had prepared, and rehearsed the part before Mr. Twentystone, he ordered the whole family up to their rooms, and the dinner to be covered, until they were.

'Lady Rosa is so delightful,' Varges says, that he thinks 'one can't see too much of her.'

Lord Viscount Methuselah has put himself into the hands of new artists, and will appear with the cheeks, hair, and teeth of twenty. He has selected the character of Lord Rochester, and has sent a request to the Lord Chamberlain that he may be allowed to make his entrée into the ball through a window and up a rope ladder.

Lord Hulkington hopes to be able to get into a page's dress, which he wore once in private theatricals, at the Princess of Wales's Court at Naples in 1814; and the ladies of his family are busy (for his lordship, since he came into his fortune, is become very economical) in trying to enlarge it.

Lady Howlbury expects to make a great sensation, and not at a large expense; having attired herself and daughters each in a curtain of the state bed at Ivybush, under which Charles the Second passed three days after the battle of Worcester.

If the Lord Mayor is invited with his suite, the City Marshal, of course, will go as Marshal Tureen.

Lord Tom Noddington was much surprised when he heard that Charles the Second had been up a tree; and always thought that he ran for the Oaks. His opinion was that Charles the Second had had his head cut off, just before his son, James the First, came into this country, from Scotland,—where Lord Tom goes shooting every year. Mr. Bland Varges, who is the most notorious wag at Spratt's, said that, as Tom Noddington had no head himself, he had better go as the Marquis of Montrose—after his decapitation.

Tom Noddington said he would be hanged if he went as Montrose, which Varges said was more and more in character. Lord Tom said he didn't know. He knew that he had shot the Duke's country, and hoped to shoot there again ; and he thought 'it was devilish dangerous, begad, in those confounded levelling times, by Jove, for fellas to go about, saying that other fellas had their heads cut off ; and that sort of thing, begad, might put bad ideas into other fellas' heads, and radical fellas, and dam republican fellas.' Mr. Varges said that Lord Tom needn't be afraid about *his* head, and that if he lost it he wouldn't miss it ; on which Tom Noddy said that Varges was always chaffing him.

Lord Addlestone—when his librarian informed him he had heard that Louis the Fourteenth as a young man wore a periwig powdered with gold-dust—has hit upon a brilliant thought of his own, and ordered that his wig shall not only be powdered with gold, but that he will have a papillote of bank-notes.

If these are scarce, as his steward informs him, his lordship's man is directed to use promissory notes bearing his lordship's valuable signature.

The young officers of the Eclectic Regiments, horse and foot, Cornets and Lieutenant-Captains with ten shillings per diem of pay, are greatly gratified at the idea of having to pay 40*l.* a-piece for their wigs at the Ball.

It is said that a venerable Prelate of a Western Diocese is going to represent all the seven recusant Bishops of James's time at once ; and Cardinal de Retz, who had a genius for conspiracies, fights, rows, and hot water in general, has a representative in Golden Square, with a hat and costume ready bought and paid for.

Ensign and Lieutenant Tipton, of the Coolstreams, says that he intends to take Marlborough's part as a young man, for he is very good-looking, is as poor as a rat, and ready to borrow money of any woman who will lend it.

PANORAMA OF THE INGLESE

[September 27, 1851]

(*From the ‘Beyrout Banner, Joppa Intelligencer, and Jerusalem Journal.’*)

The renowned and learned Sage and Doctor of Beyrout, the excellent Hadjee Aboo Bosh, has just returned to his beloved country from his wonderful travels in distant lands, having visited most of the cities and people of Franghistan. He is familiar with all languages, and has deeply studied the customs and manners of the Infidels. He has caused skilful limners amongst them, at the expense of many millions of piastres, to paint pictures representing the chief towns of the Franks; which works are so wonderful, life-like, and resembling nature, that true Believers, without leaving the cushion of repose, or the pipe of meditation, may behold the towns of Europe presented before them, and have the mountains to come to them, which would not advance in former ages, no, not even to meet the Prophet.

The famous and skilful Hadjee has arranged, near the Bazaar, by the Rope-makers' quarter, in the large vacant hall formerly occupied by the baths of El Thawer, a vast chamber, in which he exhibits the wonders which he has brought from foreign countries. Having paid money to a negro at the door, you are introduced through obscure passages into a chamber as dark as Gehenna, and into a place which they call a pit, where you sit in expectant terror, before an awful curtain, lighted but by a few faint lamps.

Many of the stoutest Agas and Effendis in Beyrout entered this gloomy apartment not without awe. The women of the hareem of Papoosh Pasha were placed in a box, guarded by a gilt cage; as were the ladies of the establishment of Bluebeard Bey, and the three wives of the Grand Mollah. Women's curiosity, indeed, will go anywhere. As the poet has sung—

> There is no secret so dark, but the eye of Zutulbe will penetrate it.
> There is no tangled skein, but the finger of Leila will unravel it.
> There is no lock so cunning, but the crooked nose of the old hag, Fatima, will pick it.

—Indeed, a vast audience of the officers, lords, and topping merchants of Beyrout were present to behold the Aboo Bosh's wonderful pictures.

Before the curtain drew aside, and our eyes were dazzled, our ears were diverted by a dexterous slave, who executes the barbarous music of Europe, and the favourite songs of the unbelievers, by merely turning the handle of a small chest, called a Hurridee Gurridee. The handle operates upon a number of bulbuls who are confined within the box, each of whom at his signal comes forward and pipes in his turn. One sings the hymn of the French Feringhees: he is called the Parees Yenn; when he is tired, another warbles the war-song of the English: he is called the Roolbretawnia; this over, a third nightingale begins to pipe the delicious love-song of the Yangkees, who are a kind of Ingleez, and the name of this song-bird is Yangkeedoodool. The sweetest of all the songs is this, and fills the heart with delight.

When the birds are tired, he who turns the handle of the box stops turning, and the music ceases with a melancholy wail. And then, as in a blaze of splendour, the pictures begin to pass before the astonished beholders.

The city represented yesterday was the City of Lundoon, which lies upon a river called the Tameez: over which are twenty thousand bridges, each twenty hundred parasangs in length, and to which there come daily a hundred thousand ships.

In one quarter of Lundoon, during the winter months, it is always night. It is illuminated, however, with fire, which gushes out of the bowels of the earth, and affords a preternatural brilliancy. This quarter is called Stee; twenty thousand carriages rush thither every minute, each carriage holding forty persons: the drivers and grooms crying out Stee, Stee! In this quarter the Shroffs and principal merchants reside. The palace of the Lord Cadi is here, and each ward of the City has an Elderman: who becomes Cadi in his turn. They are all fat in this district, drinking much of an intoxicating liquor made of citrons and rakee, called Panj, or Poonj, and eating of a stew of tortoises, of which they take many platesfull. Aboo Bosh owned to having tasted and liked the stew, but about the liquor he was silent.

After seeing the Merchants' quarter, the view changed, and exhibited to us the great Mosque of Paul, whereof the dome is almost as high as Mount Lebanon. The faithful pay two paras to enter this Mosque, which sum goes to the support of the dervishes. Within, it is surrounded by white images of captains, colonels, and effendis; whose figures show that the Ingleez were but an ill-favoured people. In the court is an image of a beloved Queen: the people say, 'Queen Anne is dead,' and tear their beards to this day, so much do they love her memory.

The next view was that of the building in which the Councillors and men of law of the kingdom meet for their affairs. In all Stambool there is not such a palace. It is carved without, and gilt within. The Chambers of Council are endless: the chair of the Queen is a treasure of splendour; and Aboo Bosh says that, when she comes in state, and surrounded by her vizeers, this intrepid Sovereign of an island race, that governs provinces more vast and distant than Serendib and Hind, always carries in her arms three lions. But the Hadjee did not see the Queen of the Ingleez, and I doubt of this story.

Besides the Mosque of Paul, there is the Mosque of Peter, whereof we likewise saw a view. All religions are free in this country, but only one is paid. Some dervishes shave the top of their heads, some tighten a piece of white cloth round their necks, all are dressed in black—we saw pictures of these, as also of the common people, the carriages, the Queen's janissaries in scarlet, with silver caps on their heads, and cuirasses made of a single diamond. These giants are all ten feet high: their officers fifteen: it is said that each consumes a sheep, and drinks a barrel of wine in the day.

Aboo then showed us the triumphal arch, near to the house of Wellingtoon Pasha, who has but to look from his window and see his own image on horseback. Ten thousand images of Wellingtoon are placed about the town, besides:

the English being so proud of him, because he conquered the French Jeneral Boonapoort. But lovers of poetry know the opinion of the bard :—

> The victory is not always with the bravest : nor the robe of
> honour given to him who deserves most.
> An eagle is shot down, and a leopard runs away with the spoil.

Near this is the Maidaun, where the young lords and ayas ride, with nymphs as beautiful as those of Paradise, arrayed in tight-fitting robes, and smiling from prancing chargers.

And now came a buzz of wonder in the crowd, and outcries of delight from the women's boxes, which made the eunuchs move about briskly with their rattans, when the wonderful picture dawned upon us, representing the prodigious Castle of Crystal and pavilion of light.

It is many miles long, and in height several furlongs. It is built of rock crystal and steel, without putty, wood, bricks, or nails. On the walls are flags, in number one hundred and seventy-eight thousand. We said ' Praise to Allah ! ' when we saw the scarlet standard, with the crescent and star of our august master, Abdul Medjid.

This palace was built in a single night by an enchanter named Paxtoon. This wonderful man possesses all the secrets of nature ; he can make a melon in ten minutes grow as big as a camel, a rose spread out before your eyes to the size of an umbrella. Lately, in a convent of dervishes, he caused in one evening a cabbage to grow so big that, after hearing a sermon from one of their Mollahs, who got up into the boughs, axes were brought, the plant was felled, and the whole community dined off it ; several bursting with repletion, so delicious was the food. This was told Aboo Bosh by a Mollah of Birmingham, a twisting dervish, who had seen many wonders.

Having seen the exterior of this Hall of Light, Aboo Bosh now showed to us the wondrous interior. All the treasures of the world are there, surely. Ten hundred and ten thousand persons come thither daily, and they all go first to see the saddles and embroidery, from Beyroot. What arcades of splendour ! what fountains ! what images ! The tallest trees grow in this palace. The birds cannot fly to the roof : it is so high. At one end is a place where travellers are served with cakes and sherbet by ravishing houris, with moon faces. O Aboo! O Hadjee, I suspect that Fatima, your one-eyed wife, has not heard the end of those tales! What says the poet?

> The best part of the tale is often that which is not told.
> A woman's truth is like the cloth which the Armenian sells you
> in the bazaar: he always cribs a portion of it.

And now, having spent several hours in examining this picture, the bulbul-box was again set in motion, and the greatest curiosity of all was represented to us. This is an Ingleez family of distinction, whom Aboo Bosh has brought with him, and who will be exhibited every day at three hours before, and three hours after sunset. But the account of their strange behaviour shall be reserved for the next Intelligence.

AN INGLEEZ FAMILY

[October 24, 1851]

ALL along, the Exhibition was explained to us by a Frank Interpreter, who understands perfectly our language.

Among the Ingleez, he said, men are allowed but one wife: a hard case, O Agas! for these poor women; for as the bard has remarked—

'When I am in a queer temper, in my hareem, I may beat Zuleika with my slipper, but I smile upon Leila and Zutulbe.

'When Leila's fatness becomes disagreeable, then Zutulbe's leanness commences to be pleasing.

'When both annoy me, then little Zuleika resumes her reign; for strawberries ripen at one season of the year, at another time figs, at another time water-melons. But always strawberries would be wearisome: as to hear bulbuls all day would cause one to yawn.

'Man takes delight in variety, as the bee sips of a thousand flowers.'

So, for any poor creature to be subject always to the caprices of one man, is cruel on her; as to compel one man to have but one wife, as amongst the Ingleez, is a tyranny unheard of amongst civilized nations like our own; and we may thank our stars that we do not live in Lundoon, but Beyroot.

If all the old women among the Ingleez are no better-looking than the one whom Aboo Bosh showed to us, I do not envy the elderly gentlemen of that nation, and can quite understand their habitual ill humour.

In the first part of the play appeared this old woman, the Khanum of the house, or 'Misseez,' as the Interpreter says she is called; her two daughters, Lola and Lota; her son, the young Aga; and the father of the family, called Brown Effendi.

Brown Effendi is fifty-five or six years old. He is tall, and of a portly shape, and, like all the elderly Ingleez, is bald: nor has he the decency to cover his baldness with a couple of caps, as we do, but appears with his shining pate without any shame.

His wife is two or three years younger; they must have been married these thirty years: no wonder that they quarrel together, and that the Effendi is tired of such an old hag!

The Interpreter explains that it is the beginning of the day. A table is set out, covered with a snowy damask cloth, with urns and vases of silver for tea, cups of porcelain, one for each of the family, bits of roasted bread, hot cakes, meat, honey, and butter. This meal the Ingleez of distinction take in common. An Effendi often does not behold his family (always excepting the old hag of a wife) except at that hour.

'Before the girls come down, and you go away to the Stee, Mr. Brown,' says the Misseez, 'will you have the goodness to give me some money? Look at these bills.'

'Jehannum take the bills!' roars out Brown, rising up and stamping. 'Can't you let a man read his newspaper in quiet?'

O Allah! read his newspaper in quiet! It is an immense sheet, as big as the Captain Pasha's mainsail. I should think it has as many letters and lines as the Koran itself. The Interpreter says, every Ingleez reads a paper every morning—it is called in their language, *El Tims*—from beginning to end, every day, before going out. Praise be to Heaven that we live in Beyroot!

'Well, don't swear at a woman, Mr. B.,' she says; 'don't swear when the children and servants are coming in. How can I help it if the house is expensive? I lived in a better before I came to yours. My mamma—'

‘Confound your mamma! How much is it?’ says Brown Effendi; and drawing a paper from his pocket-book, he writes an order to his Shroff to pay so much money.

The daughters now come in—there was a great sensation among us, especially in that rogue who sat by me, Poof Allee, who is always on the look-out for almond eyes. These virgins were young and fair, of fine shapes seemingly, wearing a sort of loose gowns buttoned up to the neck, with little collars, and little caps, with little ribbons; their cheeks pale, their eyes heavy—nevertheless, comely damsels, that would fetch a round sum of piastres in the market.

‘Why don’t you come sooner?’ growls the father.

‘They were at Lady Polk’s, at Mrs. Walls’s, and were not home till four: the girls must have sleep, Mr. B.’

‘Why do they go to those confounded balls?’ asks Brown Effendi. The Interpreter explains that a ball is a dance where many hundred women assemble.

‘They ought to be in bed at ten,’ growls the house-father.

‘We *do* go to bed at ten, when there is nothing at night, papa,’ says the eldest. ‘We couldn’t live if we didn’t go to sleep on the off nights.’

‘You don’t wish them not to go into the world, I suppose, Mr. B.? You don’t wish them not to get establishments? You don’t suppose it is for *my* pleasure that I go about night after night with these poor things, whilst you are drinking with your male friends, or at your clubs?’ (The Interpreter explains that a Club is the Coffee-house of the Ingleez: they sit there smoking until late hours.) ‘You don’t suppose that *I* go to dance?’

Brown Effendi bursts into a laugh. ‘*You* dance, Polly!’ says he. ‘Do I suppose the cow jumped over the moon?’

‘I wish Papa wouldn’t use those expressions,’ says Miss Lola to Miss Lota.

Papa now sits with his face buried in *El Tims*, and when he has read it (only in this Exhibition, or play, of course, the actor did not read the whole of the immense sheet, or we should have sat till night)—this labour over, and his breakfast done, he goes away to Stee.

‘That is the commencement of the day with thousands of English Effendis in Lundoon,’ the Interpreter explains. ‘He rises at eight. He shaves. He meets his family: kisses them, but rarely speaks, except to swear a little, and find fault. He reads through *El Tims*. He gives money to the

Khanum. He goes to the Stee: where his counting-house or office of business is, and which is often a long way from his house. He goes on foot, while his wife has a chariot.'

'That I can understand,' says Poof Allee. 'A man will not allow his womankind to go out except in an Aroba, guarded by the slaves. Even an unbeliever is not such a fool as *that*.'

'You are in error, O Effendi,' said the Interpreter. 'The women are free to go whithersoever they please. They wear no veils. They go about the City unprotected, save by a male servant, and even he is not necessary. They frequent the shops, and bazaars, and public gardens. I have seen ten thousand in the spring-time basking in the gardens of Kensington.

'O my eyes! I will go there,' said Poof Allee, stroking his beard, that sly rogue.

'They are to be seen everywhere,' continues the Interpreter, 'and at home, too, receive men into their houses.'

'This, I suppose, is one,' remarked a looker-on. 'He is splendid; he is tall; he has richly-carved buttons on his coat. He takes up the silver urn. Is this an officer of the Sultaun?'

'That? That is a servant,' said the Dragoman. 'He is bringing breakfast for the young Effendi, who comes down later than the rest of the family.'

'That,' cried Poof Allee, 'a servant? Why, he is a pearl of beauty. He is a Roostum. He is strong, tall, young and lovely. Does an old Ingleez allow such an Antar as that to walk about in his hareem? Psha! friend Interpreter, you are joking.'

'It is even so, Sir,' said the Dragoman. 'So strange is the pride of certain classes of the Ingleez, and so barbarous—blasphemous, I had almost said—their notions with regard to rank, that the aristocracy among the Ingleez take no more account of the persons below them than your honour does of the black slave-boy who fills your pipe. And of late, one of the lootees—or buffoons among the Ingleez—acquired no small share of popularity, and received from his bookseller ten thousand pieces of gold, for a book of jests, in which a servant was made the principal hero, and brought to live among Lords and Agas—the point of the jest being that the servant was made to feel like a man.

Here came in the young actor who, the Interpreter said, represented the son of the house. He drawled into the apartment, nodded languidly to his sisters, kissed his mother's forehead, and sank into the vacant chair by his sisters.

He called to the servant. 'John!' he said, 'pale ale.'

'My love!' said the Mamma.

'Tell the cook to devil some dam thing,' continued the youth.

'My darling!' said the old lady.

'Hot coppers, Ma'am!' said the young man, pulling a little tuft of hair on his chin. 'Keep sad hours—know I do. Out on the crawl till five o'clock this morning. Last thing I weckolect, shandy-gaff.'

'You'll kill yourself, child!' cried Mamma.

'So much the better for brother Dick. Youth is the season of enjoyment. Oh, dam! what a headache I've got! "Gather ye roses while ye may." Youth is the season of pleasure.'

'What sort of pleasure?' asked one of the sisters.

'Well—I think it was with two cabmen off the stand, at Bob Cwoft's,' said the young man. 'It's not very good fun, but it's better than those dam balls that you go to every night. Here comes the breakfast.'

And the curtain-bell ringing, the first part of the entertainment was over.

During the interval, the Interpreter continued to explain to us the manners and customs of this queer people: and the curtain again rising, showed us a view of the Queen's Palace (before which there is a figure of a Lion and Unicorn, which makes one die of laughing); the Courts of Justice; the Castle of Windsor, which seems, indeed, a pavilion of splendour in a rose-garden of delight; and an immense hole bored under the sea, the dark appearance of which made Poof Allee shudder. And now, having seen the Ingleez in the morning, and heard how the men pass the day in their offices and counting-houses, the women in the shops buying, in their carriages, in the gardens, visiting one another, and receiving company at home,—the Dragoman said, 'We shall show them as they are dressed of an evening, expecting visitors for the evening.'

The curtain drew up. Brown Effendi was now dressed with a white band round his neck, that made his eyeballs start out of his head and his red face blaze like the standard of the Sultan. Mrs. Brown appeared so changed since the morning that you would not know her, and Poof Allee (that rogue) said, ‘O my eyes! the old woman to-night looks quite young, and I always liked a stout woman.’ They stood one on each side of the fire-place—the Interpreter said, in the attitude of receiving dinner-company.

Schaun, the servant, came in with a note on a silver salver.

‘It’s from Wagg,’ said Brown Effendi—‘d—n him! he says he’s ill; but he’s asked by a lord, and has thrown us over. Take away one cover, John.’

How splendidly attired now is this Schaun! His costume of the morning is nothing to that which he now wears. A white coat barred with gold lace; a waistcoat of red and gold: shulwars of plush, the colour of butter-cups—and has he grown grey since the morning? No, he has put powder into his hair. He is beautiful to behold; a peacock is not finer.

And now, who enter? Who are these two houris? Who are these moon-faced ones, with the lustrous ringlets, the round arms, the shining shoulders? The heart beats to behold them. Poof Allee’s eyes brighten with rapture. They are the damsels of the morning, Lola and Lota.

‘This is the habit of Ingleez damsels,’ says the Interpreter, with rather a sly look. ‘All day they cover themselves up, but at night, because it is cold, they go with very little clothes. They are now going to dinner; they will then go to a concert; they will then drive to a ball or dance.’

‘But a ball, of course, only amongst women,’ said His Excellency Papoosh Pasha, Governor of Beyroot, who was smoking his kaboon in a box near the stage.

‘Among women, excellent Sir! There are men, too. If there were no men, the women would stay at home. This is the way that the Ingleez——’

‘Silence, shameless!’ roared out His Excellency. ‘Kislar Beg! Carry my women home this moment. Stop the Exhibition! All the principles of morality are violated. Women in that dress show themselves to men! Never! or if they do, it can only be amongst barbarians, and such a fact must not be known in a civilized country. Hadjee Aboo Bosh! this part of the Exhibition must be no more represented, under pain of the bastinado.’ And His

Excellency flung out of the room in a passion, and the Exhibition ended abruptly.

As for Poof Allee—that rogue—he has gone off to England by the last Peninsular and Oriental steamer.

POOR PUGGY

[October 18, 1851]

THOSE who know Topham Sawyer, the accomplished young Earl of Swellmore, are aware that, under a mask of languor and levity, he hides considerable powers of acuteness and observation. His letters are much prized, not only amongst the friends of his own rank, but by his Bohemian acquaintances in the *coulisses*. Of a sarcastic turn, he is yet not without a natural benevolence; has cultivated his talents and his good qualities in secret, and as if he was ashamed of them; and, not blameless, alas! in his life, he is correct, even to fastidiousness, in his spelling—in this affording an example to many of the younger nobility; and may be pardoned some of his bitterness, which may be set to the account of his well-known disappointment, two years since (when he was, as yet, but the penniless and Honourable Topham Sawyer), when the lovely Lady Barbara Pendragon, daughter, we need scarcely state, of the Marquess of M - ngelw - rzelshire, threw him over, and married the Roman Prince Corpodibacco, nephew of the Cardinal of that name. Trifles from the pens of the great are always acceptable in certain circles; and the following extract of a letter from Lord Swellmore to his intimate and noble friend the Marquess of Macassar, though on a trifling subject, will be read not without interest by those who admire our country's institutions. The noble Earl, whilst waiting at his Club to see Messrs. Aminadab and Nebuchadnezzar, on pecuniary business, having promised to write to the Marquess of Macassar at Paris (indeed, concerning Bills of Exchange, on which both the Noble Lords are liable), dashed off a letter, partly on private affairs, and concluding with the following lively passages :—

'I sit here, my dear Macass, and see the people go by to the Exhibition. It's better than going there. *Suave mari magno:* you see the ocean devilish well from the shore. You're only sick if you go to sea. I wish they'd give us a smoking-room fronting Piccadilly. Why don't the new men who have been building, have smoking-rooms to the street? I like those fellows at Brighton who sit on the cliff, in a ground-floor room, smoking—after dinner—having nuts and port wine at three o'clock on Sundays. I saw a fellow there lately—his stout old wife went out to church—and there he sat, with his legs on the second chair, unbuttoned, and looking out of window with a jolly red face. I felt inclined to put my hand in and take a glass, and say, "Your health, old boy!" His cigars smelt offensively, but I envied him rather—not that I envy anybody much, or pity anybody, or despise anybody, or admire anybody. I've nothing what you call to live for—now you have, Macass. You're very fond of your whiskers, and anxious about overcoming your waist. You have an aim, my boy, and a purpose in your existence; coax your whiskers, and struggle manfully with your corporation, my poor old Macass, and thank your stars that you have these to interest you.

'Here's a fellow who has had an object in life, too, it appears. I cut his advertisement out of the *Times*. It's a devilish deal better than the leading article.

DUTCH PUG FOR SALE—a very fine specimen of this almost extinct breed. He is one year and a half old, and very gay and lively, and is the *bona-fide* property of a gentleman, who, from continued ill health, is unable to keep him. Lowest price 30 guineas. No dealer need apply, either directly or indirectly. May be seen at Mr. Harridge's Forge, Pitt Street Mews, Park Lane.

'Now, I say, here's something to excite your sympathy. An announcement more affecting than this can't well be imagined—a dog of an almost extinct breed, and the owner of that rare animal obliged, from continued ill health, to part with him. Think, my dear Macass, of a tender and benevolent-minded man, his fine faculties overclouded by disease, fondly attached to his darling pug, yet seeing that between him and that beloved being a separation must come! The last interviews are now taking place between them: the last breakfasts: the last *fricassée* of chickens: the last saucers of cream; the little darling is now lapping them up, and licking the hand which shall soon pat its black nose no more. He is "gay and lively" now, the poor little beggar—quite unconscious of his coming fate—but eighteen months old—it's heart-rending. Ain't it?

'What degree of ill health is it, or what species of malady can it be, which obliges a gentleman to part from such a *bona-fide* darling? This invalid's ill health is "continuous," the advertisement says. Do the caresses of the pug increase his master's complaint? does continued anxiety for the pretty favourite prevent the owner's return to strength, and must he wean himself from the little black-nosed, cock-tailed, cream-coloured innocent, as delicate mammas do from their babies? What a separation, *mon Dieu!* Poor Puggy! poor, poor Master!

'Of course, he won't part with him to a dealer, directly or indirectly; no, no. Fancy a man's feelings, the separation over, at seeing Puggy some day in the Quadrant, in the red waistcoat-pocket of a dirty-looking blackguard, with six other dogs, and a wide-awake hat! An invalid, as this gentleman is, couldn't stand such a sudden shock. He would be carried off to a chemist's; and we should hear of an inquest on a gentleman at the White Bear. Puggy in the Quadrant—Puggy in the company of all sorts of low dogs, brought up in the worst habits, and barking in the vulgarest manner! Puggy, the once beautiful and innocent, in the Quadrant!—Oh, don't—I can't bear the 'orrid thought!

'But must a man be in high health to keep a Dutch pug? Does the care and anxiety incident on Dutch pug keeping make a man of naturally robust habit, ill and delicate? If so, it's most generous of the owner of the little Dutchman to warn the public. You pay thirty guineas—the very lowest price—you incur responsibility, infinite care, unrest, disease: you lose your peace of mind, and break your heart in cherishing this darling; and then you part with him. You recollect what happened to the heroes in Homer, how they were made to dogs a prey—here is a modern torn in pieces by a little pug.

'A little Dutch pug, with a little turned-up black nose. And is there no other pretty possessor of a *nez retroussé*, which man coaxes and dandles, and feeds with cream and chicken, and which he parts with after a struggle? Ah, my good fellow! Ah, my dear Macassar! We are sad dogs! we are cynical! You take my allusion, and your knowledge of the world will enable you to understand the allegory of

'Your affectionate

'SWELLMORE.'

'The Marquess of Macassar.'

PORTRAITS FROM THE LATE EXHIBITION

[November 1, 1851]

As a popular contemporary has given a number of highly interesting portraits and biographies of gentlemen connected with the Exhibition, whose families and friends will naturally provide themselves with copies of their relatives' lives and countenances, *Mr. Punch*, ever anxious to benefit self and public, has it in contemplation to ornament his journal with

LIVES AND PORTRAITS OF THE EXHIBITORS

Who have not gained Prizes at the Exposition of 1851.

And to this highly interesting class he strongly recommends his publication, of which if but six copies weekly be taken by every Exhibitor, a decent remuneration cannot fail to attend the labours of Mr. P.

As specimens taken at hazard merely, *Mr. Punch* offers for the present week, pictures and biographies of—

SAMUEL PODGERS, ESQ., EXHIBITOR IN THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT: AN IMPROVED SPUD, NOT IN THE LEAST NOTICED BY THE COMMITTEE

MR. PODGERS is the eldest son, though the *third child*, of Major Podgers, of the Horse Marines, which he commanded on the death of their Colonel, in the flotilla action in the Bay of Fundy. The Major married Bella, seventh daughter of Sir Muffton Wroggles, of Wrogglesby, Northamptonshire, in which county the old Saxon family of Wroggles, or Worogles, has been located since the days of Alfred. The Podgers family, though ancient, is not of such antiquity. Mr. Podgers received his elementary education under the care of the Reverend Dr. Grig, at Northampton, whence he was removed to Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he would have been a contemporary of Dr. Parr, Sir William Jones, Lord Byron, and Sir Robert Peel, had he been placed at this famous school while those eminent individuals were studying there. It does not appear that Master Podgers took any prizes at Harrow, any more than at the Exhibition of 1851; his genius, though useful, not being brilliant, and his powers of application being only trifling.

Mr. Podgers was removed from Harrow to Coppernose College, Oxford, in the year 18—, and here, though not distinguished for classical attainments, he was very near gaining the prize of valour in a single combat with a gigantic bargeman at Iffley Lock; but the *mariner* proved the better man, and an injury to Mr. Podgers's nose was the only permanent consequence of the rencontre.

It was not till 1823 that he inherited, by the demise of the gallant Major, his father, his estate of Hodgers-Podgers, Hants, where he now resides, occupying himself with agricultural pursuits, and with hunting, although increasing years and weight have rather wearied him of that occupation. Mr. Podgers is a magistrate and a married man; the father (by Emily, daughter of the Reverend Felix Rabbits) of thirteen children.

His spud was invented towards the close of the year 1850, and it is unnecessary to particularize this invention, which has not been found to answer better than, or indeed to differ greatly from, implements of a like simple nature.

Mr. Podgers's opinions as a politician are well known. Not noisy, he is consistent; and has often been heard to say that, if all England were like him, we should get Protection back again. England being of the contrary opinion, no such result is expected. He is three score years old, and weighs, we should think, a good fourteen stone ten.

Mrs. Glinders retained, by marrying her cousin, her own maiden and respectable name. Mr. Glinders, her father, has long been known as a distinguished medical practitioner at Bath. Mr. Fitzroy Glinders, her husband, is a solicitor in that city.

In Bath, or its charming neighbourhood, the chief part of the existence of Mrs. Glinders has been passed. It was here that she contracted, in the year 1836, that matrimonial engagement with the Reverend Mr. Fiddlebury, which was so scandalously broken off by the reverend gentleman, who married Miss Bluff. The jury of an offended country awarded Miss Glinders 500*l*. for the damage thus done to her affections, which sum she brought as dowry to her cousin, the (then) young Fitzroy Glinders, who conducted her case. Their union has been blessed with a considerable family: and indeed Mr. Glinders's *quiver* is so full of them that he has been obliged to take another pew at church.

The washerwoman of Bath has ever had a constant friend in Mrs. Glinders. The thoughtless chimney-sweep, the ignorant dog's-meat man of her own city have always been plentifully supplied by her with means for bettering their spiritual condition. The Caffres and Mandingoes have found her eager in their behalf.

MRS. FREDERICA GLINDERS, AUTHOR OF A COUNTERPANE

The counterpane sent for *previous* exhibition to the national Exposition is intended finally as a present for the King of Quacco. It is woollen, striped blue and pink, with a rich fringe of yellow and pea-green. It occupied Mrs. Glinders two hundred and seventy-four evenings, and the prime cost of the wool was 17*l*. 14*s*. 6*d*. For a web which was to pass under the eyes of her own Sovereign, over the feet of another, though a benighted, monarch, Mrs. Glinders thought justly that expense was not to be regarded. She had fits on not finding her name in the prize list, and had even entertained an idea that Mr. Glinders would receive a public honour. But time and her own strong spirit will console Mrs. Glinders under these disappointments: and for the sake of her family and friends, it is to be hoped that she will be, in the words (slightly altered) of our immortal bard, ‘herself again.’

PROFESSOR SLAMCOE:—‘A KALONATURAE,’ OR ‘SLAMCOE’S GENT’S OWN HEAD OF HAIR’

Horatio Nelson Slamcoe was born in the New Cut, Lambeth, in the year when England lost her greatest naval hero. His mother having witnessed the funeral procession of Trafalgar’s conqueror, determined to bestow on her child, if a son, the glorious names of the departed; hence, in due time, the two Christian names of the subject of this memoir. The parents of Mr. Slamcoe were in humble life; and for the eminence which he has subsequently acquired, he has to thank his genius rather than his education, which was neglected for the labours necessary to one whose own hands must work his own livelihood.

Well and skilfully, through five-and-thirty years, have the hands of Horatio Slamcoe toiled. Early taken under the roof of a tonsorial practitioner in the Waterloo Road, Mr. Slamcoe learned the rudiments of a trade which by him has been elevated to an art; for if to imitate beautiful Nature be Art, what man deserves the proud name of artist better than the elegant perruquier? At twenty-one years of age, Mr. Slamcoe had the honour of attending at L-mb-th Palace, with a wig made by his young hands, and offered to a late reverend Prelate of our Church. Professor S. augured ill for Episcopacy when those ornaments of our dignified divines fell into desuetude.

As Napoleon crowned himself King and Emperor, so it was, we believe, that Horatio Slamcoe dubbed himself Professor. His inventions are known to the world, and their beneficent influence is exemplified in his own person. Before he ever attempted Continental travel, his 'Balsam of Bohemia' was discovered; just as America was discovered by Columbus before that philosophic Genoese put foot on shipboard. His Tuscan Dentifrice; his Carthaginian Hair-dye; his Fountain of Hebe, are world-celebrated cosmetics, without which (he says) no toilet is complete. They are to be procured at his establishment, 'The College of Beauty,' with the usual liberal allowance to the trade, who should beware of unprincipled imitators, only too eager to adopt the discoveries of the Professor.

That the Kalonaturae, or Gent's Own Head of Hair, should have been unrewarded by a Medal is one of those instances which cries shame on the awards of the Committee. Let us hope it was not a conspiracy on the part of *rival wig-makers* (enemies of Mr. Slamcoe through life), which defeated the object of his ambition. But if there be any individuals blighted like himself, whose hair turned white in a single night, as some men's have through disappointment, the Professor recommends to such his Carthaginian dye, which will prevent the world, at least, from *guessing* what ravages grief has caused, and manly pride would hide; though *it will scarcely* be credited, the Professor's *own* hair is indebted for its rich jelly colour *solely* to the Carthaginian discovery.

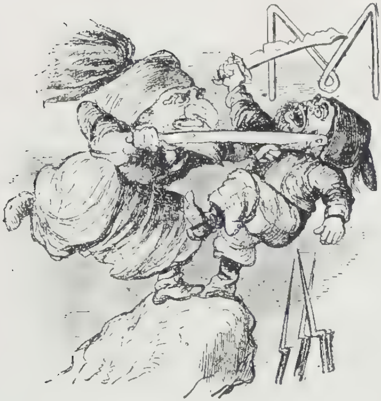
IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR

LETTERS FROM THE EAST BY OUR OWN BASHI-BOZOUK

[June 24—July 14, 1854]

I

'CAMP BEFORE REDOUT KALE, 28th May.
'(13th Shiboob. Turkish calendar.)



MY DEAR SIR,

'THOUGH your periodical is jocular in its nature and title, and occasionally trifling in its details, I am told that a good deal of truth lurks in its satire; indeed that much more of the commodity is to be found in your columns than in the broadsides of your gigantic contemporaries, who profess to supply only authentic information.

'I am not myself a man of the least humour: I do not make jokes nor value them, nor understand them for the most part: so yours may be very good, though I for my part cannot comprehend what sets your readers a-laughing. The same is the case with tunes. The other day at the review at Scutari I mistook Abdul Medjeed's March for "Rule, Britannia": some of my brother poets I am told (I am considered one of the first in the world) labour under a similar obtuseness of ear.

'But this is parenthetic; let us return to the subject in hand. I select you as the organ of my communications from the seat of war; 1st, Because the Press though often misled is free in your country. And I desire the liberty of saying EVERYTHING, which I could not do in the *Journal des Débats* or the *Allgemeine Zeitung:* 2nd, because I know you exercise a great influence in Europe; and have seen personally the three Emperors, my friend the King of Naples, and His Holiness the Pope, and Cardinal Antonelli frantic at your satire; 3rd, because, strange to say, you appear to have engaged no correspondent; and 4th, because I am the best correspondent in the world.

'I took, but half an hour since, from the shako of a poor Russian friend, whom I have just killed in action, two or three copies of the *Times* newspaper, in which the editors seemed greatly to vaunt the skill of their correspondent in this quarter. Before I ever thought of putting pen to paper myself, I met this young man at Malta, and Gallipoli afterwards; gave him every information in my power, and supplied him with many of the facts, which I need not say he ludicrously distorted and exaggerated in his journal. He was put out of an English ship-of-war (he says, at his own desire) on board of a Greek schooner, the *Hagid Alethea*, off Gallipoli, and would have been murdered by the crew and the master (a pirate, and a very old friend of mine), for the sake of his portmanteaus, which appeared to be pretty well plenished, had I not happened to be drinking in the cabin with my friend the piratical skipper. At my entreaties, nay threats (for I had to produce my revolvers), the young man was saved; and I landed him at Gallipoli stairs, with his bag and baggage, without receiving from him even the present of a single cigar. Nor, as I see by his printed letters, has he made the least subsequent mention of his preserver: it will be well for him for the future not to come into the neighbourhood *of the* 14*th Bashi-Bozouks, or their Colonel.* I shall not give *him* any information any more. What I have I shall send to you, and through you to the world; and thus my indignation at the ingratitude of a newspaper writer, is possibly the cause of enlightening and instructing all Europe.

'Hitherto, all Europe has been wofully misled. Any one, for instance, who will take the trouble to tot up the number of dead Russians who are slaughtered in every newspaper bulletin that we get from the seat of war in the East, will find that they drop off at the rate of two or three thousand a day, and that a quarter of a million of them by this time must have gone to visit Hades. My good friend, *Mr. Punch*, these murderous histories are all bosh! Newspaper correspondents, I fully agree with my noble friends Lord Smotherem and Lord Botherem, in the House of Peers, are not to be relied upon, and ought to be put down. As for the Turks, they are notorious long-bow pullers. My poor friends the

Russians, with and against whom I have served a good deal in the Caucasus, are greater liars than the unbelievers. What the nation wants is TRUTH. Truth pure, Truth unadulterated, Truth gushing from the original tap, such as perhaps no other man in Europe but myself is in a condition to supply.

'I choose to sign myself Verax, though that of course is not my family name, which is the noblest in the three kingdoms; but have such a regard for truth in all things, that even of this little deviation from it I think fit to warn the reader. I never told a lie in my life (except, of course, a few to ladies, whom, I presume, no gentleman thinks of treating with the unadulterated article). I have lost fortunes—undergone imprisonment—braved and suffered the most frightful tortures for truth's sake. Every word of my letters may be relied upon; and I should like to know of what hireling scribe and camp-follower, of what ancient or modern writer—in a word, except myself—as much can be said? Take a page of Macaulay—pooh! Ask the Quakers, or the old Tories, what they think of his accounts of the two Williams—William of Orange and William of Drab? Read Dean Milman's *History of the Latin Church*; learned and wise it is undoubtedly,—but if it were true, would Dr. Wiseman be wearing crimson silk gloves (with a crowd of boys laughing at him in the streets), and Father Newman be cutting jokes against the Establishment? Take Sir Archibald Alison's History, and if you can read *that*—but it is absurd that I should put so monstrous a proposition.

'I speak about these gentlemen from memory of course (mine is the finest and most accurate in the world), but a colonel of Bashi-Bozouks sitting, as I am, with my wild scoundrels round about me, warming my toes at a camp-fire, over which my kabobjee is roasting a lamb; with the mountains of Anapa before me, the hoarse roar of the Black Sea discernible to my ear, the sun gilding the battered old minarets of Redout Kale, from which we have just driven out the Russians, and where I have hanged a rascally Greek spy (after addressing him a most beautiful speech in his native language, with which and twenty-three other European dialects I am perfectly familiar); and where, in the affair of the morning, it was my painful duty to send a ball from my revolver through the eye of my poor old friend, Major Timkowski, at the head of his regiment—

a man with whom I have drunk many a bottle in happier times ;—I say, were a man in my present position to pretend that he carried books about with him, and like Frederick or Napoleon had a campaign library, he would be humbugging the public. No, honest Selim Aga, cooking the lamb yonder under my nose (by the laws, it smells very savoury, and a man who has not eaten for forty-nine hours, ridden two hundred and ten parasangs, had two horses and a mule shot under him, routed three regiments and fourteen squadrons of the enemy, taking nine of his guns, four of them with his own hand, shot a lamented old friend through the eye, and hung a Greek spy, has a right to feel a little hungry)—Selim, the cook, I say, might as well expect to turn out a regular dinner of three courses, soup, fish, entrées, and confectionery, from the carcass of yonder lamb, as I to produce a regular, careful, philosophical, ornate history, such as some of my other works have been, and such as I should turn out if I were seated at ease in one of my splendid libraries, either in my town house or in my castles in the country.

'Though we have quarrelled, I cannot but always remember that the Emperor of Russia was long my most particular friend. When I used to drive over to take tea with the family at Czwrkoe Seloe (for at Petersburg we stood of course much more upon etiquette) he was affable, even playful in his conversation, and would often say to me, 'Mick, my boy' (I bear the name of the Archangel, I am descended from kings, and my ancestors, whose lineal heir I am, ruled magnificently over a fair green island of the west long ere the Saxon came to enslave it), 'Mick, my boy, we are all equals here. I am not the Emperor, but plain Nicholas Romanoff ;' and he would carry familiarity so far as to insist on my calling the Empress by her name of Feodorowna. This I refused to do ; but the young princes and princesses I give you my honour I have never addressed by other than their Christian names, and should have been godfather to the Cesarewitch's last (a sweet little archduchess), had I been of the orthodox persuasion.

I may say now that the war never would have happened had the Emperor listened to the advice of an old friend, who knows men and the world as well as many a man who wears a star upon his breast, and writes Privy Councillor before his name. I never could get the Emperor of Russia to believe in the possibility of an alliance between us and the French. 'Look at these newspapers,' he used to say to me, rapping with his knuckles on the table, a daily London journal of great circulation, the *T*——, and a weekly comic periodical called *P*——,[1] under the satire of which he writhes :—'The head of the French nation never can pardon these attacks upon him. He must declare war against England. England must enter into an alliance with me ; and as the price of that alliance, I intend to have Turkey in Europe, and my second capital at Constantinople. *Voilà tout, mon cher, voilà tout.*'

'"*Parbleu ! C'est tout simple*,' said a great dignitary whom I need not name for fear of getting him into trouble, shrugging his shoulders, and pulling out his eternal snuff-box.

'I took a pinch myself, and tried to show them what the real state of our press and our country was. I told the Emperor Nicholas that I had long and intimately known His Majesty the Emperor of the French, as indeed I had in Switzerland, where I put his first musket into his hands ; in the United States have I saved his life ; at Ham, where I saw him and the poor dear Duchesse de Berri before him, and in King Street, St. James's, and about town, where I promise you we have had some rare doings together. I told the Emperor of Russia that His Majesty the Emperor of the French knew England well, and narrated to him in confidence, but *in extenso*, a conversation which I had had with Prince Louis Napoleon, when we were special constables together in Eaton Place, on the 10th of April, '48. As for our papers abusing him, I told the Russian Autocrat that was nothing ; that was our way ; that every man of mark was abused ; that I myself had been satirized both in *P*—— and in the *T*——.

'What I said seemed to strike the Emperor a good deal. Would that my advice had had more effect on him, but—

'I am interrupted by Omar Pasha's Tatar, who has his foot in the stirrup ready to take my dispatches, and also by Selim's announcement that the roast lamb is cooked. I shall continue my narrative (which I need not say is of thrilling interest), and forward it presently along with a pair of ear-rings for *Mrs. Punch*, which my poor friend Timkowski wore, by one of my own men.

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[1] His Majesty, between ourselves, is not so thin in the legs and so large in the waist, as the designers represent him. He is stouter, certainly, than when he came over incog. to England in the year 1837, and I gave Colonel Roff a dinner at the Megatherium Club ; but he is still a fine man, Will ! What of that ? are there not other fine men ? A blushing echo replies in the affirmative. Verax is a fine man, and I think some of the other sex will not gainsay me.

'So no more at present from your
'BASHI-BOZOUK.'

II

'CAMP UNDER REDOUT KALE,
'13th Shiboob, 1271.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'The sudden departure of my Tatar yesterday prevented me from making a statement which would have been as well at the commencement of my correspondence, and explaining at full my reasons for joining the Turkish army, and the peculiar means of information which I possess now I am here. O'Looney, my second in command, is also here (the honest fellow, late an officer in the Nizam's service, is snoring on his sheepskins within a couple of yards of me), but what means of information does *he* possess? He can judge the best taps in the various taverns of Scutari and Pera, is a connoisseur in horseflesh, and a great consumer of raki; but he knows no more about the war than my two black slaves which the Sultana Valideh gave me when I took leave of her three weeks since at Constantinople.

'To resume my Petersburg narrative then, and the causes of my quitting that capital and taking arms against its sovereign, with whom I have always been on terms of the most friendly and affectionate intercourse. The Imperial treatment of me, and the scoundrelly behaviour of a certain lieutenant of police,—behaviour of which I have reason to think the highest personages in the Russian empire were not ignorant, are the causes why I transferred my services, my great strategetical knowledge, and my exterminating projectiles (of which the war and the world will hear terrific news ere long) to His Highness Abdul Medjeed. I do not conceal that my sympathies are not with these Turks. They must ere long be swept out of Europe. Why should there not be an Emperor in Byzantium as well as in Petersburg ? Say he were a Russian Prince. Why not ? The Romanoff of Turkey and the Romanoff of Russia would presently and infallibly quarrel, as the French and Spanish Bourbons did. I am not particularly angry with Nicholas for meditating and attempting his great *coup ;* but his conduct towards myself, the traitorous behaviour of his subordinates, the indignities offered to a person of royal lineage—thirteen dozen with the knout administered at midnight in my rooms at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and a treacherous banishment into Siberia afterwards : conduct such as this, I say, was enough to put any man in a rage, and to justify the defiance which hereby, and in the face of all Europe, I hurl at the Autocrat of Russia.

'Knowing that England had set a price on my head after that wretched affair of Ballingarry, which but for Smith O'Brien's foolish quarrel about the succession to the throne with me, might have had a very different issue,[1] and that my return home was impossible, the Emperor had made me advantageous proposals for entering into his service—proposals which I do not scruple to say I had entertained. The Grand Cross of the Russian St. George might have figured advantageously on a bosom which beats with only a chivalrous enmity against the Cappadocian warrior, who is England's patron. The rank of General and Marshal (on old Paskiewitch's retirement) might gratify an honest ambition, and the title of Mulliganoff-Innisfailsky, of which the patent was actually made out, might be worn without shame, by one whose loftier claims and regal rights have been reft from him by the evil chance of war.

'But when war was declared between the Emperor and the three kingdoms, there was *one* of them, as I told His Majesty, against which I never would fight. Unaccustomed for the last thirty years to contradiction from any quarter, you never saw a man in a greater rage than the Emperor Nicholas when I conveyed to him my firm but respectful resignation of his proposals. His usage of his Grand

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[1] As if the O'Brien, forsooth, could compete in ancestral merit or in personal right with the . . . but I had nearly divulged my name, which in the neighbourhood of Lord Raglan, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and 20,000 soldiers bearing the uniform of the Queen of England (I bear Her Majesty no sort of enmity) might be inconvenient.

Chamberlain, who happened to be in the room, was *absolutely humiliating.* The entreaties of the poor dear Empress and the Imperial children and grandchildren (who I believe love me like one of the family) were difficult to withstand :

harder still to bear were the wretched appealing looks, the tears welling in the beautiful azure eyes, the lips quivering with emotion, the soft little hands clasped in unavailing supplication, of the lovely Matilda Schouzoff, one of the

Imperial Maids of Honour and daughter of the second Mistress of Robes to Her Majesty. I, for my part, have always preferred to face a thousand guns in battery than the tears of a loving woman. Every gentleman will understand the agonies I felt in my battle with one who had been so victorious over my heart.

'My dispute with His Majesty and my rejection of his proposals took place on the very day, I think it was the 18th of January last, when that poor deputation of Quakers, as you remember, had their final interview with the despotic ruler over sixty millions of men. That the Emperor is a master of dissimulation is clear, not only from certain documents which have come to light subsequently, but from his behaviour towards those honest broad-brimmed gentlemen whom he most imperially bamboozled. They and I lodged at the same hotel, the Hôtel d'Angleterre, on the Nepomuk Platz ; and with one of the junior members of the peaceful party, an agreeable lively fellow, young Dobkins, of Godmanchester, I became rather intimate. I introduced him to the Guards' barracks, took him about the town to the public places, and presented him in some of the most fashionable houses, where "le beau quakre," as he was called, was a considerable favourite. Out of his ridiculous costume, which he only wore on parade, he was an exceedingly handsome young fellow, not a little like myself, as the dear Matilda insisted, though I am some nine inches broader between the shoulders, and twelve inches less in the waist than my young broad-brimmed acquaintance.

'We passed several merry evenings, and had rather a pleasant table d'hôte at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where, however, there was one guest who, for private reasons, as well as for his own disgusting behaviour, was especially odious to me : this was no other than the notorious Count Tuffskin, who is known at every gambling house in Europe, who is at present commandant at Tamboff, and had come to the capital to solicit promotion ; and what is more, to dispute with me the hand of the lovely Matilda Schouzoff. He slept in the apartment No. 7, contiguous to my rooms, No. 8, on the second floor : many a time have I heard the fellow snoring, whilst I myself was pacing my chamber (haply turning verses in honour of Matilda), and longed to go in, and strangle my rival. Matilda's mother was on my side, whilst her father, from old family connexion, inclined towards Tuffskin.

'His Excellency Prince Schouzoff is President of the Secret Correctional Police of St. Petersburg, an institution which everybody knows and fears in that capital, and nobody talks about. As I have broken with the Romanoff Court, there is no reason why I should keep the secret or hesitate to divulge the scandal. Some years since in your own paper I remember there was a jocular account of a Russian dignitary in London being awakened in his apartments at Long's or Mivart's, or it may have been Grillion's, but the hotel does not matter, by four drummers of the Preobajenski regiment, who entered his room disguised as waiters, and then and there gave him three dozen each, taking his receipt for the same. Every word of that narrative is true; there's scarcely a man in Petersburg but for some offence to the Court he has had a visit from the Secret Correctional Police. What was the meaning at the commencement of the present season of Chamberlain X. keeping his bed, and Prince Y.'s lumbago? This discipline is so common, so sharp and decisive, that nobody dare speak of it above his breath, and it is dreadful to think how many of this proud nobility have had a taste of the rattan.

'I have spoken before of this degrading punishment having been conferred upon me—upon me, the descendant of kings, the inheritor and representative of centuries of honour! not actually, for had I received a blow, the Chief of the House of Romanoff or that of M. ——— would now be no more; but in intent the insult remains to be terribly avenged, though the degrading knout descended upon the shoulders of another.

'The thing was the talk of Petersburg, as Petersburg talks—under its breath—and what really happened was briefly this. Count Tuffskin, like too many of the Russian nobility, indulges in the habit of frequent inebriation, and on the night after that painful morning and interview in which I had resigned the Emperor's service, Tuffskin, myself, one or two of the younger Quakers, and a few more *habitués* of the hotel, partook of a farewell supper. It was Wednesday, and our Quaker friends were to go on Friday, and gave us the last evening which was free.

'During the supper I received a little note—blessings be on the hand !—which I read, kissed, and put in my pocket, not heeding the vulgar jokes of Tuffskin, and despising his low satire.

'He had already drunk several bottles of Clicquot. I now pressed him with brandy ; the wretch drank until he was perfectly intoxicated, when I took him, reeling and senseless, and conducted him to bed.

'I put him into my room, No. 7 (it has a beautiful prospect over the Neva, the four bridges, the Naval Arsenal, the Pauloff Palace, and the Neuskoi Prospek. The house is dear, but perhaps the best in Petersburg.) I put Tuffskin into my room, No. 7, and into my bed : and I went into *his* room, No. 8.

'At two o'clock in the morning, when the house was hushed, I heard the tramp of men on the corridor : *it was the secret Correctional Police.*

'At five minutes past two, No. 9, young Dobkins, the Quaker before mentioned, put his head out of his bedchamber door, but was thrust back by a sentinel posted there, and told to mind his own business. . . . He had heard piercing shrieks proceeding from No. 8.

'*They were administering the knout to* Tuffskin, *mistaking him for your*

'BASHI-BOZOUK.'

III

'MY DEAR SIR,

'The Police silently retired about three in the morning, leaving Tuffskin flayed alive, and myself burning with indignation at an insult which, though it had fallen on Count Tuffskin's shoulders, had been intended for me. Matilda Schouzoff—beautiful, beloved, faithless Matilda—had rescued me from that peril : she had got an inkling on the previous evening from the Police Minister, her father, of the fate that was destined for me.

'It was pretended that I was a Russian subject. I had indeed accepted service with the Emperor—and of what country am I a subject since that day when, a fugitive and an exile, I shook off my country and my allegiance with the bootless clods of Ballingarry ?—nevertheless, writhing at the notion of the insult, I rushed away immediately after breakfast, and sent up a note to our—I mean the English Minister, Sir H-m-lt-n S—m—r, intimating that the M——of B—m— desired to see him: His Excellency knew me as a gentleman before I was an exile; we have danced together at Almack's and the Tuileries many times, and always lived on terms of the greatest cordiality.

'Sir H-m-lt-n said very fairly, "My good fellow, what can I do for you? you are no longer a Chieftain and gentleman of the United Kingdom; or if you are, I must claim you. I must claim you as a rebel, send you back to Ireland for trial, when you will be transported to Van Diemen's Land, where probably you will not act as certain friends of yours have done."

'I said if His Excellency meant Messrs. M. and N., though I might not possibly approve of their proceedings, yet I was prepared to blow out the brains of any man who questioned their strict honour, and so I tell Mr. Duffy to his face here as I write—thousands of miles away from home under the battlemented walls of Redout Kale!

'When His Excellency heard of Tuffskin's misadventure, he burst out laughing as if the deuce was in him, and so did that queer fellow his secretary, who was in the room when our interview took place. I can see for my part nothing comic in the transaction; however, as the bastinado had been administered in private, as all these things are kept dark in Petersburg, as Tuffskin to this day believes he got the rattan on his private account, I agreed with my friends the English diplomatists that it was best for me to make no noise about the business, and to walk the streets as if nothing had happened.

'That afternoon, about two o'clock, I was standing before Jacob's the printseller's shop, talking and joking with young Alexis Miroladowax: who should pass us in his brown droschki, in which the etiquette is never to recognize him, but the Emperor himself! I happened to be cracking with laughter at one of Alexis's stories (a very queer one about my friend Count Cancrim) when His Majesty passed.

'A man who had been flayed alive at two o'clock in the morning shaking his sides with laughter on the Alexander Platz, at two in the afternoon—here was a strange occurrence! The Emperor looked at me as if I had been a ghost: he turned quite livid when he saw me. I appeared to take no notice, laughed and chatted on with Alexis, and pretended to be looking at the brass statue of St. Gregorius Nazianzenus, which stands in the Place.

'Gallant men never kiss and tell, so I leave such to imagine the rapturous meeting which took place that evening in the blue saloon of the Winter Palace between me and my lovely rescuer—the pressure of the hand which, though but momentary, causes the frame to thrill with happiness—the rapid glance of the eye, more eloquent than a thousand speeches. Oh, Matilda! can it be that you have forgotten me so soon, and for a Qu——; but I am advancing matters—no woman could be fonder or truer than Matilda was then.

'It was, I have said, a Thursday evening, the night of the Empress's weekly reception. Our Quaker friends had come to take leave; they were to depart indeed before it was light the next morning, and I recollect Matilda asking me why young Mr. Dobkins was not present, whom I had introduced to her family, from which he had received great and constant attention. The young Quaker is a man of enormous wealth, and I recollect Matilda and myself counting up, in roubles, the amount of the income which he receives in pounds sterling for his share of the business.

'I laughed. I supposed Dobkins wanted to keep his moustaches, and did not care to face his uncle, old Jedediah Dobkins, who with some of the old members of the deputation, lived with an old friend, a serious tallow merchant on the English Quay.

'I went into the Imperial presence with the rest, and made my bow to their Majesties. The dear Empress, I thought, turned away her head from me with a very mournful expression, whereas the Autocrat looked as black as thunder. I did not mind his black looks; made my obeisance, and retired presently into the pink-and-silver drawing-room, where Falconnet's silver bust of the Empress Catherine stands, and where the Maids of Honour commonly sit and have tea; it is exceedingly good at St. Petersburg, as everybody knows, and I drank two or three and twenty cups whilst chattering with these charming girls.

'Presently I saw Matilda coming, with a look of great anxiety in her face; she beckoned me to speak to her, and I followed her into the embrasure of the window, in which the Cupid and Psyche stands looking out on the Tolstoi Square.

'"Oh, my Mulliganovitch," she said, "my Nijni, my Moujik, my Caviare, my M——, my beautiful, my brave, my best beloved, I have dreadful news for you."

'"Speak, cushla ma chree na boclish," says I (the Celtic and the Sclavonic dialects are very similar), seizing her lovely hand, and pressing it to my beating waistcoat; "speak, light of my eyes, and tell me what is the matter."

'"You asked for passports for Prussia this morning at the Police Office, and they were promised to you."

'"They were, adored creature; will you fly with me?"

'"Oh, Mulliganovitch" (such a heavenly expression of the eyes here), "you will never be allowed to depart to Prussia: to-morrow at ten o'clock, somebody who tells me everything—get away, you jealous creature, and don't be jealous of him, or doubt your poor little Matilda,—informs me that you will be seized and sent to Siberia: you are considered as a naturalized Russian subject. The Emperor laughed for a moment when he heard of poor Count Tuffskin being mistaken for you. Oh, dear, dear Mulliganovitch, I could not sleep all night for thinking of what might befall you; but after his laugh, he grew more angry than ever, and had it not been for the Empress going on her knees to him this very evening, the horrid operation would have been performed on you."

'I ground my teeth, crunching between them the execration which otherwise had issued from my lips. To be sent to Siberia—the thought was madness!

'"Ladies are not allowed to go there," sobbed out Matilda, divining the causes of my emotion; "they will separate me from my Mulliganovitch; they will marry me to that horrid tipsy Tuffskin;"

'I don't know what I should have done in that moment of grief and joy had not Matilda's mamma called her at this very juncture, and left me to contemplate my fate, and (to quote the beautiful words of General Wolfe) bitterly think of the morrow.

'Go to Siberia! I swore I would die first.

'BASHI-BOZOUK.'

IV

'On board H.T.M.'s Ship the *Mahmoudjee Kebobjee*, off Sebastopol,
'July 5th, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,

'I returned to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, immersed in disagreeable thought, for it is never pleasant to look on friends for the last time, more especially if you are going away from a pleasant place on a confoundedly disagreeable journey, as a trip in a chain-gang to Siberia undoubtedly is, most especially of all, if you are about to part from a being so beautiful, beloved, and devoted as I then thought Matilda Schouzoff. Beautiful! yes! devoted? phoo! beloved? ha, ha!—But I am advancing matters.

'We had our usual company to supper, excepting of course Tuffskin, who, for *very good reasons*, did not show, and drank many a friendly bumper to our Quaker friends, whose last night it was, and whose luggage lay piled in the hotel corridors, ready to be carried off to the steamer before dawn. Young Dobkins was particularly melancholy. He has beautiful blue eyes, and a figure and an expression, as I have previously stated, singularly like my own. The young fellow's eyes, I remarked, began to fill with tears, and he spoke with profound emotion of the kindness which he had received from inhabitants of St. Petersburg, contrasting the splendour and elegance of the society there, with the humdrum routine of Godmanchester, Bristol, and other cities whither his lot had led him, as a Quaker, a manufacturer, and a man.

'I know the world pretty well, and when a young fellow begins to blush, and shake, and sigh, and tremble in his voice, and hang down his head, and rub his eyes with his fist, I feel tolerably certain what is the matter. "Hullo, my friend Broadbrim," says I, "there's a woman in the case. I see that in a jiffy."

'Broadbrim gave a heave of his chest, a squeeze to my hand, and demurely pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment; a woman there was, as beautiful! oh, as be-eu-eu-ti-ful as an angel, he gurgled out, concealing his emotion and a part of his comely young countenance (confound it!) in a frothing beaker of champagne—a woman, the loveliest being in St. Petersburg, from whom he did not know how he should tear himself away.

'The loveliest being in St. Petersburg! thought I; no, no, my fine lad, *that* young person is disposed of elsewhere, naturally presuming that the young fellow had lost his heart to some girl of the English factory, some hide and tallow merchant's daughter, in his own shopkeeping, slop-selling, square-toed walk of life.

'I have a feeling heart, and having been touched by love and frantic with passion, many, many scores of times in my life, can feel another's woe under those painful and delicate circumstances. I consoled honest Dobkins, therefore; I clapped him on the back; returned squeeze for squeeze of his hand, and pledged his lady love in innumerable bumpers of champagne, for which—poor satisfaction—I now console myself by thinking that the young rascal was left to pay.

'As we were talking, Dobkins's servant brought him a note, which he seized eagerly, read with glittering eyes and flushing cheeks, over which he murmured a hundred gasps and exclamations, and was about to kiss, had not my presence deterred him.

'"Kiss away, my boy," said I; "I have osculated reams of note-paper in my time, and know full well whom that pretty little packet comes from."

'"Do thee?" says he, blushing up to the temples.

'"Of course I do," I answered with a laugh. "Dost thou think, O bashful Broadbrim! that the—" I protest

I had here very nearly written down my name and title—"that Verax has never been in love with a pretty girl."

'"Chief," says he—for Chief I am, though my tribe is wellnigh extinct, and my Chieftainship a mockery—"Chief," says he, "dost thee know that this letter concerns thee? A great danger menaces thee—exile, chains;" and in a low whisper, so that the waiter should not hear, who was cutting the string of the sixth bottle—"*Siberia!*"

'"Does the whole town know it?" cried I, "double-distilled donkey that I was—is my disgrace the talk even of the hemp and tallow merchants of the city?"

'"My letter," says Dobkins slowly, and with much agitation—the artful young hypocrite, I should like to wring his neck,—"my letter is from one who is a very good friend to thee, who fears the dreadful fate that awaits thee in the eternal snow"—the canting young humbug—"who points out the only way to avert thy evil fortune—the way to freedom, the way to escape from thy tyrant, perhaps to revenge thyself on him at some future day."

'"Ha! boy," I exclaimed, strongly moved by the young crocodile's words, for as I never told falsehood myself I am slow to suspect it in another; "so thou knowest the fate that menaces me, and hast found out means to avert it; speak, my friend; whatever a man of courage may do I am ready to attempt, in order to escape from a tyrant, and one day to avenge my wrong."

'"Easy, my good friend!" cries this young squaretoes, this arch slyboots, "we Quakers are of the peaceful sort; here is no question about revenge, but about escape, and that immediately. Thee knowest that the gates of Petersburg are shut against thee, and that thee may as well hope to escape from the Autocrat as from death, when the day comes. A way, however, there is, and but one, by which thee can put thyself out of reach of the claws of this Russian Eagle; and though I shall risk myself not a little, nevertheless for thy sake, and for the sake of those who are interested in thy welfare, I will abide the peril, so I may set thee free. Our steamer, the *John Bright*, sails from the Potemkin Quay at half-past two o'clock this morning, when the tide serves. The Friends have given orders to be waked at one, which is now the hour. Thee must take my passports, thee must shave off thy moustaches, and put on the broadbrim and drab, which thee loves to laugh at, and so escape."

'"Generous boy!" I exclaimed, gripping his hand like a vice; "and what will happen to you?" I was quite confounded by the seeming nobility of the young scoundrel's self-sacrifice.

'"Never thee mind that," says Broadbrim. "How can I help it if a rogue makes off with my coat, my hat, and my passport? I am a Briton, and my Ambassador will get me another." I took him to my heart, this loyal, this gallant, this guileless, this affectionate heart, that beats with eternal tenderness for the friend who does me a kindness—that rankles with eternal revenge against the villain who betrays me!

'I agreed to his proposal. To put on his greatcoat and broad hat was an easy matter; though to part with my moustaches I own was difficult: can we help our little vanities? our long, bushy, auburn-coloured curly vanities? I rather would say. A more beautiful pair of moustaches never decorated the lip of man. I loved them perhaps the more because my Matilda loved them. I went up to my chamber, and was absent a few minutes.

'When I returned, Dobkins started back. "Gracious heavens!" said he, and looked positively quite pale. "Gracious heavens," says he, "what an alteration!"

'Altered I was indeed. I had taken off my splendid uniform of an unattached colonel of Russian Cavalry—yellow, with pink facings, and the Black Russian Spread Eagle embroidered tastefully on the back—and put on a snuff-coloured suit of Dobkins's, which I found in his room, No. 10. My face was shaved as clean as a baby's. I had a broad-brimmed hat on. I placed in the Quaker's hand an envelope, sealed with a royal 'scutcheon that once flamed in the van of Erin's battle; it contained my moustaches. I am not ashamed to own that the tear bedewed my manly cheek, as I bade him deliver the packet to the Princess Matilda Schouzoff.

'The young villain rushed up into his room, and put on my uniform, which fitted him to a nicety, and I painted him a pair of moustaches with one of the burnt champagne corks, of which a half-dozen were lying on the table: you would really have thought it was myself as you looked at him. Ah! fatal resemblance! Ah, sorrow that throws its bleak shade alike o'er my life and my woes!

'Six hours afterwards the *John Bright* steamer was before Cronstadt, and it was not until we were out of reach of the guns of that fortress (which I have a certain plan for silencing) that the friends of the Peace Deputation were aware that I, and not their young companion, was on board.

'I did not care, for good reasons, to go to London; but as soon as we got to Dantzig, put myself into the railroad, and betook myself to Paris, where my old friend, the Emperor Napoleon the Third, received me with his usual hospitality. In several interviews with His Majesty, I laid before him the fullest information regarding the military and pecuniary resources of the Russian empire which has ever yet, as I believe, found its way out of those immense dominions. What I told the French Monarch (I confess myself a friend to despots, and an enemy to philosophers and praters)—what information I had the good fortune to convey to him I shall not, of course, publish *here*. My plans, were they followed, would burst in thunder upon the crumbling battlements of Cronstadt, and hurl into mid air the ships and arsenals of Sebastopol. I fear other counsels than mine may be followed.

'St. Arnaud and I had a dispute long ago, when he was in a very different situation in life. With the English commanders I cannot communicate, owing to my peculiar position and the Ballingarry affair. It was that unlucky business likewise which prevented my friend, the Emperor of the French, from giving me a command over troops which were to act in conjunction with the forces of the English Queen. He offered me Algeria, but I preferred active service against Romanoff, and the Colonel of Bashi-Bozouks has already put a shot or two into the proud wings of the Russian Eagle.

'If anything was wanting to sharpen the edge of my hatred against him, against Russia, against men and women, against Quakers especially, it was a paragraph which my kind friend, the Emperor Napoleon, showed to me one afternoon, as we were sitting in the Pavillon Marsan, talking over Russia and the war. I was translating for him—and I think I have said that I speak the language perfectly—

some of the lying bulletins out of the Petersburg gazettes, in which His Majesty and his British allies are abused in a most vulgar manner, when glancing down a column of fashionable intelligence, I came to the following paragraph :—

'CONVERSION OF AN ENGLISH QUAKER TO THE ORTHODOX FAITH.—A young Quaker nobleman, of the highest birth, whose family has devoted itself for some time past to commercial pursuits, whereby he has realized an immense fortune, has quitted the lamentable errors and benighted faith under which most of his countrymen labour, and has professed himself a convert to the only true and orthodox religion. It is M. Dobkinski's intention to establish himself in our capital, and His Majesty has graciously awarded him the order of St. Andrew of the second class, the rank of Colonel, and the permission to marry Matilda, daughter of Police President Prince Schouzoff.

'"Mick, my good fellow," said His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, "you look a little pale:" and no wonder. I did look a little pale, though I did not inform my Imperial interlocutor of the causes of my disquiet, but you and the public now may understand in part, for my adventures are not nearly over, why it is that I am a

'BASHI-BOZOUK.'

V

JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF SILISTRIA

'SCUTARI. Tuesday.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'In order not to be recognized by the 33rd boys, whom I knew intimately at Dundalk (I hereby present my best regards to Colonel Blake and the officers of that regiment, who have the best mess of any regiment in Her Britannic Majesty's service), and to keep out of the way of unpleasant *rencontres* with General Lord R-gl-n, General H.R.H. the Duke of C-mbr-dge, and other acquaintances of happier years, I have taken the precaution since my arrival here of dyeing my face, beard, and hands, and wearing a plaster over my nose and right eye. I use Burgess's walnut ketchup for my face and hands in preference to India soy, which I employed at first: but for which the flies and wasps, which abound in this country, have a great liking.

'Yesterday, as I was having an audience of the Sultan's mother, the dear Sultana Valideh, a whacking big hornet, attracted by the confounded soy, settled close on my nose, stung me, and occasioned atrocious agonies. Of course I had to grin as if nothing was the matter, and continue the conversation, which was *most interesting*. When the Sultana left us I could bear the pain no longer, but rubbed my nose, and tore off the plaster which covered that and my eye.

'It was so swollen that the gallant and excellent English

Pr-nce, who made one at our consultation, very likely *could* not recognize me. At any rate he *did* not. A dancing dervish (a most holy man, and great favourite of the Sultana's) fetched some leaves out of the garden, and, having chewed them, fomented my *feature*, which speedily resumed its own classic shape. Mem.—To inquire what the plant is, and send some to dear friends at home ; where a *fellow of spirit* may often get a swelled eye still, praised be luck !—at elections, fairs, and so forth.

'The splendid proposals which Her Highness made to me (in private) on the part of her imperial son, of course, are out of the question. The young Princess Nijoona (for those who like that style of beauty) is lovely certainly. She is but sixteen, and must weigh as many stone. Her eyebrows meet. Her complexion is very fair (though I must say I think she is painted). Her teeth are not good, owing to the quantity of sweetmeats they take. When I go to see the Sultana Valideh I am half choked with the lumps of sugar-candy which I am obliged to swallow whenever I say anything witty, and that, of course, is at every other observation. It seems Nijoona remarked me as I was riding in the Valley of the Sweet Waters (*hers* then must have been the hand which held out the three rhododendrons and the polyanthus from behind the pink-and-silver curtains of that emerald-green aroba !), and was pleased with my personal appearance. Nijoona ! thou art not the first, by long chalks, who has been charmed by this figure !

'Wishing to soothe every lady's disappointment as much as possible—when a hint was given me in a certain august quarter—I told one of the few falsehoods which I have uttered in my life, and said I was married in my own country. And the upshot of this silly fib was to show how *useless* it is to lie.

'The young lady's imperial grandmother did not seem to consider my previous marriage an objection. "All that we shall require is that Nijoona shall be the first wife ; and if the second makes any objection, my dear Colonel," the Sultana-Mother said, in her arch way, "there is plenty of sacking in the bazaars, and the Bosphorus is very deep."

'To have the rank of Pasha, and a palace at Constantinople and at Therapia, with fifty millions of piastres down, and jewels to a still larger amount ; to divide the command with Omar Pasha ; and, at the end of the war, to have the hereditary pashalic of Syria, with palaces built for me at Jerusalem, Damascus, and Beyroot—these, I confess, were handsome offers, not to be attributed so much to my merit, no doubt, as to the passion which young Nijoona had conceived for me: who is, as is well known, her imperial father's favourite, to whom His Highness can refuse *nothing.*

'The poor thing actually tried to fascinate me by her simple accomplishments, and sang me one or two songs to her guitar. Asking me if I was also a musician, I took up the little instrument and sang, "Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?" (out of my friend Duffy's paper), in a way which brought tears into the eyes of the Pr-nc-ss-s. No wonder they were affected as the poor Exile sang!

'But marriage and turning Turk was quite another *paire de bottes.* When Nijoona went weeping out of the room, led away by her maids, and her grandmother put the question to me point-blank, I was about to answer point-blank, No! but a look from my friend, the dancing dervish, put me on my guard. "Madam," said I, "I must ask your R-y-l permission to have some conversation with my reverend friend here regarding the two faiths, and if he can convince me—then, indeed!" She is a very warm partisan of her creed; she gave me a couple of little tracts, *The Washerwoman of Therapia*, and *The Boatman of the Bosphorus*, which, she said, had converted a great number of Poles and Hungarians, and left me after my promising to study these works.

'"Unless you intend to come round, Mulligoon," said my friend the dervish, "you had better put some distance between you and the princess. She is a fiery little creature, and will have you strangled or poisoned as sure as your name is what it is."

'So it seems there is to be no rest for me—not in Dublin, not in London, not in Petersburg, not in Constantinople! Finding that the coach was going to Varna that afternoon (and most uncomfortable conveyances those Turkish stage-coaches are), I took a place for myself and my servant in it, with letters to the Governor of Silistria. And by the time the clock of the Mosque of St. Sophia struck thirteen (the hour at which the Sultana-Mother had appointed me) the next day, I had left Varna, and was on horseback on the road to Silistria.

'You now understand why my death was announced on the very first day of the siege of this place; a piece of news which put poor Nijoona into a dreadful fury; she was so enraged to think I had escaped her vengeance. I do not envy Nobbi Pasha, whom she has married since by order of her imperial father. Nobbi is a quiet man, and she leads him and his family the deuce's own life.

'The Governor of Silistria welcomed me with that distinction which I am accustomed to receive from brave men. Having been just obliged to hang the colonel of a regiment of most refractory Bashi-Bozouks, the Pasha was pleased to offer me the vacant command, which I accepted, and when I had partaken of coffee and pipes, given my views of the affairs of Europe, the advance of the Russians, &c., to His Excellency, a person of the highest distinction, greatest bravery, and most aristocratic manners, he wrote a line by an aide de camp, and mounting horses, which were provided for us, I rode down to the place by the Mosque of Sultan Selim, a little to the left of the Bakers' quarter of the Old Bazaar, where my Bashi-Bozouks were quartered.

'A more drunken and ferocious set of vagabonds eyes never lighted upon. In the centre of the place they had stuck up their standard with a hideous Russian head, surmounted by its cocked hat on the top. The tom-toms, kettledrums, jinjalls, and other music of the regiment were around this. The men were scattered here and there, some sleeping, some smoking, many intoxicated, and under a rude canopy sat a dozen of officers, of whom a gigantic woolly-haired mulatto seemed the chief; he had a skin of wine by his side as big as a portmanteau; and was gnawing a leg of lamb with his long fangs, holding it up with his huge fists, and glaring at me over the meat.

'"Are you the Bimbashi?" says I—"are you, gentlemen, the captains and lieutenants of this pretty regiment?"

'"Yes," they replied, seasoning their answer with curses in a hundred dialects.

'"Then stand up!" I roared out, "whilst I read my commission"—and accordingly, taking that document from the aide de camp (who, I must say, trembled like a mould of jelly), I kissed the paper, held it to my forehead three times, and then read it to the officers and men.

'"Ho! ho! ho! and so *you* are the Colonel, are you?" yelled the Bimbashi, laying his leg of lamb down and springing up, rubbing the gravy off his mouth with his great brawny arm.—"A stranger! and a Giaour, and you are come to be set over *us*, are you? Keep the gates, you sentinels! Take that Russian's head off the flag, Ensign!"

'"Who sides with the Sultan, and who with the Major?" says I.

'"We propose that the promotion goes with the regiment," roared out the officers.

'"Where are the non-commissioned officers?" says I. Seven or eight of them were standing apart as I saw. "Let the men fall in!" I roared, "Captains, go to your companies. Major—"

'What I was going to say to him does not matter; for the ruffian fired a shot at me, and then sent the pistol flying at my head.

'It knocked down the poor aide de camp who was with me—upon which, seeing I had to do with nine ruffians, of course I produced my revolvers, one of Colt's and one of Handcock's, regarding the respective merits of which there has been some question.

'The practice, as I take it, is pretty equal. With the Colt I shot three captains, two lieutenants, missing No. 6, the ensign—with the Handcock I potted two ensigns, a captain, a lieutenant, and finally my friend the major, sending a ball into his great mouth, and stopping his horrid language for the future towards his colonel and your

'BASHI-BOZOUK.'

VI

' Fort of Arab Tabia, Thursday.

' Dear Sir,

' I resume my pen, and continue my account of our siege. I accompany the MS. with drawings, which you will please to have copied by proper persons at home. The one I have hastily dashed off on this page represents myself just now with a little incident that happened. I give you my honour I was so tired after twenty-three hours in the saddle, or in the trenches, that I did not care to remove the shell, but let it blaze away at its leisure. It only killed nineteen men. I thought a few pictures of myself might please the girls at home; and you will take care the artist you employ makes me *handsome enough*, or if I survive this siege, woe be to him on my return home!

' *Friday.* After dispatching that little business with the officers, I appointed the non-commissioned officers to the vacant posts: reserving the place of Major for my faithful friend, G—— Some disturbance may possibly take place on account of the appointments, the Pasha in command of the town naturally liking to have the patronage. If he breaks all these ill-looking scoundrels, I shall not be a whit put out of temper. My temper, when I am pleased, is often very fine.

' Inspected the defunct Bimbashi's quarters, and selected out of his stock such things as suited me. The late villain appears to have had an appetite for plunder: I have the less remorse in having suppressed him. I found in his rooms thirteen very handsome suits of clothes, of different but handsome patterns. Selected for every-day wear a pink pelisse, yellow trousers, and a shawl round my fez: for Sundays a light blue Cashmere ditto ditto, shulwars striped white and crimson, pea-green morocco boots with silver spurs; and another equally elegant dress for change—the rest I distributed among my men. Besides the clothes I found, among the villain's effects—

'A desk, marked Mr. J. T. Jones, containing 2000*l*. of circular notes of Coutts's, payable to John Thomas Jones, Esq., with the circular letter containing Mr. John Thomas Jones's signature. I warn Mr. J.'s family that they can have the desk back again, containing—

'Two quires of Bath post paper;

'Eighteen letters, one containing a lock of hair, and signed "Your ever ever faithful Anna Maria;"

'Jones's journal and fifteen of his inn bills (it appears he kept his accounts with much regularity);

'A box of Cockle's compound Antibilious Pills, of which I own to having given six one evening to one of my Captains, Crummy Effendi, who was indisposed; and

'The circular letter containing Jones's signature. The notes, I am sorry to say, have been taken by some one, and were cashed by Messrs. Nephelegeretes & Co., of Pera, upon a rather clumsy forgery of Jones's signature.

'In the poor Major's kit I further found—

'A brace of silver-mounted pistols, and a yataghan, with a case of gold, as I first thought, covered with turquoises. If the late Bimbashi, as I have too much reason to suspect, robbed some innocent family of this yataghan, thinking it was gold, the villain was grievously disappointed, for I could only get 500 piastres for the knife when I sold it at Adrianople.

'Proceeding in my perquisitions I discovered—

'A worsted stocking, containing a *russia-leather pocket-book* with 3,673 paper roubles of Russia, and a bag of 996 silver roubles, chiefly of the Emperor Alexander's reign—which—I mean the paper roubles—I gave to the Commandant of Silistria. The silver I thought proper to retain: and make no doubt that the scoundrel I had just exterminated had been in league with *the enemy*. Also I found

‘A portmanteau, marked “Solid Leather,” containing two dozen shirts, marked J. T. J.

‘Stockings, collars, and handkerchiefs with the same mark.

‘Six cakes of brown Windsor soap;

‘And a silver-mounted dressing-case—rather a handsome thing—the bottle-stoppers, &c., marked J. T. J. with a lion rampant for a crest. The maker, West, in St. James's Street.

‘But how the deuce can I tell to whom a portmanteau belongs marked only “Warranted Solid Leather”? Of course *à la guerre* it is *à la guerre*. I found the linen most comfortable, and the stockings and slippers very pleasant for a change when I came in wet and weary out of the trenches. That Major certainly had robbed somebody, and was a lawless villain, whose life was rightly sacrificed to his cupidity.

Saturday. Paraded my regiment, and gave them fourteen hours under arms. Had to chastise seven or eight of them, showing them *que je n'entendais pas la plaisanterie*. Confiscated a goose and a lamb, which our villain had robbed out of the bazaar, and sent the giblets back to the family. On this day we received information in Silistria that a Russian corps was advancing out of the Dobrudscha upon Rassova.

Monday. My quarters are pretty good in the house of the Greek Papa Polyphloesboeos. His wife Boöpis must have been good-looking, his daughter Rhododactylos is extremely so. Sat with them, and drank Rakee, whilst the old gentleman was at church. Sang ‘Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?’ and ‘The Shan Van Voght’ to the ladies, who were affected to tears.

‘After I had done singing, pretty little Rhododactylos took the instrument, and improvised a plaintive ballad respecting the late events with my regiment, beginning

‘Μῆνιν ἄειδε, Θεὰ, μεγαθύμου Μυλλιγανοῖο, which my modesty forbids my translating, so really undeserved were the compliments paid to the courage, personal appearance, &c., of a certain Colonel of Bashi-Bozouks.

'They produced some Cyprus wine, and we had an excellent pilaff, over which old Polyphloesboeos found us on return from chapel. As we had *polished off* the rice and lamb, the old man dined on the flaps of bread which we had used for plates: and I left the old monster actually picking crumbs off the table-cloth!

'*Tuesday.* Annoyed all night by the old Papa's snoring

Finding he has a very comfortable bed, ordered it to my room. Went out with my Bozouks to the bridge of Routschouk, where we found the advanced guard of the enemy. Charged them nine times, but were beaten back by the Russians, with a loss of thirty-nine of ours killed, and seventy-eight wounded. All things considered, however, my men behaved very well. Rhododactylos a good deal agitated, and her mother, Boöpis Potnia, delighted at my return. The old Papa seemingly not very glad to see me.

'16*th.* A strong cannonade from the islands of the Danube. The enemy's advanced guard at Adikoi. A skirmish with the Bashi-Bozouks, who retired towards Arab

Tabia. The rain fell very heavily from after twelve o'clock. The mackintosh I took from the young officer of the Lobski Hussars of great use and comfort. Poor fellow! He too very likely had been in England! The cloak is marked Piccadilly! Such is life.

'18*th.* The enemy, who has been establishing batteries upon the islands and the left bank, opened his fire this day from noon until night. Polyphloesboeos, in great perturbation, took up his residence in the cellar, where I did not grudge the old chap fuddling himself with Cyprus wine. His comrade, the Papa Dolicoschios, called—as he was talking his head knocked off by a cannon-ball—broke china in corner cupboard: his hand still holding his beard, which was uncommonly fine, the other his large umbrella.

'19*th.* The enemy opened his trenches at about two English miles of our lines—his left towards Arab Tabia, his right on the Danube. Slept as sound as a roach on the old Papa's mattress, though the Russians never ceased firing from sunset until the morning of the 20th, when his first parallel was completed. The enemy's chasseurs, trying to establish themselves on the height opposite Arab Tabia, the Bashi-Bozouks and Albanians drove them back. Little finger carried off by a Minié ball. Gallant conduct of Karagooz Beg: killed a Russian Colonel, and put on his boots in the face of the enemy. Poor, poor little Rhododactylos! Sadly put out by accident to my little finger.—Two Circassian prisoners announce an attack for to-night—Bashi-Bozouks kept up in consequence.

'20*th.* The enemy's guns are uncommonly well served. Every one of their balls hit. Twenty-four-pound shot knocked letter I was reading out of my hand: and plumped into the bosom of Hokim-Aga, Commandant's aide de camp. Had order in his pocket—from a certain high quarter—to shoot me, and reward of 1,000,000 sequins to bring my head to Constantinople. Did not tell poor little Rhododactylos for fear of alarming the timid little fluttering affectionate creature! — *Mem.* Mrs. Polyphloesboeos begins to look very sulky at me.

'24*th.* Provisions are growing rather scarce in my quarters, and old Polyphloesboeos begins to grumble. This evening for supper, I ate the bread and the pilaff too. My appetite is excellent. Mrs. P. and my little Rhododactylos would only touch a little morsel. Young Spiridion Polymetis, whom I have appointed Lieutenant *vice* Borborygmos, who ran away disgracefully last night, has been useful in these latter days carrying my messages to or from the Commander of the place. In the sally we made last night, Spiridion rode back very good-naturedly into the enemy's column for my umbrella; it was the old priest's, and, not having drawn my sword, I had been constrained to use it in order to poke out a Cossack Colonel's eye who was making himself very officious in front.

'*Mem.* I am growing rather rich in cash. Besides 39 piastres which I brought with me, I have—

'A portmanteau of handsome clothes as above, value say 80*l*.

'969 silver roubles.

'2,000*l*., which came to me by the laws of war.

'A gold snuff-box with the portrait of the Emperor set in diamonds, and the order of the Saracen's Head of the second class in brilliants also, sent by His Imperial Majesty to Major-general Baron Slabbers, whom I slew in the second attack on the 22nd.

'Twelve silver-gilt candlesticks, and a couple of statues, of an ecclesiastical pattern, I confess: and some gold-lace vestments of which the old Papa Polyphloesboeos has made me a present (very unwillingly) out of his church. *He* may have a hesitation, but *I* have none, in taking possession of the bullion employed in the Cathedral of these schismatics.

'A gold bowl, a picture frame ditto ditto, and a silver arm-chair which Spiridion was instrumental in procuring for me from the abbot of the Armenian Convent hard by. I shall value these at even more than the bazaar price, as they were the means of saving the reverend man's life: indeed, I should have hanged him had he not given them up.

'A bag of loose diamonds, emeralds, and a silver soup-ladle of English manufacture given to me with the grateful tear of a Jewish family.

'Bashi-Bozouk.'

VII

'Fort of Arab Tabia, June 25.

'Dear Sir,—Some jealous scoundrels (I suspect the envious malignity of a couple of English officers, who are making themselves very officious here) have been complaining of the plundering propensities of my Bashi-Bozouks. In an angry interview with H.E. Mussa Pasha this morning, I repelled the accusation with scorn, and challenged both the English officers for the honour of our corps.—N.B. The Turks do not understand the practice of civilized European gentlemen: and Mussa Pasha said, "Suppose Captain B. shoots you, will that prove you did not take the Jew merchant's silver soup-ladle and diamonds?—Go and shoot as many Russians as you please, Mulligoon Ferik! but let us hear of no more plundering." It is in vain to expect in half-educated men the refinement and delicate feelings of gentlemen with a long line of ancestry. The enemy made three attacks this evening on Arab Tabia. As I brought in a prisoner, though very much mutilated, Major-general Count Swiggamoff, who led the last attack, His Excellency Mussa Pasha was pleased to compliment me, said he would send my name to the Commander-in-Chief for decoration, and look over the affair of the Jew, who was making a deuce of a disturbance.

'The affair last night was very hot. My arm this morning is black and blue from lifting iron. The Russians had actually entered the redoubt and cut down our artillerymen at their guns, when the Bashi-Bozouks luckily arriving gave a different turn to affairs. We may expect a great attack in a day or two. My prisoner says that Marshal Paskiewitsch was in such a rage, as to kick the Major-general at the head of the column.

'*27th*. Three tremendous attacks upon Arab Tabia took place to-night. The first, under the command of General Count Slutz, of the Alexander Regiment, was very nearly doing for us. They came on in spite of the fire of our guns, their drums beating, their officers in the front waving their hats and cursing and swearing in the most frightful manner. The Russians actually clambered through the embrasures and over the guns. Count Slutz, a very stout man, in jack-boots, was rammed up in an embrasure against a Paixhan gun, and there I confess I prodded him. After his death the survivors of the attacking column fell back in much disorder. This must have been at 10.35 by the late Count's repeater.

'At 11.22 p.m. the gallant foe returned in still greater force; they did not fire a shot until they were close upon us, and I heard a voice calling out, "Three hundred thousand silver roubles and the Order of Saint Anne, second class, for the man who brings in Mulliganoff dead or alive!" I thought I knew the voice. "Ha, my boy!" I roared out from the bastion. "Ha, Tuffskin, my boy! How did you like the bastinado at the Hôtel d'Europe?" Indeed it was poor Tuffskin, who had arrived only that morning at the army. He will never suffer the cat-of-nine-tails more. It was the fortune of war, and now he is no more I can do justice to a gallant enemy. I gave his ear-rings to little Rhododactylos, on my return to my quarters after

'THE THIRD ATTACK, which was the most severe of all. By this time ammunition had been luckily brought to us in the fort, and as the enemy came up we received him with a fire so murderous that 452 men were killed, and 2,706 wounded, by the first discharge. We gave them a second by the time they were up to our guns, and then, rushing out on the disordered column, my gallant Bashi-Bozouks drove the storming party back three miles through their own entrenchments and into the Danube, where, such was their impetuosity, many of my fellows were actually drowned with the Russians. I had marked and seized an old officer who had been making himself particularly conspicuous, and having broken my sword was pummelling him most severely with the handle about the face and ribs, when he cried out in very good French, "*Tenez*, Mulliganoff! *Je me rends. Je suis le* Maréchal Prince Paskie——" but I heard no more, for a shot entered my shoulder and down I dropped. Provoking.

'I had to walk home five miles with a bullet in my shoulder; and did not reach my quarters till 7 o'clock, a.m. What a scream of delight little Rhododactylos gave at beholding me! They were eating a piece of horse for breakfast; for provisions are getting scarce. I took my share of the *chivalric meal;* and then had the conical ball extracted, which had given me much annoyance. Prisoners who came in this day, the 28th, announced that Prince Paskiewitsch had received some severe contusions the night before, and that Prince Gortschakoff had resumed the command of the siege.

'30*th*. Had some fever from my wound. The fire of the enemy was so hot that no less than twenty-nine cannon-balls and four shells fell into my room, which burst there, and filled the place with smoke. I could not move, as the surgeon had forbidden me to stir, even taking away my pantaloons, so as to prevent the possibility of my quitting my apartment. In the intervals of the firing my charming Rhododactylos was so attentive and kind to *the poor wounded Bashi-Bozouk*, that my heart melted towards the dear girl. I offered her my hand, on condition, of course, that she would separate from the Greek schism, and the blushing young creature gave me her own rosy fingers in reply.

'*July* 1. The siege is raised. The Russians are in full retreat, my Bashi-Bozouks after them. I am so weak that I cannot move from my bed. Cowards and detractors have been blackening my character to Sammi Pasha, who has now the command of Silistria, and I am *a prisoner*. I who saved Silistria!

'2*nd*. Rhododactylos was allowed to come in to me with a little calves'-foot jelly, which she had been making. I told the dear girl where I had secreted my property; viz., in a hole under the pumpkin-bed in the garden of the house where poor old Polyphloesboeos discovered me *investing* some of my property on the 23rd. I was in the hole, spade in hand, digging, and thereby saved my life; for a round shot took off Polyphloesboeos's head just over me: and the poor man thus paid for his curiosity.

'*4th.* Anniversary of American Independence. I rallied this day. The sentry was taken off yesterday, and I received my Order of Nisham from the English officer here, who says my conduct is overlooked—I think it *is* overlooked indeed! —in consequence of my gallantry. The house being empty, I went down to the garden, where I kept my things.

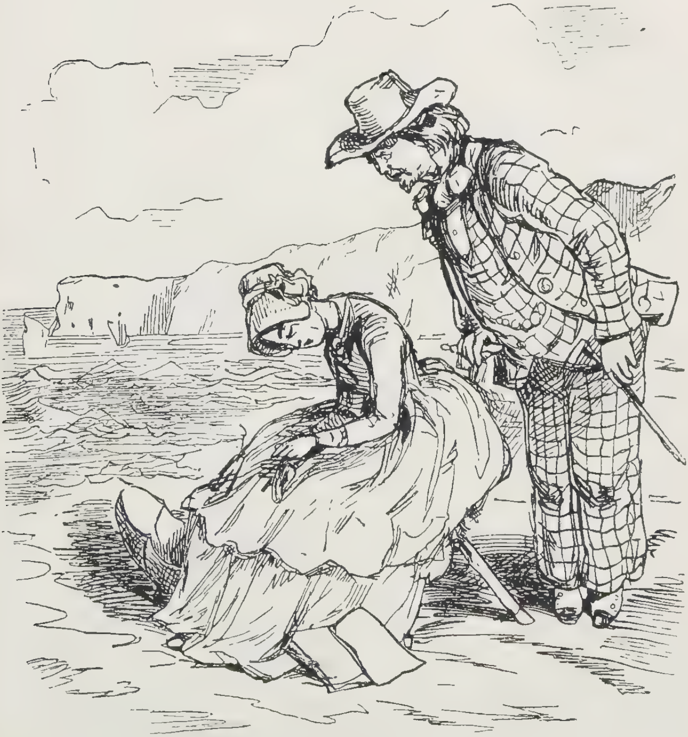
'O Rhododactylos! O woman, faithless woman! Would you believe it? I only found the desk and papers marked J. T. Jones; every other single item of my property has been taken away, except a boot-jack, an old coat, and a pair of very old trousers, and I was told by the clerk of the Greek Chapel that Rhododactylos and Spiridion were married yesterday morning, and that they left Silistria the same afternoon for Bulgaria, in an aroba very heavily laden. Spiridion was in a pink pelisse, red-striped trousers, and pea-green boots. Rhododactylos, the clerk said, blazed in diamonds: and unless you accept the bill I have drawn upon you through Messrs. Ornithes of this city, I am actually a penniless

'BASHI-BOZOUK!'

AUTHORS' MISERIES

[September 2 to December 2, 1848]

No. I



Perhaps you flatter yourself that you have made an Impression on Miss Flannigan (at Worthing), and you find her asleep over your favourite Number.

No. II

As you are conducting Lady Gotobed to her carriage from Lady Highjink's ' noble party ', and fancying yourself a man of fashion, you hear the servants in the hall saying one to another, ' That's him—that's Poonch ! '

No. III

Having corresponded with Miss Rudge, the gifted Poetess (Authoress of *Floranthe*, *The Lovelock of Montrose*, *Moans of the Heartstrings*, &c.), and exchanged Portraits and your own Poems with her, you meet at last.

You are disappointed in her appearance, and find her about Forty Years older than her Picture; perhaps you, too, have grown rather fat and seedy since yours was taken in the year 1817.

No. IV

As you are labouring on your great work (in a style, let us add, equal to the subject), Lady Anna Maria Tomnoddy's compliments arrive, and she requests you will cast your eye over the accompanying manuscript in six volumes, *The Mysteries of Mayfair*, correct the errors, if any, and find a publisher for the same.

N.B.—You have in your bookcase Captain Bangles's *Buffaloes and Banyan Trees*, in MS.; the Rev. Mr. Growl's *Sermons to a Congregation at Swansea*, ditto ditto; Miss Piminy's *Wildflower Coronal, a Wreath of Village Poesy;* and Mr. Clapperton's six Manuscript Tragedies; of all of which you are requested to give your opinion.

No. V

The Printer's Boy is sitting in the hall ; the Editor has written to say that your last Contributions are not up to the mark, and that you must be more funny, if you please. Mr. Snip, the tailor, has called again that morning ; you have a splitting headache, from a transaction over-night, and as you are writing an exceedingly light and humorous article, your dear Anna-Maria wishes to know how you *dare* dine at Greenwich, and with whom you dined ?

I suppose she found the bill in your coat-pocket. How changed Anna-Maria is from what she was when you married her ! and how uncommonly ill-tempered she has grown !

No. VI

Old Gentleman. 'I am sorry to see you occupied, my dear Miss Wiggets, with that trivial paper *Punch*. A Railway is not a place, in my opinion, for jokes. I never joke—never.'

Miss W. 'So I should think, sir.'

Old Gentleman. 'And besides, are you aware who are the conductors of that paper, and that they are Chartists, Deists, Atheists, Anarchists, and Socialists, to a man? I have it from the best authority, that they meet together once a week in a tavern in St. Giles's, where they concoct their infamous Print. The chief part of their income is derived from Threatening Letters which they send to the Nobility and Gentry. The principal Writer is a returned Convict. Two have been tried at the Old Bailey; and their Artist—as for their Artist . . .

Guard. 'Swin-dun! Sta-tion!'

[*Exeunt two Authors.*

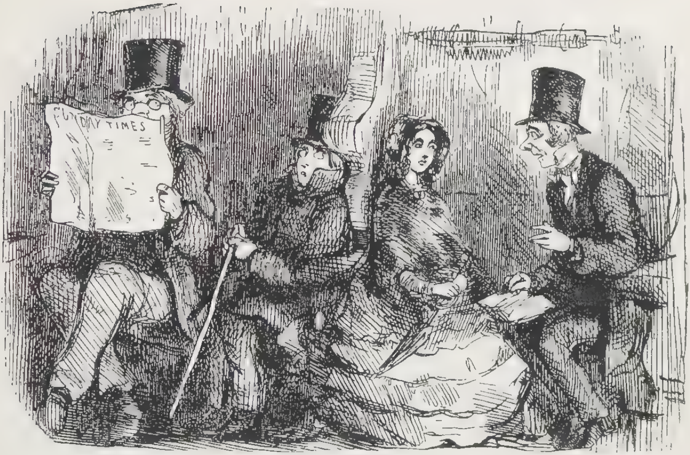


ILLUSTRATION FROM 'PUNCH'

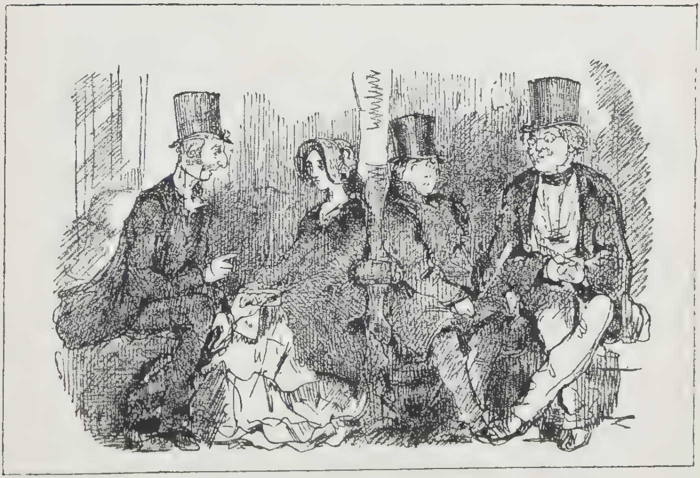


ILLUSTRATION FROM 'ORPHAN OF PIMLICO'

No. VII

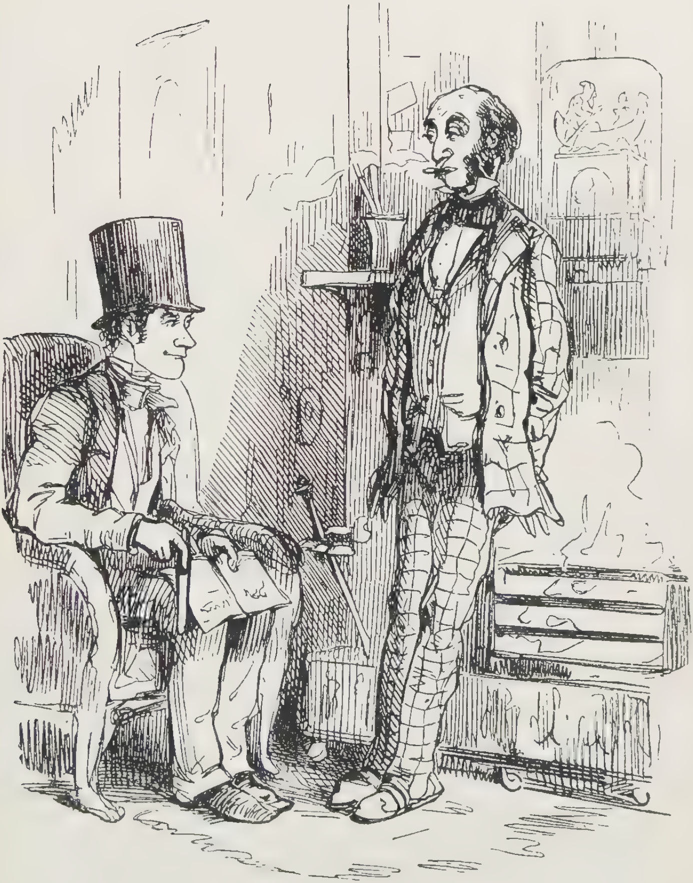
MR. TIMS AND A GOOD-NATURED FRIEND

G.-N. F. 'Have you read the *Macadamiser*, Tims?'

T. 'Hem! no. *Do* people read the *Macadamiser*?'

G.-N. F. 'He, he! I say, Tims, there's a most unjustifiable attack upon you in it. Look here.' (*He kindly takes out the 'Macadamiser'.*)

T. (*reads.*) '"This person is before us again. He is ignorant, vulgar, and a cockney. He is one of that most contemptible race of men, a professional buffoon. He is," &c., &c. (*Tims reads ad libitum.*) Thank you, my dear fellow; it was uncommonly good-natured of you to bring the critique.'



MR. TIMS AND A GOOD-NATURED FRIEND.